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North British Review.

ECCE HOMO AND MODERN SKEPTICISM.*

[We give this favorable criticism upon this remarkable book from the *North British Review*, and may in a future number give a far less favorable critique upon it from the *British Quarterly*, many points in which are fairly and strongly put. The authorship of the anonymous book has been attributed to Mr. Gladstone, but whether with good reason or not we are unable to judge. The work has attracted unusual attention across the water, and, republished by a Boston house here, is being very rapidly and extensively circulated.—EDITOR ECLECTIC.]

It is not too much to say that the great conflict, even of distinctively Christian faith in the present day, must be more and more, not with Theism or Deism, but Atheism itself, and Atheism of no common order—not an Atheism that revolts cultivated men by its coarseness and alienates earnest men by its levity, but Atheism allied with manly and courageous science; Atheism contending for its right to a warm glow of

spiritual feeling; Atheism speaking humbly of Nature as the great teacher; Atheism courting poetry as the fountain of all pure delight. And when we speak of Atheism, we do not mean, of course, the positive denial of a God, for all the intellectual skepticism of the day is learning true modesty, and asserting its own ignorance, rather than denying anything. Nay, many of the most learned and eminent men, whose teaching is morally and spiritually, as we believe, though not intellectually indistinguishable from Atheism—because they take the utmost pains to extinguish trust in the love of a personal Father—earnestly deny the imputation of intellectual Atheism, which they feel to be an absurdity. Thus a distinguished man of science, to whom the world has much reason to be grateful, and by the side of whom the most eminent men may feel their inferiority, Professor Huxley, has recently been teaching working men that “there is but one kind of knowledge, and but one method of acquiring it;” that that kind of knowledge makes “skepticism the

* *Ecce Homo: A Survey of the Life and Work of Jesus Christ.* Macmillan & Co. 1866.

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highest of duties, blind faith the one unpardonable sin" — all faith being described as "blind" which accepts anything, on *any kind* of authority but that of scientific experience. He describes the true religion as "worship, 'for the most part of the silent sort,' at the altar of the Unknown and Unknowable," and proclaims "justification, not by faith, but by verification,"* as the gospel of modern science. But Professor Huxley warmly repudiates Atheism as being at least as absurd as Polytheism, though it is clear that he does so on the intellectual ground of the marvellous unity and order of nature; for all his teaching is expressly directed to extinguish the spiritual instinct of trust, regarding the spiritual world from which Christ took the veil as a vacuum, and the kingdom of God within us, which he came to rule, as a kingdom of dreams. We should be very sorry to ignore a distinction to which the persons most concerned attach any importance, and it is obviously unfair to use a term supposed to convey moral opprobrium, of any one who rejects it for himself. But as regards the only aspects in which we care to discuss the matter at all, an absolute rejection of the principle of spiritual *trust* is a denial, not indeed of the God of the universe, but of the God of the human soul, and will work therefore as a total eclipse of God in all moral and spiritual concerns. Again, we find in the present day a *school*, as we fear we must call it, growing up, of refined, discriminating, and at least, for the purpose of intellectual and poetic *nuances*, very delicate criticism, the most modern tendencies of which we may take as represented by the writer, said, we believe truly, to be a young man just starting on his intellectual career, who criticised Coleridge in the last number of the *Westminster Review*. This school of thought, taking its departure from a spirit and purpose as different as possible from that of the men of pure science, indeed, expressing an almost supercilious contempt for the mob, expresses also a joy unspeakable, which its members pet in themselves, in gazing on the delicate

coloring and beauty of those spiritual petals which the natures of the gifted few, who are favored by fine soil and finer culture, put forth here and there, to distinguish themselves from the "dim common populations." Yet they too describe the Christian faith as an enthusiasm which is evidence only of rare moral possibilities in man, not of any God of unfathomable love. If this school is to gain ground, we shall have even "the wonder and bloom of the world" turning against God, and preferring to trace their descent downwards to a root of clay, instead of upwards to the eternal glory of the heavens. Now, when high-minded scientific men set up their altar at Charing Cross to a not only Unknown but "Unknowable" God, and the democratic secularists of the *Westminster Review* sacrifice their radicalism for the sake of an alliance with an intellectual aristocrat — almost an intellectual "exquisite" — only because he has disburdened himself of God, it is time for Christians to reflect somewhat seriously how they have managed to combine against them — first, the aristocracy of science, most worthily represented by Professor Huxley — explaining, as we have seen it said, between the bursts of music selected from Haydn's *Creation*, that, in the beginning, the Spirit "of the Unknown and Unknowable" brooded on the face of the waters, saying, "Let light be, and light was" — next, the men of the working-class secularists themselves, who went in numbers to hear Professor Huxley's eloquent and thoughtful skepticism — finally, the aristocracy of poetic feeling, as represented by the intellectual critic, who, for this purpose only, was permitted to recommend, in an able democratic Quarterly, a higher appreciation of those "remote, refined, intense feelings, existing only by the triumph of a few over a dead world of routine, in which there is no lifting of the soul at all."

Of course, the true shortcomings among Christians, which render these strange phenomena possible, must be rather spiritual than intellectual; and the answer can be found in books at all only so far as the intellect reflects the deficiencies, and can therefore at times detect the deficiencies of our spiritual nature. But to this extent the author

* See the remarkable "Lay Sermon," first read by Professor Huxley to a working-class meeting, on Sunday evening, at St. Martin's Hall, and published in the *Fortnightly Review* for the 15th January.

of *Ecce Homo* will give us, at least, a partial reply to our question. It is long since we have read any book that has treated the Christian faith in a more comprehensive and more truly Christian spirit, alike in relation to the claims of science, the wants of the great masses of the people, and to the more delicate graces and bloom of spiritual culture. We do not say that we think his point of view always as strong as it might be, or his adjustment of the many complex and difficult issues raised between the modern or "relative" spirit, and the eternal revelation of God, always satisfactory. The book was not written to answer the questions we have asked, but to satisfy the writer's own mind as to what Christ claimed to do, how far he can be said to have accomplished it, and by what means. But with the instinct of true culture, he has necessarily discussed this matter with all the hostile tendencies of the modern skepticism full in his mind; and where he has not precisely met them, he has given us the means of seeing how he would meet them in his modes of statement. We think that we can best convey our strong sense of the power and truthfulness of his book by bringing out, with this able writer's help, the true attitude of Christian faith, so far as we can clearly determine it, in relation to the skepticism of science, which finds the Christian faith an illusion, the skepticism of secular industry, which finds the Christian faith practically inoperative to help it, and the skepticism of aesthetic refinement, which finds the Christian faith in "the absolute" far too clumsy and unmanageable an instrument for the delicate discrimination of the modern "relative spirit."

There is no point more powerfully brought out in *Ecce Homo* than the absolutely regal character of Christ's spiritual legislation, the infinite height from which it descends upon the hearts of his disciples, searching their most secret motives, and yet, though with an entire absence of any visible machinery for frightening or bribing them into compliance, having an unparalleled success in revolutionizing the morality, and at least as completely the religion, of ages. Mohammed, indeed, as our author points out, established a faith quite as successful, and no doubt a faith not without gran-

deur and truth; but then he began by founding a dynasty—that is, by the use of influences a thousand times more vulgar—to rivet his hold on the imagination; and he attempted, even with this aid, infinitely less; never putting forward any of Christ's imperious claims to purge the secret thoughts and hearts of his disciples, by spiritual principles the most subtle and the most universal. Christ commenced a reign infinitely more powerful in practical life than that of any dynasty of kings, or all the dynasties of all the kings of earthly empires, by the mere unsupported assertion of his authority during a year or two of obscure life. His word established *itself*, and this for centuries after his ignominious death. The question is to what to ascribe this wonderful reign of one, who, if the skeptics are right, without any pretence to supernatural power, proceeded on a false method, and asserted an illegitimate claim. "The improver of natural knowledge," says Professor Huxley, in the name of men of science, "absolutely refuses to acknowledge authority as such." And he labors to show that all that is solid in our intellectual, moral, and spiritual life, is built up on a gradual experience of facts, and a temper that vehemently challenges authority (moral no less than intellectual), and will accept nothing which it has not proved for itself. In other words, Professor Huxley maintains that the method of the inductive sciences is the only method by which any human creature can arrive at any sort of truth. If he is right, there are but two alternatives for explaining the power of Christ's inward legislation. Either it must have been legislation only in name, and be really the result of a series of accurate moral experiments, which our Lord only appeals to other human beings' experience to confirm—experiments on the practical value of mercy, justice, purity of heart, the power of prayer, and the negation of these (for no inductive experiment can be of any force till it has tried both alternatives)—or it must have been a misleading power, succeeding by the inherent slavishness of human ignorance, and the undermining of which is the great desideratum of our day. Now, that Christ's legislation is not of the first kind, no one who has the faintest insight into it will dream of as-

serting—assuredly no one who reads the delineation of it given in *Ecce Homo* :

"In defining as above the position which Christ assumed, we have not entered into controvertible matter. We have not rested upon single passages, nor drawn upon the fourth Gospel. To deny that Christ did undertake to found and to legislate for a new theocratic society, and that he did claim the office of Judge of mankind, is indeed possible, but only to those who altogether deny the credibility of the extant biographies of Christ. If those biographies be admitted to be generally trustworthy, then Christ undertook to be what we have described; if not, then of course this, but also every other, account of him falls to the ground.

"When we contemplate this scheme as a whole, and glance at the execution and results of it, three things strike us with astonishment. First, its prodigious originality, if the expression may be used. What other man has had the courage or elevation of mind to say, 'I will build up a state by the mere force of my will, without help from the kings of the world, without taking advantage of any of the secondary causes which unite men together—unity of interest or speech, or blood relationship; I will make laws for my state which shall never be repealed, and I will defy all the powers of destruction that are at work in the world to destroy what I build?'

"Secondly, we are astonished at the calm confidence with which the scheme was carried out. The reason why statesmen can seldom work on this vast scale is that it commonly requires a whole lifetime to gain that ascendancy over their fellow-men which such schemes pre-suppose. Some of the leading organizers of the world have said, 'I will work my way to supreme power, and then I will execute great plans.' But Christ overleaped the first stage altogether. He did not work his way to royalty, but simply said to all men, 'I am your king.' He did not struggle forward to a position in which he could found a new state, but simply founded it.

"Thirdly, we are astonished at the prodigious success of the scheme. It is not more certain that Christ presented himself to men as the founder, legislator, and judge of a divine society, than it is certain that men have accepted him in these characters, that the divine society has been founded, that it has lasted nearly two thousand years, that it has extended over a large and the most highly civilized portion of the earth's surface, and that it continues full of vigor at the present day."

Nor is this method, whether true or false, unique. Certainly the application of it by our Lord is infinitely bolder and more successful than in any other era of

human history; but it seems probable that all great constitutive and organizing influences spring into life in the same way, by the aid of an authority coming more or less from above; that nations are born out of the moral impulses given by a single commanding personality, instead of being joint-stock companies voluntarily associating for civil purposes; that civilizations are crystallized, fixed, and broken up through the vibration of a single wave of moral conviction; in a word, that societies are governed, as societies, not by scientific generalizations from particular experience, but by subduing moral principles, that, once uttered, seize upon the conscience, and inform the body politic with a living spirit. It seems nearly certain that all great past revolutions are traceable, not to correct inferences duly tested, but to discoveries of a higher life (whether human or superhuman), which is no sooner discerned than it brings the heart into captivity, and justifies itself, not "by verification," but "by faith."

Now, compare this with Professor Huxley's teaching, and we may gain some glimpse into the true attitude of Christian faith towards the spirit of modern science. Mr. Huxley states his own view very clearly. All knowledge, he says, is of one sort, proceeding from the observation of natural facts to a study of their order, and breaking into what he calls religion at the point wherever (for the time, that is) the effort of the mind to pass the bounds set to natural knowledge fails:

"I cannot but think that the foundations of all natural knowledge were laid when the reason of man first came face to face with the facts of nature; when the savage first learned that the fingers of one hand are fewer than those of both; that it is shorter to cross a stream than to head it; that a stone stops where it is unless it be moved, and that it drops from the hand which lets it go; that light and heat come and go with the sun; that sticks burn away in a fire; that plants and animals grow and die; that if he struck his fellow-savage a blow he would make him angry, and perhaps get a blow in return, while, if he offered him a fruit, he would please him, and perhaps receive a fish in exchange. When men had acquired this much knowledge, the outlines, rude though they were, of mathematics, of physics, of chemistry, of biology, of moral, economical, and political science, were sketched. Nor did the

germ of religion fall when science began to bud. To use words which, though new, are yet three thousand years old:

'... When in heaven the stars about the moon
Look beautiful, when all the winds are laid,
And every height comes out, and jutting peak
And valley, and the immeasurable heavens
Break open to their highest, and all the stars
Shine, and the shepherd gladdens in his heart.'

But if the half-savage Greek could share our feelings thus far, it is irrational to doubt that he went further, to find, as we do, that upon that brief gladness there follows a certain sorrow, the little light of awakened human intelligence shines so mere a spark amidst the abyss of the unknown and unknowable; seems so insufficient to do more than illuminate the imperfections that cannot be remedied, the aspirations that cannot be realized, of man's own nature. But in this sadness, this consciousness of the limitation of man, this sense of an open secret which he cannot penetrate, lies the essence of all religion; and the attempt to embody it in the forms furnished by the intellect is the origin of all theology."

Here then we have the strongest possible contrast of methods. The historical student of Christ's life, entering on his work, as he tells us, without having formed any clear conception of the significance of the subject he was to study, cannot avoid seeing the assumption of an amazing legislative authority over the most secret attitudes of the wills and affections of men, enforced either by no visible power at all, or by no visible power that the modern scientific man will admit; embodied in no written code, and proceeding from lips which had scarcely uttered the new law when they were closed in death; yet he sees that this legislative authority was not nominal, but real—that it spread from conscience to conscience and heart to heart, till it undermined the Roman power, founded institutions which all over the West are potent still, and changed the secret motives and the spiritual beliefs even more than the outward actions of those on whom it laid its grasp. The scientific student, on the other hand, tells us that doubt—the rejection of this sort of authority—is in all cases, and every department of life, "the highest of duties;" the keenest skepticism the highest of virtues; that moral knowledge, like all other, is the product of a careful study of the conse-

quences of different kinds of conduct; and that religious *knowledge*, properly so called, does not exist at all, religion being properly only a tone of feeling—a name for the humility which wise men feel toward the Unknown and Unknowable.

The contrast seems to us as instructive as it is strongly marked: science reproaching history with being founded on a tissue of fable; history ignoring science through the necessity which obliges it to follow those great streams of organizing and constitutive social principles which always originate in sources above the analysis of the scientific understanding. Professor Huxley is committing the very same mistake, on behalf of the scientific principle, which Christians of all creeds, but most of all the Roman Catholic Church, have committed on behalf of the theological principle. Recognizing the inherent divinity of the revelation which at once humiliates and elevates, refines and enlarges, saddens and rejoices, the heart of man, Christian theology has always been in danger of annexing to its province those accidentally connected fields of thought, by the aid of which its truths have been expressed and illustrated. As lawyers assume that a grant of land includes a grant of all the tower of space above it up to the very zenith, so theologians have assumed that the breadth of heaven measured by a divine revelation must carry with it all the depths beneath, down to the very earth illumined by its light. And the Roman Church has gone further still, and maintained, with Dr. Newman, a principle of development which claims "preservative additions," as bulwarks of the ground already won, until, as in our Indian Empire, State after State is annexed, to insure the safety of what had been annexed before; and the theological principle has exiled every other from the realm of human nature. The blunder which theologians have thus made, the men of science are now retorting upon them. They have established their principles firmly on the earth, and are now proceeding to push them up to the highest heavens, branding everything as unknown and unknowable which they cannot make known by their own method. Instead of "preservative additions," these thinkers really ask for

"preservative subtractions"—negations, that is, of every other principle of knowledge—in order that science may be left alone in the field, with a desert spreading around it on every border. Yet how would Professor Huxley propose to establish, on the scientific method, the "knowledge" that purity of heart is one of the highest of virtues? Would he make his savage "try" both alternatives, and embrace that which he found to be, "by verification," the most successful as a principle of living? How would he propose to make it clear even that the love of pure scientific knowledge, on which he is so wisely eloquent, is one of the nobler principles in the human heart, and infinitely more worthy, as he justly remarks, than that love of the mere utilitarian results of knowledge—of such useful "toys" as the pump and the steam-engine—with which he complains of its being confounded? We suspect that in answer to either question he would be compelled to say that the intrinsic nobility of purity of heart, and of disinterested intellectual passion, as of all other noble principles, is appreciated as soon as distinctly felt; that a mind higher than our own in these respects no sooner stirs us than we recognize its rank, nay, much as he dislikes the word, acknowledge its *authority*. His highest of virtues, "doubt," would, if applied to all departments of life, the moral and spiritual as well as intellectual, soon do more to render the world uninhabitable than science can ever do to populate it. Imagine the child doubting whether it ought to trust, and the woman whether she ought to love, till scientific habits of mind had verified the credentials of the mother or the brother; imagine love exactly measured out in proportion to human deserts; imagine the moral influence of character repelled on the very highest scientific principles till some social anthropometer had been applied to it to verify its efficiency; imagine establishing scientifically that loving resignation is a better state of mind than stoical endurance, and gratitude than proud aversion to receive the favors of others; in short, imagine any condition of society in which the mysterious and instantaneous authority of moral and spiritual qualities should be undermined, and a scientific doubt, demanding demonstra-

tion that they were good, instead of freely acknowledging their influence, in its place, and you imagine an anarchy that no conceivable familiarity with the order of nature could convert into organization and harmony. But once grant the principle of the spiritual authority of character, and you grant in effect the rule of the Holy Spirit, which alone can teach us that one spirit is lower than another spirit; that a spirit of *which we have made no trial*, which scientifically we could neither approve nor condemn, and which is soliciting us to make trial of it, is beneath and not above us; that another spirit, equally untried as yet, is above and not beneath us; which alone, in short, can lead our steps aright in the thicket of spiritual influences which make up human life.

But, once granting that there is this distinct source of knowledge—for knowledge of the most valuable kind, if knowledge at all, it undoubtedly is—and we have a clew by which to settle the true relation of theology to science. As this sort of knowledge, by its very nature and essence, comes down upon us from above, and convinces us of the existence of something higher than ourselves, which has a natural authority over us, we may trust those who tell us of such knowledge as having entered their own minds, to give us its *upward history* as we may call it—to show us whence it descended upon them, and what was the precise spiritual conviction which it brought. Thus we may trust profoundly the genuineness of such a testimony as Peter's: "Lord, to whom shall we go? thou hast the words of eternal life"—for what did it mean, except the most sincere, specific, and definite piece of testimony of which perhaps the human mind is capable, that from a certain source new moral life had been flowing in full streams into Peter's own mind, and that he knew and recognized that source? So too, with still more profound conviction, we may accept that higher testimony which said, "The Son can do nothing of himself, but what he seeth the Father do;" "I am not alone, for the Father is with me;" "All things are delivered unto me of my Father, and no man knoweth the Son but the Father, nor any man the Father but the Son, and he to whomsoever the Son shall reveal

him;" and which, in sayings far too numerous to quote, ascribed to the eternal union with the Father all those deeds and words which men wilfully call so "original," but the true power of which, according to our Lord's own mind, lies precisely in their not being original, but derivative, the faithful reflection of eternal filial love. We take it that on no point is the mind of man capable of more accurate testimony than of the origin of its own higher life. The moment, and the source, whether human or divine, whence a new and higher influence has descended upon us, are always memorable, and almost always of that precise and distinctly outlined character, that, however inward, is properly historic. That this is so, is doubtless one of the causes of that mischievous and exacting demand for a datable "conversion" with which some theologies pester their disciples. It is true, however, that every new and great influence from above us, whether it dates itself accurately in time or not, and whether it is of that peculiar and sometimes morbid kind known popularly as "conversion" or not, does bring with it the distinctest knowledge as to its mode and source. But though the upward history, as we may call it, of genuine spiritual influence, human or divine, is almost always authentic, it is by no means necessary, or even true, that the *downward* history of revelation, the history of its actual conquests and human successes, should include only the history of authentic divine influence, and of its legitimate victories. The difference between scientific knowledge and this kind of spiritual knowledge, which is of the essence of revelation, is, that in the former there is always the strictest possible equivalence between these premises and the conclusion into which they are "developed;" in the latter, as with all practical moral influences, the actual development is apt to be very much wider indeed than is warranted by the principle from which it springs. The early Church, from its knowledge of God, got a great deal of practical human authority in other matters which was often wisely and often unwisely used. It became an authority in all matters of philosophy and law, and annexed, as we have said, province after province of human life and thought to the field over

which it claimed authority, till scarcely any was left out of the reach of its lateral extension. Yet a great deal of this lateral extension was of course illegitimate. We have not yet nearly got rid of the pernicious effects of the assumption of revelation to decide questions of history, science, and general expediency. The downward growth of revelation is a history of graftings of new principles upon the spiritual and moral authority of a revelation which simply claims to link us to God through him who had lived both an eternal life with God, and in human history also. Revelation is an organizing force, and, as such, assimilates plenty of temporary material. All revelation, all downward-streaming light, in passing through stratum after stratum of our thick human atmosphere, falls upon, and touches with its own beauty, human means and instruments and temporary expedients of human energy, useful for a time perhaps, but not useful for eternity; and many dreams, fictions, and errors which are not useful in themselves even for a time, but only seem to become so when they catch the gleam of a divine influence; and, lastly, earnest human thoughts, whether wholly or only partially true, which revelation has kindled and illuminated, but with which it is not to be identified. When we come to compare the scientific principle of thought, therefore, with the theological, or unveiling of the Holy Spirit to men, we find the two absolutely in different planes, and unable, properly compared, to clash with each other. But this is by no means the case with respect to the temporary materials which the theological principle has frequently embodied, and for a time successfully embodied, with itself, by virtue of the great prestige of its spiritual authority. The scientific principle has most useful work to do in disentangling again from revelation elements which have been imported into it without really belonging to it, and reclaiming them for their own proper province. Only, in attempting this, science, as we have said, is under a great temptation to mistake what it can do more fatally than theology has ever mistaken what it could do. Instead of annexing to its own fields those borderlands of thought over which it neither has nor pretends to have any right, it

lays them waste, for every one who will trust it, by the bare assertion that there exists no knowledge but the scientific, and that all which claims to be knowledge not scientific in its basis, is spurious fable. As the author of *Ecce Homo*, with his usual wise moderation, well says :

"To assist us in arranging the physical conditions of our well-being another mighty revelation has been made to us, for the most part in these latter ages. We live under the blessed light of science, a light yet far from its meridian and dispersing every day some noxious superstition, some cowardice of the human spirit. These two revelations stand side by side. The points in which they have been supposed to come into collision do not belong to our present subject; they concern the theology and not the morality of the Christian Church. The moral revelation which we have been considering has never been supposed to jar with science. Both are true and both are essential to human happiness. It may be that since the methods of science were reformed and its steady progress began, it has been less exposed to error and perversion than Christianity, and, as it is peculiarly the treasure belonging to the present age, it becomes us to guard it with peculiar jealousy, to press its claims, and to treat those who, content with Christianity, disregard science, as Christ treated the enemies of light, 'those that took away the keys of knowledge,' in his day. Assuredly they are graceless zealots who quote Moses against the expounders of a wisdom which Moses desired in vain, because it was reserved for a far later generation, for these modern men, to whom we may with accurate truth apply Christ's words and say that the least among them is greater than Moses. On the other hand, the Christian morality, if somewhat less safe and exempt from perversion than science, is more directly and vitally beneficial to mankind. The scientific life is less noble than the Christian; it is better, so to speak, to be a citizen in the New Jerusalem than in the New Athens; it is better, surely, to find everywhere a brother and friend, like the Christian, than, like the philosopher, to 'disregard your relative and friend so completely as to be ignorant not only how he gets on, but almost whether he is a human being or some other sort of creature.'"

It will be replied, however, that if it is legitimate for science to disentangle from the field of theology all that is not a link in the direct chain of spiritual influence which unites God with the lowest being capable of recognizing his will and love, it is legitimate for it to

disentangle all miracle properly so called, and so to leave the gospel a mere fine network of religious thought, interrupted all over by solid blocks of falsehood, the conspicuous error of which throws a whole world of doubt even over the divine lineage of its spiritual truth. But the true answer is, that though it is perfectly right to demand more evidence, and a totally different kind of evidence, for a spiritual revelation when it is mixed up with physical facts on which science throws doubt, than for a purely spiritual revelation, yet that if such facts, by their very essence, do convey a new spiritual teaching to the mind, and if the special evidence which we have a right to require is forthcoming, the scientific improbability attaching to them may weigh as nothing in the balance. No doubt, such scientific improbability ought to be clearly set forth and weighed; no doubt, it has a distinct right to be heard. But science never teaches us anything but a *method*, and does not pretend to say how that method may not or must not be modified, under the influence of new and rare causes or conditions. Now one part of the purely spiritual lesson which revelation teaches us, and teaches us by the higher method of divine impression from above, rather than by generalized experience, is the strict subordination of nature and natural laws to the spiritual purposes of God. Time, nature, and what we call accident, it asserts, are but divine influences, for the outcome of which we ought to be as ready prepared as for the gifts of the Holy Spirit itself. "Now is my soul troubled, and what shall I say?—Father, save me from this hour; *but for this cause came I to this hour*: Father, glorify thy name," is a spiritual, almost a *purely* spiritual lesson; and yet what it teaches is that the ordinary succession of the seasons, the whole procedure of nature is subordinate to the divine purposes of God; that

"The slow sweet hours which bring us all things good;
The slow sad hours which bring us all things ill,
And all good things from evil,"

are not independent of, but only the ministers of a divine love. Indeed, science itself teaches us something analogous, in showing how the higher

natural laws overrule the lower—chemical overbearing mechanical, vital chemical, and finally moral and spiritual laws overbearing even vital laws, and the free will of man modifying all. Hence revelation, in asserting the direct dependence of what are called physical laws on the higher purposes of God, and exhibiting those purposes as shining through them here and there so as to transfigure them directly with its light, is keeping strictly within its sphere, though also touching a world in which it becomes properly and fairly exposed to the direct criticisms of science, and where, therefore, other and strong evidence *besides* the intrinsic spiritual evidence of the truth that is conveyed, must and ought to be demanded. But if this evidence is forthcoming—and, as to the great central miracle of the resurrection at least, it is scarcely possible to conceive of stronger historical evidence than is afforded, not only by Peter and Paul, but by the joyful reanimation of large numbers of dispirited and ignorant disciples—a reanimation which led them to cast away life, and many things dearer than life, in preaching the new gospel—science has no right whatever to contradict the facts simply because she can, on her own empirical data, show an antecedent improbability about them. We do not deny the right of science to discuss the subject of miracle. Nay, we are disposed to suspect that as the connection between the spiritual and physical life of man is more closely studied, phenomena, not perhaps explaining, but nevertheless *proving*, a remarkable control exerted by the former over the latter, such as all great religious movements (the Jansenist, for instance) have exhibited in some small (and often grossly exaggerated) degree, may be discovered, which will render the great miracles of the gospel somewhat less astounding to the scientific imagination, by showing that miracle, or the historically supernatural, has some definite proportion to the relative development of the spiritually supernatural—that is, to the conscious subjection of the human soul to God. But whether this be so or not—and we speak of it only as the general drift of the teaching of many remarkable periods in history, and as at

least quite consistent with all we know of science—there can be no question but that the physically supernatural in the gospel has indefinitely strengthened the spiritual faith that nature, with all its monotony, is only the instrument of God's spiritual purposes; and this physical supernaturalism has therefore a good title to be included as of the essence of revelation, if adequately supported by historical testimony. The author of *Ecce Homo* adds another effective touch to this consideration, though it is one which we can only use subordinately, when the main question of the validity of the physically supernatural has been decided in the affirmative. He remarks very finely on the wonderful impression produced upon those who conceded supernatural power to Christ, by the extraordinary temperance and self-imposed limitations observed in its use:

"This temperance in the use of supernatural power is the masterpiece of Christ. It is a moral miracle superinduced upon a physical one. This repose in greatness makes him surely the most sublime image ever offered to the human imagination, and it is precisely this trait which gave him his immense and immediate ascendancy over men. If the question be put—Why was Christ so successful?—why did men gather round him at his call, form themselves into a new society, according to his wish, and accept him with unbounded devotion as their legislator and judge? some will answer, 'Because of the miracles which attested his divine character;' others, 'Because of the intrinsic beauty and divinity of the great law of love which he propounded.' But miracles, as we have seen, have not by themselves this persuasive power. That a man possesses a strange power which I cannot understand is no reason why I should receive his words as divine oracles of truth. The powerful man is not of necessity also wise; his power may terrify, but not convince. On the other hand the law of love, however divine, was but a precept. Undoubtedly it deserved that men should accept it for its intrinsic worth, but men are not commonly so eager to receive the words of wise men nor so unbounded in their gratitude to them. It was neither for his miracles nor for the beauty of his doctrine that Christ was worshipped. Nor was it for his winning personal character, nor for the persecutions he endured, nor for his martyrdom. It was for the inimitable unity which all these things made when taken together. In other words, it was for this, that he whose power and greatness as shown in his miracles

were overwhelming, denied himself the use of his power, treated it as a slight thing, walked among men as though he were one of them, relieved them in distress, taught them to love each other, bore with undisturbed patience a perpetual hailstorm of calumny; and when his enemies grew fiercer, continued still to endure their attacks in silence, until, petrified and bewildered with astonishment, men saw him arrested and put to death with torture, refusing steadfastly to use in his own behalf the power he conceived he held for the benefit of others. It was the combination of greatness and self-sacrifice which won their hearts, the mighty powers held under a mighty control, the unspeakable condescension, the *Cross of Christ*. By this, and by nothing else, the enthusiasm of a Paul was kindled. The statement rests on no hypothesis or conjecture: his Epistles bear testimony to it throughout. The trait in Christ which filled his whole mind was his condescension. The charm of that condescension lay in its being voluntary. The cross of Christ, of which Paul so often speaks as the only thing he found worth glorying in, as that in comparison with which every thing in the world was as *dung*, was the voluntary submission to death of one who had the power to escape death; this he says in express words. And what Paul constantly repeats in impassioned language, the other apostles echo. Christ's voluntary surrender of power is their favorite subject, the humiliation implied in his whole life and crowned by his death."

We may say, then, in summing up this part of our subject, that the skepticism of science is best met by first putting in the clearest possible light the imperious claims of Christ to legislate for the spirit of man, and the marvellous concession of those claims through centuries—a concession infinitely more marvellous to any one who thinks that the miracles (which alone could have saved the three years' teaching of a Galilean peasant from oblivion) were illusions; and pointing out that such authoritative legislation would have been simply impossible if there were no source of knowledge but scientific induction—if there were not also a natural and instantaneous source of moral authority communicated by the mere touch of a higher character to a lower. Natural science and revelation are thus seen to grow from different roots, the one dealing with principles that are exactly equivalent, neither more nor less, to the phenomena which they explain;

the other with the relation of lower to higher natures, and the tracking of spiritual light from below to its source above. Again, the natural meeting ground of science and revelation is on the question of physical supernaturalism, where both have a claim to be heard—science, because it has studied the ordinary laws of such phenomena—revelation, because it claims to show, by the special modification of those ordinary laws under the influence of a revealed divine will, the spiritual purpose which penetrates to the very bottom even of the physical continuity of nature and redeems it from appearing a dead, purposeless monotony. Finally, in the sublime temperance and moderation of our Lord's use of the supernatural, revelation gives a glimpse not only of the absolute subordination of nature to divine purpose, but of the reasons why that subordination is so little obtruded upon us; why it is hidden from sight though visible to faith; why the sun shines and the rain falls alike for the just and the unjust; why the physical order of nature is so subtly and indirectly subordinated to the spiritual order, instead of being made its more direct and visible expression. Temperance in the divine use of the supernatural is essential to the culture and independence of the supernatural will in man. Unless the Omnipotent kept the play of his spiritual judgments partially veiled behind the constancy of natural laws, there would be no sufficient room for the moral growth and discipline of a finite free will. The spectacle of love *laying aside power* for the sake of man, is the highest revelation of the supernatural; and Christ, therefore, exhibited the supernatural power chiefly to show us the higher supernatural spirit involved in laying it down.

With the skepticism of science, as we have seen, our author deals rather indirectly than directly. Nor indeed does he address himself with absolute directness to the skepticism of secularism—a species of skepticism which is not strictly skepticism at all, but rather *indifference* to a faith, which, in our own day, seems to have so little to say to the most urgent wants of the laboring class—though he deals with the secular, benevolent, and philanthropic aspects of

Christ's own purposes voluminously and thoughtfully. It seems strange that a faith, which was originally addressed immediately to a laboring class, and which anxiously sought out not merely the poor and miserable, but those criminal and dissolute classes who usually hem in the poor so closely, should now have lost hold, nominally at least, more completely on the highest ranks of manual labor, than on the comfortable middle class, and the luxurious aristocratic class themselves. Yet what the laboring class values more, and shows that it values more than any other living principle, is the organizing power which creates and holds together a society in practical unity; and if the Christian faith certainly generated any power at all, it was, as our author clearly points out, such an organizing power. If it developed one vital principle more than another, it was the capacity to inspire that value and respect for humanity as such, which has always been the principal craving of the poorest class, as the condition of its crystallization into an orderly society. Our author's essay is one long dissertation on the claim of Christ's legislation to inspire more than respect, "enthusiasm," for man as man—to sow in the heart what our author calls "the enthusiasm of humanity"—which bids us regard even the meanest as capable of possessing the mind of Christ himself. Here one would suppose is the very essence of a faith that could fascinate the heart of physical toil, and fit it for social unity and dignity. Our author says of Christ:

"He associated by preference with these meanest of the race; no contempt for them did he ever express; no suspicion that they might be less dear than the best and wisest to the common Father; no doubt that they were naturally capable of rising to a moral elevation like his own. . . . We have here the very kernel of the Christian moral scheme. We have distinctly before us the end Christ proposed to himself, and the means he considered adequate to the attainment of it. His object was, instead of drawing up, after the example of previous legislators, a list of actions prescribed, allowed, and prohibited, to give his disciples a universal test by which they might discover what it was right and what it was wrong to do. Now, as the difficulty of discovering what is right arises commonly from the prevalence of self-interest in our minds, and as we commonly behave rightly to any

one for whom we feel affection or sympathy, Christ considered that he who could feel sympathy for all would behave rightly to all. But how to give to the meagre and narrow hearts of men such enlargement? How to make them capable of a universal sympathy? Christ believed it possible to bind men to their kind, but on one condition—that they were first bound fast to himself. He stood forth as the representative of men, he identified himself with the cause and with the interests of all human beings; he was destined, as he began before long obscurely to intimate, to lay down his life for them."

And the greater part of the book is an expansion of this mode of conceiving the aim of Christ. Christ proposed to himself, according to our author, to awaken a fire of enthusiasm in the heart of his disciples for human nature, as represented in himself; and farther, to organize that enthusiasm into the greatest and most practical of human institutions, for the rescue of human beings from misery as well as from sin. And yet it seems to us precisely here that our author may most fail to take hold of the mind of the great class to which he truly represents Christ as appealing. That they earnestly seek for an organizing principle and unity and self-respect, and for precisely every one of those great philanthropic ends which our author shows that Christ holds out, is as clear as that, as a rule, their class—and the highest part of their class probably most of all—is alienated from the faith which could give them these great gifts, and look upon it as a dream of unpractical men, who had never heard of the steam-engine, the railway, or the electric telegraph. Possibly, indeed, one reason for this may be truly given in the following fine criticism:

"The objection which practical men take is a very important one, as the criticisms of such men always are, being founded commonly upon large observation and not perverted by theory. They say that the love of Christ does not in practice produce the nobleness and largeness of character which has been represented as its proper and natural result; that instead of inspiring those who feel it with reverence and hope for their kind, it makes them exceedingly narrow in their sympathies, disposed to deny and explain away even the most manifest virtues displayed by men, and to despair of the future destiny of the great majority of their fellow-creatures; that instead of binding them to their kind, it divides them from it by a gulf which they

themselves proclaim to be impassable and eternal, and unites them only in a gloomy conspiracy of misanthropy with each other; that it is indeed a law-making power, but that the laws it makes are little-minded and vexatious prohibitions of things innocent, demoralizing restraints upon the freedom of joy and the healthy instincts of nature; that it favors hypocrisy, moroseness, and sometimes lunacy; that the only vice it has power to check is thoughtlessness, and its only beneficial effect is that of forcing into activity, though not always into healthy activity, the faculty of serious reflection.

"This may be a just picture of a large class of religious men, but it is impossible in the nature of things that such effects should be produced by a pure personal devotion to Christ. We are to remember that nothing has been subjected to such multiform and grotesque perversion as Christianity. Certainly the direct love of Christ, as it was felt by his first followers, is a rare thing among modern Christians. His character has been so much obscured by scholasticism, as to have lost in a great measure its attractive power. The prevalent feeling towards him now among religious men is an awful fear of his supernatural greatness, and a disposition to obey his commands arising partly from dread of future punishment and hope of reward, and partly from a nobler feeling of loyalty, which, however, is inspired rather by his office than his person. Beyond this we may discern in them an uneasy conviction that he requires a more personal devotion, which leads to spasmodic efforts to kindle the feeling by means of violent raptures of panegyric and by repeating over and getting by rote the ardent expressions of those who really had it. This is wanting for the most part which Christ held to be all in all, spontaneous warmth, free and generous devotion. That the fruits of a Christianity so hollow should be so poor and sickly, is not surprising."

But that is scarcely the whole truth. The working classes of this country, notwithstanding all their great qualities, especially notwithstanding those almost "ascetic virtues" which an eminent politician, whose knowledge of Lancashire and Yorkshire operatives is considerable, Lord Houghton, has recently attributed to them, combine with these great qualities and ascetic virtues a certain hardness of grain, over which the proposal to yield enthusiastic love to a human being who lived eighteen centuries ago, and to ascribe to all other human beings the capacity for his virtues, would pass without making any impression. We do not believe that

this proposal represents our author's true theology; but this is the only point of view from which his somewhat defective method enables him to describe the great motive power of the Christian faith in this preliminary work. The English artisan realizes well—no one better—that forces of human origin, whether moral or physical, are nothing in comparison to those great reservoirs of natural and spiritual energy which man is permitted partly to use and direct, but which he cannot originate. The practical believers in water-power, steam-power, gravity, and electricity, naturally do not feel inclined in spiritual matters to attribute too much importance to moral exercises of their own volition. Hence the fascination for them of the great fatalistic Necessarian, Calvinistic, Pantheistic faiths—a fascination which all who know the artisan class will admit. The artisan proper has as little respect for enthusiasms of human origin, as he has for a productive process which does not seem to avail itself of any power greater than manual labor. And it is the great defect of this beautiful essay as it at present stands that, while it is one long demonstration of the claim of the Christian revelation to awaken a new "enthusiasm of humanity," its method does not permit the author really to trace the moral power, on the magnitude of which he is commenting, to its true spring. Our author professes to make his book an examination into Christ's aims, as *preliminary* to a discussion of his true supernatural claims. Now the difficulty of such an attempt is, that it seems to separate the aims from the only rational justification of these aims—as if a man should inquire into the musical aims of a great vocalist without any discussion of the musical capacities of his voice, or the aims of a great engineer, without mention of the mechanical means at his disposal. It presents our Lord rather as spanning the centuries with a brilliant rainbow of visionary hope, than as laying his foundations deep in the heart and conscience of man. To aspire to fill the heart of men in all ages with love for one who has long passed from the world, reverence for his laws, and faith in his promises—to hope to make not merely a memory, but far less than a memory, a tradition, rule over the passions and

the moral and intellectual truths and imaginations of men; above all, to hope that men should be so credulous as to find in such a tradition of one man's isolated goodness a guarantee that any other man, however deeply degraded, may be transfigured into his image—would be fairly regarded as a wild dreamer's dream, apart from the theology at the basis of such a hope. We do not believe for a moment that this is the picture which our author intends ultimately to draw, but it is the only picture which the method of his present essay enables him to draw. By inquiring into Christ's aims before he has conceded anything as to his nature, by representing those aims simply as springing from his noble sentiments, he makes those aims resemble cut flowers, drawing their beauty from the water which only delays their decay, instead of from the roots which really enfolded their principle of life. The working classes will be the first to realize this; they will say at once that all the talk about "the enthusiasm of humanity" is beautiful enough, but that it compels the question, Where is the enthusiasm to come from? Man is a poor creature at best, and cannot manufacture powerful motives for himself by dint of gazing at a beautiful picture dimmed by time, and taking for granted that all its finest features are not unique but universal. "If you can show us," they might say, "great spiritual forces *not depending on ourselves*, but still close to us, and of which we might avail ourselves, as we do in physical life of the great ocean-currents, and steam-power, and the magnetic streams of earth, of which for centuries our race was ignorant, though they were then as efficient as now—then, no doubt, you may produce as great spiritual results upon us as the discovery of the great natural forces has produced physical results. But if it is all to depend on *our* strength of love for a being whom we never saw—on emotions which we are to squeeze out of ourselves—then your great enthusiasm will be as long in coming as the wind when it is whistled for." Nor would the working class be wrong in such a criticism. The aims of Christ cannot be sundered from his theology. Unless we believe him to be still at the fountains of every human heart, doing

for man what man cannot do for himself, giving strength to effect that which, unassisted, we have not even strength to attempt, commanding peace to human passions, and restraining the selfishness of intellectual tastes, and, above all, convincing us that he who commands us to rescue the degraded from their degradation, *enables* us to do it by himself knocking at the door of the most degraded heart—the "enthusiasm of humanity" would be a mere romanticist dream. Unless the working class can be brought to believe that Christ has opened the way between God and man, not only for the generation among which he lived on earth, but for all of us; that the eternal will which moved him to "take upon himself the form of a servant" is still and for ever willing the great ends which he came down upon earth to declare; that the power and wisdom and love of God are always close to us in all the fulness of that life which shone out for the only time in human history, centuries ago—unless they can be brought to believe this, "the enthusiasm of humanity" must be for them a factitious affair. Indeed, we think that, with all his truthfulness and power, the author of *Ecce Homo* has made somewhat too much of active "enthusiasm" and too little of that quiet and receptive attitude of mind which is probably the nearest to our Lord's. It is true that there is an enthusiasm—of the kind which our author certainly means to indicate—which depends entirely on the great sustaining power of thoughts that are in us, but not of us, to which we trust, as a swimmer trusts himself to the sustaining sea; but then it is of the essence of this enthusiasm to know that the source from which it enters the mind is a perennial source, not capable of running dry. And the attitude of mind in which the greatest and most victorious of working philanthropists stand towards such sustaining convictions is often far from one of *elation*, which is generally supposed to be part of enthusiasm, but one of mere humble, tranquil trust. The having a great faith to lean upon may often, perhaps most often, be the one influence which extinguishes the outward appearance of enthusiasm. When first the spirit catches sight of the new wave of power, no doubt a thrill, properly de-

scribed as one of enthusiasm, runs through it. But after once resting upon it and testing its full strength, the flush fades away, and what we feel is no longer enthusiasm, but quiet trust in a great agency distinct from ourselves, and which uses us for its greater ends. And this is the true aspect in which to present the purposes of Christ to working men—as a revelation of eternal strength ever at work behind the veil of visible phenomena—of which we may avail ourselves, if we will—which will avail itself of us whether we will or not—but which is ever carrying out the great aims and laws of Christ—though sometimes men in their blindness may fall on it and are broken, and sometimes, when they set themselves consciously against it, it may fall on them and “grind them to powder.”

We may illustrate what we mean, in this respect by the fine passage in which our author speaks of Christ's anxiety to guard his disciples against the devouring “cares of this world” (*μεριμνὰὶ βιωτικαί*) a danger felt by none, except the mercantile class, more keenly than by the class which is always living on the verge of want, and sometimes has the greatest possible difficulty in realizing that “the life is more than meat,” or “the body than raiment.”

“The most formidable temptation of manhood is that which Christ described in a phrase hardly translatable as *μεριμνὰὶ βιωτικαί*. To boys and youths work is assigned by their parents or tutors. The judicious parent takes care not to assign so much work as to make his son a slave. We cherish as much as possible the freedom, the discursiveness of thought and feeling natural to youth. We cherish it as that which life is likely sooner or later to diminish; and if we curb it, we do so that it may not exhaust itself by its own vivacity. But in manhood work is not assigned to us by others who are interested in our welfare, but by a ruthless and tyrannous necessity which takes small account of our powers or our happiness. And the source of the happiness of manhood, a family, doubles its anxieties. Hence middle life tends continually to routine, to the mechanic tracing of a contracted circle. A man finds or fancies that the care of his own family is as much as he can undertake, and excuses himself from most of his duties to humanity. In many cases owing to the natural difficulty of obtaining a livelihood in a particular country, or to remediable social abuses, such a man's conduct is justified by necessity, but in many more it arises from

the blindness of natural affection, making it difficult for him to think that he has done enough for his family while it is possible for him to do more. Christ bids us look to it that we be not weighed down by these worldly cares, which indeed, if not resisted, must evidently undo all that Christianity has done, and throw men back into the clannish condition out of which it redeemed them. How many a man who at twenty was full of zeal, high-minded designs, and plans of a life devoted to humanity, after the cares of middle life have come upon him and one or two schemes contrived with the inexperience of youth have failed, retains nothing of the Enthusiasm with which he set out but a willingness to relieve distress whenever it crosses his path, and perhaps a habit of devoting an annual sum of money to charitable purposes! To protect the lives of men from sinking into a routine of narrow-minded drudgery, the Christian Church has introduced the invaluable institution of the *Sunday*.”

Christ's cure for these gnawing claims on our thought and attention was to open a field of trust and contemplation behind the veil, which would enable even the most restless spirit, once realizing it, to lean for all that it cannot control on One who can. In other words his cure is strictly theological, the revelation of a rest for the intellect and a rest for the will, in a power within man, but above man. Our author—who insists, not too much, indeed, on the practical side of Christ's teaching, but too much on the zeal which he wished to inspire as distinct from the faith which nourished that zeal—is perhaps too much disposed to turn the Sunday into a day for maturing plans of action, instead of a day for falling back on the rest of trust:

“The enthusiasm should not be suffered to die out in any one for want of the occupation best calculated to keep it alive. Those who meet within the church walls on Sunday should not meet as strangers who find themselves together in the same lecture hall, but as coöperators in a public work the object of which all understand, and to his own department of which each man habitually applies his mind and contriving power. Thus meeting, with the *esprit de corps* strong among them, and with a clear perception of the purpose of their Union and their meeting, they would not desire that the exhortation of the preacher should be, what in the nature of things it seldom can be, eloquent. It might cease then to be either a despairing and overwrought appeal to feelings which grow more

callous the oftener they are thus excited to no definite purpose, or a childish discussion of some deep point in morality or divinity better left to philosophers. It might then become weighty with business, and impressive as an officer's address to his troops before battle. For it would be addressed by a soldier to soldiers in the presence of an enemy whose character they understood and in the war with whom they had given and received telling blows."

But the attraction which takes the working class away from Christian sermons to hear Professor Huxley telling them of the grandeur of "natural knowledge" in his lay sermon, and Dr. Carpenter discussing the bearing of physiological discovery on the antiquity of man, should teach us that the day of rest from "the cares of the world" is really wanted for the return of the mind to the contemplation of wider and sublimer fields of thought than even the marching orders for a philanthropic campaign. What disgusts working men with ordinary sermons is the appearance of mere didacticism about them, of hackneyed sentiments that do not seem to have any root in the larger order of the universe, while their minds are thirsting for a wider and a deeper insight into the springs of life. Science, though it only satisfies the intellect, does satisfy this yearning for intellectual space and sublimity. It does not rest the spirit or the will, but it lulls for a time by its grandeur "the cares of the world" to sleep. And unless the Christian churches can effect the same, and much more than the same; unless they can draw "living water" for the intellect, will, and spirit of careworn men on the Sunday, the men of physical science will keep the secularists still—not because they speak of matters which bear immediately on the utilities and comforts of life, but, on the other hand, because they speak of matters which feed the spiritual imagination so much more effectively than the commonplaces of a half-realized system of morality and religion. Mr. Matthew Arnold has recently assured us, with his usual imperious beauty of diction, that the problem of the age is to find a life more natural, more rational, with more love of the things of the mind, more love of beautiful things, for the toiling classes. Assuredly we believe with him that to

save more opportunity for enjoying the *ends* of life, out of the time now devoted to manipulating its *means*, is the great problem of modern society, though we should probably differ from him very much as to what those ends are. The contemplation of the life of God, as it is seen shining here and there through the revolving constellations of secular phenomena, seems to us the highest and most refreshing of these ends, which no one needs more than the noblest practical philanthropist, whose life would be ever in danger of being grated down into a mere powder of small purposes and petty arrangements without this slaking of their highest thirst. None feel this thirst, we believe, more deeply than the secularists. Science does not satisfy it, except for the intellect, but rather presents an order too pitiless and undeviating for the education of free beings—a silent order, which prostrates the mind, like the stillness of those gigantic idols before whose mock serenity and lifeless steadfastness of gaze Oriental worshippers cower, and often consent to sacrifice their life. Undoubtedly working men are seeking to-day, as much as eighteen centuries ago, after a great organizing force, such as we believe Christ's revelation contains. But they cannot find the organizing force without finding the revelation. They cannot find the "enthusiasm of humanity" without finding the living well of inspiration. They cannot find the infinite love of man which it contains without finding the root of that love. Human love is a poor instrument for any divine purpose. St. John knew what he meant, and knew that he was touching a chord of feeling as deep in the working classes of the first century as it is in those of the nineteenth, when he said: "Herein is love, not that we loved God, but that he loved us."

The skepticism of the modern æsthetic refinement is in some respects the deepest, because apparently the most human, and because it is mingled with that spiritual thirst for poetry which is usually but one side of faith. Shelley's skepticism has warped deeper minds than ever did Comte's. When the poetry of the most passionate yearning refuses to hear any voice that answers to its yearning, there comes a deeper shock to those who enter into its spirit than either the skept-

ticism of science, or of dull, laborious labor, can awaken. And the fine discrimination of shades of feeling on which it prides itself, is often so true and delicate, that men are at first sight disposed to give it credit for ample power to discover the truth as to God and his revelation, as well as perfect fidelity in reporting all the characteristic facts it discerns. Shelley's skepticism, however, may be seen to rest chiefly on his impatience—on the ardor with which he gave himself up to thick-coming impulses, and the abhorrence he felt for the regal power of conscientious volition. He seemed almost incapable of understanding, "Be still, and know that I am God." His heart panted after sweet emotions, not after One "who sitteth between the cherubim, be the people never so unquiet." His poetry was the poetry of yearnings, rather than of yearning—of single desires chasing each other eagerly through the heart; and yet, had he lived, he would probably have reached a higher faith, for nearly his last and greatest poem contains the finest of all assertions of the Absolute and Immutable Light that shines behind the flitting shadows of human emotion:

"Then One remains, the many change and pass,
Heaven's light for ever shines, earth's shadows fly;
Life, like a dome of many-colored glass,
Stains the white radiance of Eternity."

But the modern poetic skeptics are certainly far enough from the feverish impatience which marked the genius of Shelley. They are, for the most part, Goethe-worshippers, lovers of tranquil discriminations, of calm insights. The sign of weakness, however, appears in their intellectual exclusiveness; their delight in "distinction;" that love of moral monopoly which forms a great part of their joy in art. They love to criticise from above, to sit on an intellectual throne and judge the world. And then they maintain that "the modern spirit," "the relative spirit," in which they discharge this function, is the only one which can do justice to the infinite variety of nature and circumstances which comes beneath its eye. The belief in an absolute God, in an absolute love of men, in an absolute standard of morality

and humanity, they say, makes criticism rigid, inflexible, unfair; weakness and frailty must be misjudged if the mind is full of a dream of absolute righteousness. In short, this school believes that there is not really any absolute standard; the historic and "positive" view, which admits no categorical "ought," but looks at everything in relation to the antecedents out of which it arose, affords the only elastic, the only humane, canon of criticism. The writer in the *Westminster Review* to whom we have alluded, applies this doctrine to show the injustice of Coleridge's "romantic" faith in the Absolute, by the havoc it would produce in the criticism of Coleridge's own wrecked genius. "The relative spirit," he says, "by dwelling constantly on the more fugitive conditions or circumstances of things, breaking through a thousand rough and brutal classifications, and giving elasticity to inflexible principles, begets an intellectual *finesse*, of which the ethical result is a delicate and tender justness in the criticism of human life." Now we believe that no one has practically shown better than the author of *Ecce Homo*, how precisely this passage describes the moral judgments of Christ, whose nature even the *Westminster* reviewer must admit was fed upon faith in the Absolute, and not on a philosophy which makes it its chief duty to "dwell on the fugitive conditions or circumstances of things." Indeed, we believe the fact to be the precise contrary of the essayist's statement. In philosophy and practical life alike, the "modern spirit," the spirit which is satisfied with "the relative," and dwells much on the fugitive conditions or circumstances of things, has always been the greatest victim of the spirit of "brutal" classification, the least able to reconcile the various contradictions of life and thought. Where has there been a school of philosophy more tyrannic and brutal in its classifications than that of Locke, and James Mill, and Bentham, and, though in a less degree, even of J. S. Mill, who has, nevertheless, profited greatly by the teaching of his great opponent Coleridge? Where has there been one of larger, more catholic, and elastic spirit than that which we owe to the moral criticism of Bishop Butler? And in practical life, where do we go for trench-

ant "brutal" criticisms, with so much certainty as to the light gossip of the drawing room? Where do we expect to find gentler, kindlier criticisms than from the contemplative piety which like Fénelon's, or Madame Guyon's, or Bishop Berkeley's, or Mr. Maurice's, is really formed upon Christ's? But the test of the truth or falsehood of the criticism is, of course, in the extreme cases at either end of the scale. If this view is right, whose lives should be so full of severe and unjust criticisms as Christ's and his apostles whose spirits were permeated as it were with God? Yet even Renan attributes to our Lord a tenderness and delicacy of moral discrimination which marked a new crisis in the Oriental genius, and there has been no great critic of any school, of St. Paul's character, who has not testified to the wonderful tact and charity of the apostle in adapting himself to the "fugitive conditions" of things when passing his moral judgments. We believe the truth to be that, without profound rest in the Absolute righteousness, there is always some little tendency to overstrain our own dogmatic opinions. So much more seems to depend on emphasis of statement, if you cannot trust the vindication of your faith to God. Besides, the faith in him in whose mysterious essence so many seemingly conflicting attributes are reconciled, engenders a habit of mind which renders it comparatively easy to recognize in the same men the most apparently conflicting qualities. At all events, every new delineation of Christ that attracts attention, even among skeptics, insists upon the flexibility and beauty of his feeling for human infirmity, and the "tender justness" of his moral judgments. The author of *Ecce Homo* is evidently penetrated with this feeling, and we wish the plan of his book had allowed him to illustrate more fully his conception of the individual relations between Christ and his followers. There are, however, several passages of great beauty on isolated scenes in Christ's life, and the following will show, as well as any, how little, in our author's conception, Christ's eternal communion with God had blunted the delicacy of his feeling for the fugitive influences which shade off human character:

"We have insisted upon the effect of personal influence in creating virtuous impulses. We have described Christ's Theocracy as a great attempt to set all the virtue of the world upon this basis, and to give it a visible centre of fountain. But we have used generalities. It is advisable, before quitting the subject, to give a single example of the magical passing of virtue out of the virtuous man into the hearts of those with whom he comes in contact. A remarkable story which appears in St. John's biography, though it is apparently an interpolation in that place, may serve this purpose, and will at the same time illustrate the difference between scholastic or scientific and living or instinctive virtue. Some of the leading religious men of Jerusalem had detected a woman in adultery. It occurred to them that the case afforded a good opportunity of making an experiment upon Christ. They might use it to discover how he regarded the Mosaic law. That he was heterodox on the subject of that law they had reason to believe, for he had openly quoted some Mosaic maxims and declared them at least incomplete, substituting for them new rules of his own, which at least in some cases appeared to abrogate the old. It might be possible, they thought, by means of this woman to satisfy at once themselves and the people of his heterodoxy. They brought the woman before him, quoted the law of Moses on the subject of adultery, and asked Christ directly whether he agreed with the lawgiver. They asked for his judgment.

"A judgment he gave them, but quite different, both in matter and manner, from what they had expected. In thinking of the 'case' they had forgotten the woman, they had even forgotten the deed. What became of the criminal appeared to them wholly unimportant; towards her crime or her character they had no feeling whatever, not even hatred, still less pity or sympathetic shame. If they had been asked about her, they might probably have answered, with Mephistopheles, 'She is not the first;' nor would they have thought their answer fiendish, only practical and business-like. Perhaps they might on reflection have admitted that their frame of mind was not strictly moral, not quite what it should be; that it would have been better if, besides considering the legal and religious questions involved, they could have found leisure for some shame at the scandal and some hatred for the sinner. But they would have argued that such strict propriety is not possible in this world; that we have too much on our hands to think of these niceties; that the man who makes leisure for such refinements will find his work in arrears at the end of the day, and probably also that he is doing injustice to his family and those dependent on him. This they

might fluently and plausibly have urged. But the judgment of Christ was upon them, making all things seem new, and shining like the lightning from the one end of the heaven to the other. He was standing, it would seem, in the centre of a circle, when the crime was narrated, how the adultery had been detected in the very act. The shame of the deed itself, and the brazen hardness of the prosecutors, the legality that had no justice and did not even pretend to have mercy, the religious malice that could make its advantage out of the fall and ruin and ignominious death of a fellow-creature—all this was eagerly and rudely thrust before his mind at once. The effect upon him was such as might have been produced upon many since, but perhaps upon scarcely any man that ever lived before. He was seized with an intolerable sense of shame. He could not meet the eye of the crowd, nor of the accusers, and perhaps at that moment least of all of the woman. Standing as she did in the midst of an eager multitude that did not in the least appreciate his feelings, he could not escape. In his burning embarrassment and confusion he stooped down so as to hide his face, and began writing with his finger on the ground. His tormenters continued their clamor, until he raised his head for a moment and said, 'He that is without sin among you let him first cast a stone at her,' and then instantly returned to his former attitude. They had a glimpse perhaps of the glowing blush upon his face, and awoke suddenly with astonishment to a new sense of their condition and their conduct. The older men naturally felt it first and slunk away; the younger followed their example. The crowd dissolved and left Christ alone with the woman. Not till then could he bear to stand up; and when he had lifted himself up, consistently with his principle, he dismissed the woman, as having no commission to interfere with the office of the civil judge. But the mighty power of living purity has done its work. He had refused to judge a woman, but he had judged a whole crowd. He had awakened the slumbering conscience in many hardened hearts, giving them a new delicacy, a new ideal, a new view and reading of the Mosaic law."

This strikes us not only as very fine criticism, but as criticism which catches the true secret of Christ's charity towards sinners. It was not "the relative spirit," the "modern spirit," but the absolute spirit of revelation, which enabled him to feel how much of God there was, how much more there might be, in those who had violated his most sacred laws. Where is there a man possessed of enough of "the relative spirit" to have calmly warned his most

trusted follower, as Christ warned Peter, that he would be the first to desert and disown his master, and this without a touch of bitterness or contempt, adding, in the same breath, "and when thou art converted, strengthen thy brethren?" Communion with the absolute God, rest in the absolute God, is alone equal to producing so perfect an equanimity as this in dealing with the weakness and frailty of man without any loss of love. No doubt such communion and such rest does give a firmness of touch in laying down what is righteousness and what is evil, which "the relative spirit" may disown. But that is only saying that the knowledge of God brings with it insight into what is nearer to or farther from God—phrases which have no meaning to those who think that the fugitive elements in human morality are the only important elements.

The speciousness of the fallacy that the "relative spirit," the "modern spirit," is more charitable, more capable of a "tender justness" than the faith in the Absolute, consists in this, that we are accustomed to confound "absolute" moral rules with literal rules—rules incapable of exception, like those of the Decalogue, for instance, and to regard the hard old Jewish spirit which carried them into effect with a Draconic severity, as the natural illustration of the absolute spirit. But this is really to speak of "the absolute" in its application to God, in the same sense in which we speak of absolute despotism, and to use the word not to convey moral power and insight, but moral weakness and ignorance. In this sense the prophets reveal a far less absolute God than Moses, and Christ a far less absolute God than the prophets. In fact, however, that which made the Jewish moralists so external and literal, was, as our Lord pointed out, the *hardness* of their hearts, the *want* of knowledge of the absolute God, and not the knowledge of him. He who came from eternal communion with God, softened every rigid judgment of the Jewish law, while raising its spiritual demand up to the "absolute" point. It was the very fulness of his knowledge of the absolute life which enabled him to see at once how much of compliance with God's verbal

law was really rebellion against its inward meaning, and how much of infraction of the verbal law was really compatible with its inward meaning. Absolute morality too often means no doubt with man, formal morality—morality by formula, morality which has no life standard by which to judge. But if the author of *Ecce Homo* has done one thing more effectively than another, it is to show how infinitely superior is the spiritual morality which lays down no iron verbal rules, but simply requires the heart to open itself to the fulness of the beauty of one perfect spirit and life, to morality of the abstract kind. Indeed, it is all but self-evident that the only true knowledge of the absolute Father, which we may be permitted without irreverence to call *intimate*—the knowledge of him shown by the Son of God and Man—must imply, as it did imply, insight into shades of human character infinitely more various and delicate, related in infinitely more subtle ways with the divine nature, betraying sympathy with or alienation from God, or here sympathy, and there alienation, at points infinitely more numerous, than any knowledge which the divinest Decalogues could give. We see the signs of this pervading everywhere even our imperfect Gospel histories. The “rich young man,” though he cannot rise to our Lord’s standard, is loved by him even in the very act of disobedience. The woman who is a sinner is forgiven because “she has loved much.” When John the Baptist begins to doubt, the moment is seized by Christ to delineate his true greatness. Peter’s threefold denial was made the opportunity, not for reproach, but for a threefold confession, followed by a special prediction of a glorious death. When it is necessary to indicate the traitor, it is done silently by an act of kindness which might even then have touched his heart. The moment of ambitious strife is seized to teach the lesson of childlike humility; the moment after transfiguration to teach a lesson of coming humiliation. Nothing, in short, is more remarkable than the exquisite feeling for the delicate shades of moral and spiritual life which pervades the teaching of him who communed most with the absolute God. Our Lord’s most special war

was, we may truly say, waged against the legal and formal spirit; his most special teaching was the sweetness of the spiritual liberty conferred by the yoke which was easy, and the burden which was light.

We have not pretended in these few pages to follow the author of *Ecce Homo* through his striking, but, we venture to think, in some respects, defective argument, because we thought we could avail ourselves better of his fine criticisms and noble thoughts in another way. But we cannot conclude without expressing our hearty delight at the appearance of an essay, evidently so thoroughly independent of all special ecclesiastical influence, and so thoroughly imbued with the true historic spirit, which is yet entirely free from the irrational assumptions by which the method falsely called “historic” has recently been marked. We shall look for the completion of the work, begun by this thoughtful and delicate criticism, with the deepest interest. Indeed, sincerely as we admire this preliminary essay, we imagine that the theological inferences which the author has yet to give us must be as full of new historical criticism, and fuller of moral power for the majority of readers, than the introductory investigation itself.

Fraser's Magazine.

THE ENGLISH TROOPS IN THE EAST.

WE propose in the following paper to lay before our readers some details of the present state of the English army in the East, meaning by this term the troops sent out direct from England and now quartered in various parts of India, China, Burmah, and Ceylon, whose muster roll, as they yearly diminish in numbers from sickness and other causes, has to be filled up by fresh drafts of recruits from the mother country. We propose to show that, owing to the mismanagement which prevails, and has prevailed so generally throughout the East, an amount of misery has been entailed upon the unfortunate English troops in each of the above-mentioned countries, the greater portion of which might unquestionably have been avoided under regulations properly devised and carried out.

In working out this subject, we shall not deem it necessary to enter, in the case of India, on the wide question of Indian government, nor shall we consider whether India, undoubtedly the largest of our dependencies, and, therefore, the most important of our national responsibilities, has, practically, gained or lost by the transference of all political power from the old East India Company to the Imperial Government at home. The mutiny may be held to have settled this and similar questions. The India we have to deal with now has been conquered by the sword and must be held by the sword.

We shall therefore take each individual case in the order mentioned above, and shall begin with

I. Our English troops in India.

Now the direct effect of the mutiny has been that under the existing arrangements we need something like seventy thousand men instead of the twenty or thirty thousand of former days to retain this country under due subjection; hence difficulties, partially felt before, on questions relating to the health, well-being and contentment of so large a force of men not naturally fitted to contend against the multiplied evils of a climate ruinous to English constitutions, together with a total neglect of ordinary sanitary precautions, have to be anxiously considered, and as far as possible obviated. No one can doubt that, on the general efficiency of the English troops in India, no less than on their presence there, depends the security of our away.

We propose, therefore, to demonstrate, that in India (as well as elsewhere in the East) all the ordinary requisites for the successful maintenance of European troops have been not only neglected but even ignored; that, so far is their health from being adequately cared for, mortality and invaliding carry off, even in healthy years, more than can possibly be supplied by recruits from England; and that from these causes the army is gradually, year by year, falling below its proper numerical strength. Nor is this all: at home, as it is but too well known, we do not get recruits with the facility of former years: the opportunities for employment are greater, the necessity

for enlistment less felt by the classes from which soldiers are mostly taken. Hence, the supply of a large annual number of new levies for India becomes far more difficult, to say nothing of the fact, for reasons detailed below, and sufficiently well known to every regiment, that service in India has no longer the popular charms it once had, or, at least, was supposed to have. And yet, for the present, we cannot dispense with the English troops in India; if, with the fatal policy of arming and drilling a vast native army and police, the British force should be sensibly diminished, another and probably a more disastrous mutiny than the last is what we may reasonably expect. Should such an event take place, we shall not pay the penalty of our folly only by the murder of our countrymen and countrywomen: England herself must suffer among nations from the loss of her *prestige*.

It should be borne in mind that what we popularly call in England "our army" is really, and should be called, "an army for service in the East;" our troops at home, excepting the Foot Guards and the Household Cavalry, acting simply as a *dépôt* for the relief of the regiments serving in India, etc., and being generally absent from England for periods varying from ten to fourteen years.

Our English troops in India at present consist of—

11 regiments of Cavalry,
56 regiments of Infantry,
4 brigades of Horse Artillery,
11 brigades of Foot Artillery.

Each brigade of Horse Artillery comprises six batteries, and each battery six guns; so that we have in India 144 guns of Horse Artillery.

The Field Artillery brigades have eight batteries of six guns, but as two or three brigades consist of garrison artillery, the actual number of guns in India amounts to about 400, making in all quite 550 guns, or considerably more than the French and the Allies together brought into the field of Waterloo.

Our army at home consists of—

12 regiments of Cavalry,
37 regiments of Infantry,
2 brigades of Horse Artillery,
6 brigades of Garrison and Field Artillery.

Thus it will be seen that the necessities of our empire in the East absorb almost double the number of artillery and infantry we keep at home, and this in such a manner and under such conditions that the troops so employed on Eastern service cannot be spared for any other purpose.

They cannot be spared, and why not? Because the native mercenaries, amounting to more than three hundred thousand men whom we have ourselves armed and drilled, require the whole of these seventy thousand English men to watch them.

Whether a fact like this, which is patent to the world, would be overlooked by our numerous wellwishers on the Continent or in America, we are not called on to say. But if these good friends have not overlooked it, is it not conceivable that such a knowledge would have an important bearing, not perhaps on the ultimate issue of a struggle, if struggle there be, but in allowing or inviting one in the first instance?

The matter is really too urgent and fraught with consequences too momentous to the Empire generally to admit of any unnecessary circumlocution. Danger threatens us in India, because of the large bodies of natives whom we are continually training in those arts of war which may be most effectually used against ourselves. The bubble of Sepoy fidelity was thought by many to have completely burst at the time of the mutiny of 1857, when many a gallant fellow paid with his life the price of his infatuation on that point. But it is no less true than lamentable that the great warning has apparently been forgotten, and the fatal practice of training cruel and relentless Orientals, in the best possible way for the extinguishing of our power in India, is still favored by the bureaucracy at Calcutta. It is neither necessary nor wise to attribute motives, but it is simply stating a matter of fact to say that interests, the more tenacious that they are those of family, are involved in the maintenance of a large native force. Many officers and civil servants connected by relationship with the governing class would be deprived of pleasant and valuable appointments by any measure which threw out of our employment large bodies of natives. Hence

the astonishing fact that at this very moment upwards of three hundred thousand mercenaries draw pay in India, this pay being by no means the least part of what they cost us. Yearly this practice costs us, even in healthy years, the lives of nearly sixteen hundred Englishmen, together with the invaliding of at least three thousand more. Nor is this all; so large a number of armed natives causes a feeling of insecurity fatal alike to the prestige and power of our Indian Empire, and produces a drain on the bone and muscle of the mother country we cannot meet much longer, and which must eventually entail either a complete change of the system or the loss of Hindostan.

It is essential to draw special public attention to this mortality of our soldiers in India. When we said just above that India costs us annually the lives of sixteen hundred men, we referred to the year 1863, which has had hardly a parallel for healthiness.

The average of loss in this and previous years is almost as high again. A distinguished officer of Engineers, taking an average of the six years previous to 1863, showed that the mortality of our soldiers in the Punjab was considerably lower than in the other provinces. Yet, even in that province, the annual average of deaths over a period of six years ending with 1863, was 43 per 1000. Taking, therefore, this as the lowest computation, over three thousand English soldiers, or three entire regiments of one thousand strong, disappeared yearly from their parade grounds into an early grave. Again, in the Report issued by the Commissioners appointed by the late Lord Herbert to inquire into the sanitary state of the army in India, we read at page 19:

"The mortality rate was as high as 134 per 1000 in 1804, in the first Mahratta war, and it was at 41 in 1852. It was high again in the year of mutiny, and it has been subsequently lower than the Indian standard. From the rate of 55 in 1770-99 the rate rose to 85 in the 30 years, 1800-29; and the mortality fell to 58 in the 27 years, 1830-56; so that the death-rate of the British soldiers since the first occupation of the country down to the present day has oscillated round 69 per 1000. If the mortality is set down at 69 in 1000, it follows that besides deaths by natural causes, 61, or, taking the English

standard, 60 per thousand of our troops perish in India annually. It is at that expense that we have held dominion there for a century; a company out of every regiment has been sacrificed every twenty months. These companies fade away in the prime of life, leave few children, and have to be replaced, at great cost, by successive shiploads of recruits."

The Report says "they have to be replaced," but it is by no means clear how this can be accomplished—even if we had always such exceptional years as that of 1863.

Let us see now to what extent the recruiting sergeant at home is able to keep pace with the various competitors he has in India, in the form of cholera, fever, dysentery, etc., which take men out of the army as fast as he can induce them to enter it. The exact number of soldiers who died in that year (1863) was 1596, and 2322 were invalidated home. But, out of the number of invalids, 1366 were discharged as wholly incapable of further service. Thus, in a healthy year, the English army lost for ever the services of 2962 men. Reinforcements were sent out with dispatch and energy to fill the gaps thus made by death and disease, but they were not able to get to India as fast as their comrades were leaving it, homeward bound in more senses than one. The army in 1863 numbered 67,525. In 1864 its numbers were 66,176. Thus our recruiting sergeant and his fellow-workers at home had positively been beaten by the Indian climate and Indian mismanagement to the amount of 1349 men.

The year 1864 was also for India remarkably healthy. In it the army lost by death 1292. This was less than even in the previous year. But although the year was healthy, it is to be observed that the additional twelve months' exposure to the Indian climate was telling on the men, for 3008 men were invalidated to England, making an excess of 680 over that of 1863. It should also be noticed that these numbers do not include 880 time-expired men, who returned to England on the completion of their ten years' service. The number of men finally discharged as unfit for service has not yet been made public; they are probably more numerous than they were in 1863. In any case, the total

drain from sickness and death for two healthy years amounts to the enormous figure of 8218 men.*

It will surprise no one, after reading so much, to be told that our army in India is rapidly falling below its proper strength. A few years ago we had 80,000 men in that Peninsula, and it is commonly supposed that we still have 70,000. But this is an error. The numbers of the English army, as we have just seen, were in 1864 only a little over 66,000 men. The infantry of the line had fallen to 47,000. If the regiments were of their full strength they would amount to 50,000. This shows a deficiency of 3000, or nearly four regiments—that is to say, it would require as many men as would make up four regiments to be dispersed among our infantry of the line to bring that infantry up to its proper strength. Thus our army is considerably stronger on paper than it would really be in the field—a fact which no one but a Red-tapist can contemplate without alarm. And can this be wondered at? Healthy, active, young Englishmen are daily finding a better market for their thews and sinews at home than is afforded them in the pestilential plains and unwholesome barracks of India.

But what renders this waste of English lives so sad is that those most competent to judge regard such a waste as wholly unnecessary and avoidable. Our countrymen have shown pretty extensively that death for any high patriotic or inevitable cause is not clothed with any insupportable terrors. Not only the "bubble reputation," but the call of duty, however stern, irksome, or fatal, will bring them to the front, in almost any numbers. But here is no reputation to be gained, and what call of duty urges a stalwart young peasant or artisan to evaporate in a few years his exuberant strength under the burning Indian sun, or to die of malaria ere he has reached his prime? Neither his country, nor his class, nor his family, nor he himself can

* Since this paper has been in type, we have ascertained, from the Parliamentary returns, that from 1861 to 1864 inclusive, 6610 British soldiers died in India, and 14,483 were invalidated to England; out of an average force of 64,382 men, these figures show a yearly loss of 5273 men, or about 82 per 1000.

derive the smallest conceivable benefit by so doing. No English interest, no phase or fragment of English honor is benefited. A vicious system alone is supported, and that system requires, for the sake of its perquisites and patronage, that a large native force should be kept up; that a less large but more powerful English force should be in readiness to watch it, and that, consequently, to perform successfully this gaoler's work, the British army should be scattered like a rural police over the length and breadth of the unhealthy plains of India, in defiance of every strategical and sanitary law, instead of being quartered on healthy hills, where the mortality need never exceed, if it exceeded at all, the English standard. Given a supply not equal to the demand, the proverbial schoolboy with a competent knowledge of the most ordinary arithmetic, and the numbers before him of the annual deaths and losses caused by invaliding, will make a tolerably accurate guess at the time when the English troops in India will cease to exist.

Now, it is a simple matter of fact that this tropical land of India, infested with fevers, rheumatism, dysentery, liver disease, and cholera, as it doubtless is throughout its plains, contains also mountain ranges of various altitudes, singularly healthy, and well adapted to the constitution of Europeans. As is well known, India is divided into presidencies, of which the western, that of Bombay, is traversed from north to south by the mountainous range called the Ghauts. The Madras Presidency contains the beautiful Neilgherries, while that of Bengal is overlooked almost from Calcutta to Peshawur, by the magnificent Himalayas, which, unlike the former mountains, do not rise abruptly to any very great height from the plains, the usual distance from the commencement of the hills to the snowy range being about fourteen stages of twelve miles, and each stage being considered in that rough country a day's work for the tourist. These fourteen stages cross and bend round successive tiers of hills, varying from five thousand to twelve thousand feet in altitude, while in the distance the snowy range is to be seen towering above all.

The climate at an altitude of seven thousand feet, is perfectly charming dur-

ing those months which in the plains are trying in the extreme. Great heat may be said to commence in the low country in the end of March, and to increase rapidly during the months of April, May, June, and July. About the middle of July the rains commence, and September, when the sun beats with its full fury on the soaking earth, brings fevers and sickness on constitutions already enfeebled by the terrible summer. There is nothing of all this on the hills, except in their valleys, which, being full of native villages, or cultivated, generally contain fever. On the crests of the hills, the air is calm and pure, and at an elevation of seven thousand feet is bracing at night and in the morning, and extremely healthy. No pen could describe to the reader the extraordinary sight the burning plains present to the eye when viewed from the summit of one of these hills during the hot months. The scene represents as it were a vast ocean of fire and steam, and when one thinks of the poor fellows below, the words "God help them," involuntarily rise to one's lips.

There are over thirty infantry regiments in Bengal, seven cavalry regiments, and 350 guns of the Royal Artillery, and yet there are but two hill stations for the regiments, and a few small stations for invalids. The hill stations for regiments are about sixty miles from Umballah, and are called Dughshai and Subathoo; the first is at an altitude of seven thousand feet, and is remarkably healthy, the Forty-second Highlanders quartered there looking as well as if they were in England; the other, Subathoo, is at an elevation of forty-five hundred feet, and comes under the influence of the valley fevers, and is therefore unhealthy: the Eighty-second Regiment lost many men there during 1863. It is but fair, however, to state that the regiment came there in a very sickly state from that pestilential city Delhi, where they had been allowed to remain for nearly three years. No more distressing sight could be conceived than that presented by the little children of that regiment, many of whom were horribly disfigured for life by the Delhi boil in the face. About twelve miles nearer to Umballah than Subathoo, lies a charming little dépôt for sick, called Kussowlie, perched on a

hill seven thousand feet high, directly overlooking the plains. But these dépôts for sick are rather delusions than anything else, as is so often the case with enterprises taken in hand by the Anglo-Indians, who generally begin at the wrong end. It has long since been proved that it is not when a man becomes sick, perhaps suffering from dysentery, that he should be sent to an altitude of several thousand feet; and, therefore, the medical officers only send such cases as their experience tells them will be benefited by the change: those sick not sent to the hills must either die or be invalided to England. The proper course would be that pointed out by the Medical Sanitary Commission, when they gave it as their opinion that one third of the English troops should be *always* in the hills, and that troops landing in India should at once be sent to the hills for acclimatization. The Anglo-Indian Government are ever ready to point out the evil effects of the mountain air on the British soldier; but, in truth, this change is only inadvisable when he is in such a state of exhaustion that his removal to a colder climate may prove fatal.

An excuse constantly offered for the want of hill stations is the lack of funds to build barracks for the troops in the mountains; but it may be urged that if one third of the native army were reduced, and the present building of expensive barracks in notoriously unhealthy stations, as Neemuch, for instance, were put a stop to, there would be sufficient money forthcoming for the purpose. During the hot season of 1864, a wing of the Seventy-ninth Highlanders was sent from Raul Pindee to the vicinity of the hill station called Murree; they lived in huts, and were employed in repairing the mountain roads. There seems to be no reason why this system should not be extended as much as possible. At a certain height, about six thousand feet, the hills are clothed with fine pine timber, and with a good supply of tools, the men could hut themselves. Their presence is, however, regarded with dislike at those hill stations, in which the house property mostly belongs to the governing classes of civilians, and they are supposed to disturb the peace and privacy

of these mountain retreats. But even this terrible calamity can be avoided, for there is room for all the armies in Europe in the Indian hills.

Another objection urged against an extensive removal of the English troops from the plains is the license which would thereby be allowed to the numerous bands of armed ruffians who find refuge in the Protected Native States. These states are generally very ill-governed, and it is a common occurrence to have fighting going on between the rajah and his oppressed subjects. In this case also our apathy is all but incredible, and can hardly fail to give the natives a contemptuous notion of our power. We suffer the most outrageous and infamous doings to go on without check, and of course the Orientals attribute this to feebleness or fear. When a rajah wants money for an unusually extensive debauch, or it may be, as lately occurred, to make an expensive purchase of an English girl fourteen years old, to stimulate the appetites of an old sensualist of seventy, then a merciless taxation very often drives the wretched multitudes to open resistance, and fighting and bloodshed are the inevitable result. A peremptory notice that such proceedings must cease would have an incalculable effect not only on the general well-being of the country, but as a manifestation of our power. The course pursued is to decorate these vile despots with titles, and to bedizen them with gimcracks from the toyshops of the Continent. In these times of general peace, when our hands are unfettered, and all our strength could be conveniently exerted, it might be hoped that some large, wise, well-considered measure for the domestic pacification of India would be brought forward. But such a hope, to judge from the past, is wildly chimerical. No; the plan is to permit native ruffians to prowl about armed to the teeth, and even to increase the natural supply by arming three hundred thousand more at our own expense, and then to procure seventy thousand English soldiers and to keep them festering and dying in the plains for fear the mine we have ourselves dug and filled with combustibles should accidentally be fired.

It is hardly conceivable that rulers in India should be so ignorant as not

to understand that the system of scattering our troops over the country, which obtained in former days, when the means of communication were far less than they are now, should still be necessary, at a time when the peninsula is daily becoming more and more intersected by railways. We can, however, discern no intention of altering this antiquated plan, or any evidence that the Anglo-Indian Government acknowledge the need of occupying a conquered country on sound strategical and sanitary rules. Indeed, it is too much to hope for any practical or advantageous change from men who have grown old in the management of an effete system. It is only from the most energetic action of the public at home that any useful reform in these Indian matters can be anticipated, for it must never be forgotten that a public in India can scarcely be said to exist. Public opinion there is none; its press, however able, finds no readers, and meets with no echo at home; while the voices of those who *do* try to attract the attention of the public in England, are few and feeble.

Yet there should be no despairing. England must in time awake to the fact that her position as a first-class power is incompatible with the present military situation in India. She will discover that her good right arm is paralyzed through the utter incompetence of those to whom she has intrusted the government of that empire; and she will then take the steps necessary to settle at once and for ever her military occupation of India on such a footing that, if pressed by enemies in the West, no danger to the stability of her Indian Empire could be incurred, should she recall for service at home some forty thousand men from her Indian garrison.

A Royal Commission would find most useful employment in inquiring into the necessity of maintaining masses of native troops, together with an armed but disorganized police force; and their attention ought to be directed to the length of service in India for English regiments, which at present amounts to banishment to a tropical climate for from ten to fifteen years; add to which, leave of absence is grudgingly doled out to the officers, while the

poor private soldiers die off through the prevailing mismanagement of those who rule the country. As to real soldiering, almost the only opportunity for service is the chance of from time to time hunting down armed natives, when mutinous, over an arid soil and under a burning sun.

If, however, an inquiry by a Royal Commission is to be a satisfactory one, care must be taken that the Commission be composed exclusively of men who will approach the subject without prejudice—men on whose judgment reliance can be placed to distinguish between good and bad evidence. It must be borne in mind that the local government of India has hitherto been, as it were, the patrimony of a certain number of families, who have been far too much in the habit of considering it as their exclusive right. Such men cannot be expected to look with indifference on proceedings which may threaten their interests, and they will certainly oppose them by every means in their power.

Many reasons indeed concur at the present moment to urge the fullest attention of England on the present system of distributing English troops throughout the whole of the East, a system which is so faulty, and shows such consummate ignorance, as to call forth the most indignant protestations. Not only do the officers of our army receive a far better military education than in former days, but the special institution of the Staff College delivers a yearly supply of highly-trained scientific officers for the general service of the country. It is therefore not surprising that their voices are raised at the total ignorance of strategical and sanitary laws to which they justly attribute the rapid deaths among their men. Nor is this by any means all: the non-commissioned officers and private soldiers have ready access to the press, which finds its way every fortnight from England to their barrack rooms in India. They can tell when their comrades' lives are sacrificed to needless mismanagement, and they know perfectly well the healthy or unhealthy qualities of the various stations in India and China; in fact, this knowledge is so certain, that men entitled to their discharge generally demand it on learning that their regiment is likely to be moved

to some Oriental pest-house. The occupation of some of these posts *may* be strategically necessary, but it is notorious that many are merely used because there happen to be some old mud barracks ready made on the spot.

II. To take next the case of China.

The decimation by sickness of one whole regiment, and in a great measure that of another, in Hongkong—namely, the second battalions of the Eleventh and Ninth Regiments—is a signal instance of Eastern mismanagement. One would almost imagine that the ideas of the authorities in China were cast in the same mould as those of the clique who govern in India, and who appear to be impressed with the notion that English officers and soldiers can be collected as fast in England as rupees are in the East; and that pure air in the hills and healthy stations ought to be reserved for those Anglo-Indian governors who fly to Simla in the summer, and for those Anglo-Chinese authorities who seek the charming climate of Japan at the same unhealthy season.

The innocent cause which led to the Hongkong disaster is to be found in the pay for which officers of the Indian native army take service. These gentlemen undertake to serve the Crown in India, and spend the greater portion of their lives in that country, for a rate of pay amounting to—

For an Ensign—£240 a year.
For a Lieutenant—£300 a year.
For a Captain—£492 a year.
For a Major—£936 a year.
For a Lieutenant-Colonel—£1236 a year.

The retiring pension after twenty years' service in India, irrespective of rank, is the small sum of £191 12s. per annum. Now, though the rate of pay may appear large, it is not so in fact, for the expenses of living in India are, at the present time, more than three times as heavy as before the mutiny. Sometimes it happens that a native regiment is sent on foreign service, and accordingly one took up its quarters at Hongkong, the consequence being that the pittance of colonial pay received by the officers of British regiments already there was raised to the same standard as that of

their comrades in charge of the native troops.

This was too much for the home authorities: economy being the life of the army, they set to work to do the thing cheaply. The native regiment was sent back to its country, and an English regiment from the Cape of Good Hope was directed to relieve it, the pay of the garrison being then and there reduced to the colonial rate, which is, indeed a little higher than that received in England, but much lower than that of the native Indian forces. It further appears that although the Horse Guards had warned the authorities at Hongkong that the second battalion of the Eleventh Regiment was under orders to proceed to their station, no preparations were made for its reception.

The Tamar arrived on the 31st of May, 1865, from the Cape with twenty-five officers, seven hundred and two non-commissioned officers and men, fifty-four women, and ninety-two children.

Now it so happened that there were plenty of houses that might have been hired for the use of the regiment; but, as we know the excessive pressure brought to bear to enforce economy, we can excuse Captain Roberts, the Quarter-master-General, from undertaking such responsibility in the absence of his General, who had gone to Japan: had he acted on his own judgment, and made the regiment comfortable he would doubtless have had to pay out of his own purse for any such accommodation by order of the War Office. So her Majesty's regiment was left to take its chance; two companies were stowed away in an old three-decker, the *Hercules*, a few in another hulk, and the rest of the regiment under sheds placed in a swamp called Kawloon on the mainland opposite Hongkong.

The natural result was an immediate outbreak of disease. In the seven months from June 5th to the end of December, two officers, fifty-eight non-commissioned officers and men, five women, and twenty-eight children died; four officers, one hundred and eighty nine non-commissioned officers and men, twenty-two women, and thirty-five children were invalided. As it is now usual to judge of the rate of death and sickness by taking an average of one thou-

sand men over the space of one year, we find the deaths in the second battalion of the Eleventh Regiment amounted to the terrible sum of one hundred and forty per one thousand, and the invalids exhibited the no less shocking rate of four hundred and sixty-one per one thousand. By the last account there were still fifty-three men in hospital, and the three surgeons were accounted for, as one dead, one sick, and the third on leave at home. The result of this miserable attempt at economy is that the Eleventh is so reduced that there are only thirty-six non-commissioned officers, one hundred and thirty-six privates, and twelve drummers fit for duty, and the country will be put to the expense of £40,000 to replace the lives thus shamefully wasted.

We must not pass over the sufferings of the second battalion of the Ninth Regiment without some notice, though as compared with the Eleventh, it was so far fortunate that it was quartered in barracks instead of in sheds on a swamp. The strength of this regiment on its arrival at Hongkong, in February, 1865, was eight hundred and thirty-nine non-commissioned officers and men, forty-seven women, and seventy-seven children; by the end of the year forty-eight men, six women, and twenty-eight children had died; one hundred and thirty-nine men, twenty-seven women, and thirty-one children had been sent home sick, and there remained at the station last January only six hundred and thirty-six non-commissioned officers and men, fourteen women, and eighteen children—so that the pestilential climate combined with night duty, at all times so fatal to our troops in the East, has inflicted an annual death loss of sixty-two per thousand, and a drain by invaliding of not less than one hundred and eighty per thousand; in addition to which two officers died and one was invalided home. In both these cases, it will be observed that by far the largest proportion both of deaths and invaliding fell to the lot of the unfortunate children: in the first instance, out of ninety-two, only twenty-nine remained after seven months; in the second, out of seventy-seven, sixteen only survived after a sojourn of eleven months. Lastly, it must be distinctly remembered that even the

above lists only represent the deaths we know have actually occurred: there cannot be the slightest doubt that many men, women, and children, the returns of whom are not at present available, died on their passage to England from the effects of disease contracted at Hongkong.

A large fleet lies idle the greater part of the year on the China station, and there is no reason why it should not land some of its men, on the French principle, to guard the Hongkong dockyard and arsenal. There are two excellent stations within a week's easy steam of Hongkong—one to the north, Japan, with a European climate, the other to the south, Singapore, a station which is salubrious, though its temperature is very high; moreover, Singapore possesses excellent and unoccupied barracks, capable of affording accommodation for two regiments; and being equidistant between Calcutta and China, is in its strategical position unexceptionable. There could be no reasonable objection to moving the English troops now doing garrison duty at Hongkong to Japan and Singapore; and some steps should at once be taken, before the approaching summer repeats the havoc which has recently attracted such just and universal indignation.

III. To take the case of Burmah, a station as deadly as any of those to which we have called attention, but which has hitherto quite escaped notice at home.

The garrison in this territory usually consists of two English regiments which are sent thither from Madras, their term of Eastern service being five years in Madras and five in Burmah, a period more than enough to destroy any European constitution. The stations of these regiments are situated on the banks of the Irawaddy, and are three in number—Rangoon, Tongoo, and Thyetmyo—the last two being in the vicinity of Prome. The third battalion, Sixtieth Rifles, suffered very severely during their residence in Burmah; and the second battalion, Nineteenth Regiment, has also given many victims to the climate of this country. The left wing of the latter regiment marched into Thyetmyo on the first of January, 1864, with twenty-

one officers and four hundred men: how many non-commissioned officers and privates died and were invalided it is very difficult to ascertain, but some estimate may be formed from the fact that, by the autumn of the year 1865, two officers had died and fourteen had been invalided to England out of the twenty-one, leaving five to carry on the duties in that terrible climate. One young officer is now at home, broken down from sickness, caused by too frequent exposure to the scorching sun in the execution of his duties as orderly officer.

About sixty miles from Thyetmyo are the mountains of Arrakan, offering healthy sites where English regiments could establish themselves; but, as in India, no attempt has been made to make them available; on the contrary, new barracks are being built near the river side at Thyetmyo.

IV. And, lastly, even in Ceylon we find the same customary neglect of advantages offered by nature for the preservation of European constitutions in the East.

In this island the English troops are divided between Colombo, Kandy and Trincomalee—the healthy mountains being almost neglected. The lovely plains of Newera Ellia, elevated six thousand feet above the sea, are now well known to most visitors to that delightful island; groves of forest trees dot the plains here and there, and on three sides are mountains offering a complete shelter from the monsoon gales, and covered with dense woods, the natural haunts of the Sambur deer, the wild boar, and elephant. Numerous houses and villas are scattered over the plains, which are well provided with excellent roads and with an abundant supply of water from rapid mountain streams. With such advantages, it will hardly be believed that on these plains there are barracks for only a single company of soldiers, although the ravages from fever, liver disease, diarrhoea, and dysentery of the most fatal type, the prevailing diseases of all Eastern low countries, must be well known to the Ceylon authorities.

We trust we have now said enough to show the urgent need of an active in-

vestigation into the conditions under which this country maintains her empire in India and other Eastern countries.

It is but too certain that the present state of things cannot endure; and no nation worthy the name of a first-class power can be content to see a great army perish from causes over most of which it has perfect control.

The time is past for vain and empty regrets: the Imperial Government at home must look these difficulties in the face; and committees, alike of the Lords and Commons, must inaugurate a searching inquiry, and fearlessly carry into execution what conclusions they may arrive at. No fancied tenderness for vested interests; no palliating of evil, because certain privileged persons may suffer from the investigation, will satisfy the demands of our English troops in the East, or of their friends and relations in England. They, doubtless, first, but all alike must plainly see that this country will not sacrifice the lives of her sons to please any class, however entitled to consideration for their past services.

London Society.

THE BARINGS OF LONDON.

Two hundred years ago a Peter Baring was living at Gröningen, in the Dutch province of Overijssel. His son or grandson, Francis, was a Lutheran minister at Bremen, until the accession of William of Orange to the English throne opened the way for him to greater influence as a pastor of a Lutheran church in London. John Baring, his son, was founder of the commercial house, now famous in every quarter of the world. Using the experience that he seems to have acquired in the factories of the continent, he set up a cloth manufactory at Larkbeer, in Devonshire. Making money there, he came to increase it in London; at first, merely sending his cloths to the American colonies, and thence procuring, in exchange, such articles as he could be sure of selling to advantage in England. By strict honesty and close business habits, we are told, he won the esteem of merchants much greater than himself. They helped him on in his business, and before

his death he too was a merchant of wealth and eminence.

Of his four sons, Francis, the third, born in 1736, was the most notable. Carefully trained during childhood under his father's own supervision, he was in due time put to school with a Mr. Coleman, author of several mathematical treatises of some note in their day. Mr. Coleman's arithmetic was not wasted on young Francis Baring. From him, it is recorded, he had "acquired the talent for which he was most distinguished: for in calculations made on the spot, admitting of no previous study, he was certainly considered as unequalled." It is not clear whether on leaving school he went at once into his father's office or first served a sort of apprenticeship in the great house of Boehm. While yet a young man he became a merchant on his own account. At first, from the time of his father's death, he, and his eldest brother John, were in partnership pushing the interest of the Larkbeer cloth factory, buying, wherever they could be bought most cheaply, the wool, dye-stuffs, and other raw material required for its operations, and finding a market for the cloths when they were made, besides engaging in various other sorts of mercantile enterprise. Before long, John Baring retired from trade and went to enjoy his wealth at Mount Radford, near Exeter. Francis Baring carried on the business on a vastly extended scale. Having married an heiress in 1766, he became an East India proprietor, a holder of bank stock, and a great dealer in funds and shares. He was known all through life as "a man of consummate knowledge and inflexible honor." "Few men," it was said, "understood better the real interests of trade, and few men arrived at the highest rank of commercial life with more unsullied integrity." Lord Shelburne styled him "the prince of merchants," and turned to him as his chief and best adviser on all questions of commerce and finance during his brief time of office. Pitt, coming into power in 1783, regarded him with equal honor. To him he came for help in settlement of the difficulties on matters of trade that sprang up between England and the insurgent colonies of America. To him also he looked both in the management

of the East India Company and in defence of the government measures assailed by Fox and all the Whigs. Baring entered Parliament as the champion of the Tories in 1784, and he retained his seat for more than twenty years. In 1784, moreover, the year of reorganization, consequent on the passing of Pitt's famous bill, he became a director of the East India Company, to continue during many years its most active and influential governor. He was also for a long time one of the principal managers of the Bank of England; and in 1797, when Sir William Pulteney introduced his bill for its virtual abolition, he wrote two powerful pamphlets on the subject, besides taking an energetic part in opposition to the bill in the House of Commons.

It was Baring who, in 1798, found a place for Charles Lamb in the India Office, the friend who introduced the poor author to the rich merchant being Joseph Paice, "the most consistent living model of modern politeness," as he is called in the *Essays of Elia*. He it was whom Lamb once saw "tenderly escorting a market woman whom he had encountered in a shower, exalting his umbrella over her poor basket of fruit, that it might receive no damage, with as much carefulness as if she had been a countess." The good man was grandson of an older Joseph Paice, born at Exeter, 1658, who became a wealthy London merchant, and was M.P. for Lyme Regis during many years. Joseph Paice, the younger, carried on the business. To his counting-house Lamb went from the Blue-coat school, to be transferred thence, in 1795, to the South Sea House, of which Paice was a director, before settling down, three years later, in the India Office. *Elia's* good friend was a good friend to everybody. Paice spent all his fortune, something over £30,000, in charitable ways. "My whole annual income," he wrote in a private note when he was about sixty years old, "is £329 16s. 4d.; out of which I steadily allow to my relatives in narrow circumstances annually £95 9s., and to established charities, over and above all demands of a like nature, £35 2s. 6d.; and the remainder, to defray property tax, board, apparel, and every incidental expense, is only £199 4s. 10d."

Joseph Paice was not a man to get on in the world. In Francis Baring, however, he had a steady friend and counsellor. Having exhausted the fortune left him by his father, and having no family to which to leave any wealth, Paice was anxious in his old age to turn into ready money, which he could apply in ways congenial to him, the reversion of an estate in Kent to which he was heir. For many years Baring urged him to retain his rights. At last, finding him resolved to take the reversion into the market, the great merchant bought it himself for £20,000. That had hardly been done before the original proprietor died suddenly, and Baring found himself master at once of property that he had expected to wait several years for. Thereupon he did what no man but a true gentleman and a man of rare honor would have thought of doing. He immediately forwarded to his friend a draft for £7000. "As I have maturely considered every circumstance that attaches to the question," he said in the letter that went with the money, "the result is what you will find inclosed, which it is absolutely necessary for my peace of mind should remain without alteration. I will not wound your delicacy with reasons why it should be one sum in preference to another; but I hope you will suffer me to assure you that neither myself nor any of my family will ever receive the return of any part of this sum, either now or hereafter. With this view you will permit me to request an assurance from yourself, which I know to be sacred, that you will not give or bequeath to the whole or any part of my family what shall exceed the value of £100."*

Well might Baring be called the prince of English merchants. "At his death," according to the common and true judgment of his friends, "he was the first merchant in England; first in knowledge and talent, character and

opulence." "My dear sir," Baring said to Paice on the last day of October, 1810, "we have enjoyed a friendship of nearly seventy years." It was a friendship very full of happiness to both men. Paice earnestly desired, it is said, that he might not survive his comrade; and his wish was curiously met. Paice died on the 4th, Baring on the 11th of September, 1810.

Francis Baring had been made a baronet in 1793. He left property worth £1,100,000 and a great house of business, to become yet greater and more remunerative in the hands of his sons. Of these sons, five in all, Thomas the eldest, born in 1772, inheriting his father's baronetcy and the greater part of his property, took no active share in the business, William and George, the youngest, passed most of their busy years in India. Alexander and Henry took charge of the London establishment. Henry's share in the management, however, was of short duration. He was a great gambler and an almost constant frequenter of the gaming tables of Baden-Baden, and other towns on the continent. Therein he made money, but it was not wealth that could add to the credit of the house of Baring Brothers. Therefore he was soon induced to retire from business; and for eighteen years the exclusive direction of affairs was with Alexander, the second son.

Alexander Baring was born on the 27th of October, 1774. He was educated partly in Germany and partly in England, before being placed, for commercial schooling, in the great Amsterdam house of Hope & Company, seventy or eighty years ago the greatest mercantile and banking establishment in the world.* The youngest partner in that house was Peter Caesar Labouchere, whose friendship for young Baring lasted through life. In 1796, he married the young man's sister Dorothy, and by

* For this interesting letter, as well as for everything else that is said above about the connection between Baring and Paice, we are indebted to a volume of *Family Pictures*, by the authoress of *Mary Powell*, Paice's grandniece. Several other facts about Sir Francis Baring and his sons are drawn from *Fifty Years in Both Hemispheres*; or, *Reminiscences of a Merchant's Life*, by Mr. Vincent Nolte, for some time a sort of agent of the house in the United States.

* The house had been founded near the end of the seventeenth century by Henry Hope, a Scotchman, born in Boston, who, early in life settled in Amsterdam. In Baring's time it comprised several members of the family, the principal being three brothers, grandsons of old Henry Hope: Adrian, who lived in Amsterdam; Henry Philip, who resided sometimes at the Hague and sometimes in England; and Thomas, best known as "Furniture Hope," the famous writer on furniture and costumes, and father of Mr. Beresford Hope.

her became father of the present Lord Taunton.

The French occupation of Holland, under Pichegru, brought the Hopes to England, and put an end to Alexander Baring's employment in their office. Having mastered the whole mystery of European commerce, he next determined to make personal observation of the younger commerce of America. His father sanctioned the project; but urged him to be careful on two points—to buy no waste lands in the New World, and not to bring a wife thence. "Uncultivated lands," said shrewd Sir Francis, "can be more readily bought than sold again; and a wife is best suited to the home in which she has been brought up, and cannot be formed or trained a second time." The young man, however, followed neither piece of advice. In 1798, soon after his arrival in the United States, he married the daughter of William Bingham, a rich merchant and influential senator, who bequeathed the sum of \$900,000 to his son-in-law. He also made wise investment of a great deal of money, some £30,000 or £40,000, in purchasing and improving vast tracts of land in Pennsylvania and Maine, soon greatly increased in value by the growth of population in the United States.

Alexander Baring spent four or five years in America; there having General Washington for one of his friends. When he was about thirty he returned to England, to settle down as chief adviser of his father—soon as chief manager on his own account—in the London business. His wealth and his good sense made him, in spite of some personal disadvantages, as great a favorite in the fashionable as in the commercial world. Miss Berry, whose charming *Journals* were published the other day, sat next to him at dinner on the 26th of March, 1808. He was, she said, "rather a heavy-looking young man, with a hesitating manner; but very clear in his ideas, and unassuming in his manners."

Soon the whole world had proof of the strong will and wonderful power of organization that were beneath that modest exterior. With Alexander Baring's supremacy began the European fame and influence of the house of Baring. The young merchant-prince at once brought

his wisdom to bear on every question affecting the commercial welfare of England. Entering Parliament, as member for Taunton, in 1806, he at once took rank with the great financiers and economists of half a century ago. His stouter and oratorical deficiency lessened the weight of his counsels; but they were always listened to with respect, and very often followed. In the budget of 1811, for instance, it was proposed to raise money by levying a tax of a penny a pound on all cotton-wool imported from all districts save British and Portuguese colonies. Baring showed that the measure would be fraught with twofold evil; that it would deprive England of great quantities of American cotton, even then found far more desirable than any that could be got from the East or the West Indies; and that, in keeping American cotton out of England, it would encourage American manufactures, and so cause further injury to our trade. The foolish scheme was withdrawn in that year, and on its revival in 1813, being again opposed by Baring and his fellow-thinkers, it was finally abandoned.

In the mean while, Baring was taking a prominent part in other questions about America. In 1812 he supported Henry Brougham in his opposition to the famous Orders in Council of 1807 and 1809, directing stringent search, in all foreign vessels, for English seamen and contraband articles. Those orders, it was urged, had already proved very disastrous to the commercial and manufacturing interests of England, and were the cause of much needless misery to great numbers of British subjects. They were soon after made the excuse for the American declaration of war with England. In the House of Commons, Baring pointed this out, and found in it good reason for condemning the ministry. As war had been brought about, however, he insisted that it must be carried through with zeal. He boldly advocated the blockading of all the ports of the United States; and when peace had been negotiated, in December, 1814, he angrily denounced the negotiators for supineness. The wisdom of his complaints has been since abundantly proved by the frequent disputes concerning right of search in the case of American vessels.

In all the commercial legislation of the latter part of George III.'s reign, and the whole of George IV.'s, Baring took an influential part. In 1814, he led the Opposition in a measure for establishing the price at which foreign corn might be imported, that price being paid for the protection of English grain. Therein he failed. Next year he succeeded in his resistance to the income tax. In 1821, in the discussions concerning the resumption of Bank payments, he advocated a modification of the established rules regarding currency. Something must be done, he said, to meet the growing wants of an increasing population, driven to all sorts of difficulties through scarcity of floating coin, and in the absence of its equivalent in paper. "No country before ever presented the continuance of so extraordinary a spectacle as that of living under a progressive increase in the value of money and decrease in the value of the productions of the people." On this occasion, Baring moved for a select committee to inquire into the financial embarrassments of the country, and to suggest remedies for the evil. In this, and in other efforts to improve the state of the currency, however, he failed.

In the management of his own commercial affairs he certainly did not fail. The greatest proof of his influence in the monetary world appeared in 1818. "There are six great powers in Europe—England, France, Russia, Austria, Prussia, and Baring Brothers," said the Duc de Richelieu in that year; and with reason. Baring had just negotiated for the French Government a loan of 27,238,938 francs, in 5 per cent. rentes, at a rate of 67 francs to the 100. By that means the restored Bourbons were able to buy off the projected occupation of France for five years by Russian, Prussian, and Austrian troops, and the convention of Aix-la-Chapelle was brought about. Baring's "power," however, did not end there. The sudden issue of State paper for the loan of 27,000,000 francs caused a depression of the funds from 67 to 58, and consequently gave room for much wild speculation, and made certain the failure of many honest traders. Baring thereupon persuaded Richelieu to annul the contract for half of his loan, and at the same time induced

the bankers who had joined with him in effecting it—the Hopes and the Rothschilds being the principal—to agree to the surrender. That restored the funds to something like their proper condition. All through the conferences of the plenipotentiaries at Aix-la-Chapelle, Baring was in attendance to answer questions, give advice, and see that the decisions arrived at were in accordance with sound monetary principles.

From that time the chief business of the House of Baring Brothers lay in the negotiation of foreign loans. Throughout Europe it was second only to the Rothschilds; among the American States it had the preëminence. Nearly all the merit of this must be assigned to Alexander Baring. Having brought the house, however, to the highest pitch of its greatness, he retired from all active part in its direction when he was only fifty-four years old. One of his nephews, Mr. John Baring, had, in 1823, joined with Mr. Joshua Bates, an American, in establishing a large commission agency in Boston. Another nephew, Mr. Thos. Baring, had been for some time engaged in the house of Hope, at Amsterdam. In 1825, on the advice of his brother-in-law, Peter Labouchere, Alexander Baring resolved to take into partnership with him his son Francis, both his nephews, and Joshua Bates as well; and three years later, in 1828, finding that the young men worked well, he left the business altogether in their hands, surrendering his part in the management, and appointing as a substitute his son-in-law, Mr. Humphrey St. John Mildmay. Henceforth the house was known as Baring & Company, to have for its principal directors, during more than thirty years, Mr. Joshua Bates, who died in 1864,* and Mr. Thomas Baring, the

* Bates was born at Weymouth, near Boston, in 1788. For several years, beginning with 1803, he was a clerk in the great American house of W. R. & W. Gray. In 1815 or 1816 his employers sent him as confidential agent to the north of Europe. Returning to Boston, a few years later, he soon entered into partnership with John Baring, each partner providing £20,000, with which to start the business. From 1825, when the business was merged into that of Baring & Co., to the time of his death, he resided almost constantly in London. For many years he was in intimate friendship with Coleridge, and during that period Bates's drawing room was a famous haunt of the admirers of the

present member of Parliament for Huntingdon.

As early as 1811, Alexander Baring had been rich enough to buy an estate at Shoreham for £100,000. He adorned it with almost the choicest private collection of paintings to be found in England. He was reputed an excellent judge of pictures; if now and then he made mistakes, his error was shared by other competent critics. Of this an instance occurs in Tom Moore's *Diary*, where, by the way, we find ample proof of the witty poet's liking for the good dinners and the good society to be met with at the merchant's table. One day in June, 1829, says Moore, "Mrs. Baring showed me some new pictures that Baring had just bought. She told me of a picture of Rembrandt that Baring once bought at a very large price, which used to make Sir Thomas Lawrence unhappy, from its being a finer Rembrandt than that of Angerstein. After contemplating it, however, for several hours one day, he came to the conclusion that it was too highly finished to be a genuine Rembrandt; and, in consequence of this opinion of his, the picture fell in value instantly." At another time, a picture which Baring had paid £5000 for, as a Correggio, was in like manner declared an imitation, and accordingly reduced in price to £500 or less. In 1826, Baring made a splendid addition to his gallery, by purchasing Lord Radstock's collection, including a Titian, priced at 1800 guineas, and a Giorgione at 700.

In other ways Baring showed an enlightened taste and disposition. His father had been one of the founders of the London Institution in 1806. In 1825 the son was chosen one of the council

of the London University, just founded at a cost of £30,000. In 1828 he presided at a festival at Freemasons' Tavern in celebration of the repeal of the Test and Corporation acts. It was through him, moreover, though more for commercial than any other reasons, that Sir Robert Peel was induced, in the following year to abandon a project for bringing all the Friendly Societies in England under the management of the Government. This measure gave umbrage to great numbers, and, after vainly petitioning on the matter, they decided upon a system of coercion. On the morning before the bill was to be read a third time, bills were posted all over the country requesting all who had any money invested through the agency of Friendly Societies to draw it out if the obnoxious bill was made law. As the total deposits for the whole kingdom were very heavy, that proposal caused much excitement in the money market. Therefore, in the evening, when Sir Robert Peel brought forward his bill, Baring rose and protested. "Does my right honorable friend know what he is doing? This morning I was astonished to find the funds had fallen two per cent., with no apparent reason for the fall. Then I found that it was caused by the determination of these depositors to withdraw all their money from public use. Sir, this is a very serious measure, very serious indeed. I trust the House will not indorse it without grave consideration." The result of that speech was the withdrawal of the bill, and the substitution for it, next session, of another, framed by the delegates of the Friendly Societies themselves.

Alexander Baring began political life as a Whig, the friend and supporter of Lord Brougham, Lord John Russell, and other liberal reformers. Soon after his retirement from business, however, he changed his policy. He was alarmed at the growing excitement of the English people on the question of parliamentary reform. "It is impossible," he said, in November, 1829, "for rich capitalists to remain in a country exposed to tumultuary meetings. Great numbers of manufacturers have been brought to this country at various times from other countries, some to escape civil, and some religious, persecutions.

great thinker and greater talker. Another of Joshua Bates's favorites was Prince Louis Napoleon. The close and trustful friendship existing before 1848 between the wealthy merchant and the modest refugee continued, without hindrance, we are assured, after the refugee had become Emperor of the French. Among many other proofs of his benevolent disposition, Bates spent \$50,000 in buying some of the best European books for the free library of Boston, and sent over another sum of \$50,000 to be funded for its benefit, the interest being every year applied to the purchase of more books. He died on the 24th September, 1864, leaving a large fortune to his only surviving child, Madame Van de Weyer, wife of the Belgian ambassador.

But there is no persecution so fatal as a mob persecution. Every other persecution it is possible to find some means of softening; but mob persecution is unrelenting and implacable. Despotism itself is to be preferred to mob persecution." Therefore he went over to the side of despotism. For his opposition to the Reform Bill his windows were broken in 1831, and from that year he sided on all questions with the Tories.

On the formation of Sir Robert Peel's new government in 1834, Baring took office as President of the Board of Trade and Master of the Mint. In April, 1835, he was raised to the peerage as Lord Ashburton. Henceforth, with one famous exception, he took no prominent part in public affairs.

The exception was in 1841. On Peel's return to power in that year the most pressing business before him related to a question on which Baring had had much to say seven-and-thirty years before. One of his complaints at the way in which peace had been established with America in 1814, concerned the question as to the northeastern boundary line of the United States from British America. The difficulty arose from an inadvertence in drawing up the treaty of 1783, it being there left doubtful which of two lines of highlands was to form the separation. Hence there was debatable ground of nearly a hundred miles' breadth, and with an entire area of 6,750,000 acres. This was one of the grounds of quarrel in 1811, and in the pacification of 1814 Baring found great fault with the negotiators for leaving the question still unsettled. They had referred it to the arbitration of the King of the Netherlands. For seventeen years his Majesty studied, or pretended to study, the question without arriving at any decision. At last, in 1831, he proposed to reject both lines and take for boundary line the stream of the river St. John, thus giving to England 2,636,160 of the disputed acres. To this suggestion Lord Palmerston, who was then Foreign Secretary, readily acceded; President Jackson and the American Government also approved of it, but there was so much opposition raised by certain demagogues in the United States, who, eager to have all the territory in their own hands, declared

that the King of the Netherlands had exceeded his authority in proposing a third line, that nothing came of it. Over and over again the English Government sought to effect an arrangement, but the Americans were obstinate. The dispute lasted ten years, and when Sir Robert Peel resumed power in 1841, it seemed almost certain to end in war. Peel, however, determined to make one more peaceful effort. He appointed Lord Ashburton to proceed to Washington, and there effect, if it was any how possible, some sort of settlement. "Lord Ashburton," says Mr. Thomas Colley Grattan, who took part in the negotiation, "was a nobleman well adapted to the occasion, from his connection by marriage and property with the United States. He was not a trained ambassador, but his general knowledge of business, straightforwardness, and good sense, were qualities far more valuable than those to be generally found in professional diplomatists, whose proceedings so often embroil instead of conciliating." Lord Ashburton proceeded to the United States in March, 1842. There many of the commissioners appointed to treat with him were his personal friends, and his arguments took effect. He effected a compromise yet more favorable to England than that designed by the King of the Netherlands, Great Britain being left in possession of 3,370,000 acres, America of 3,413,000. This was the Treaty of Washington, or the Ashburton Treaty, signed on the 9th of August, 1842.

Lord Ashburton died, seventy-four years old, on the 13th of May, 1848. His son, William Bingham Baring, who succeeded to the peerage, had nothing to do with commerce, and the second son, Francis, who became Lord Ashburton a few years ago, soon retired from business. The Barings still flourish and draw money, through commercial channels, from all quarters of the world; but of the living we have not here to speak, and if we had, perhaps nothing more important, as regards their mercantile history, could be said than that they are good and zealous followers of the system of money-making established by old Sir Francis Baring and his son Alexander, Baron Ashburton.

H. R. F. B.

Saturday Review.

THE JOURNAL DES SAVANTS AND THE JOURNAL DE TRÉVOUX.*

For a hundred persons who, in this country, read the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, how many are there who read the *Journal des Savants*? In France the authority of that journal is indeed supreme; but yet its very title frightens the general public, and its blue cover is but seldom seen on the tables of the *salles de lecture*. Yet there is no French periodical so well suited to the tastes of the better class of readers in England. Its contributors are all members of the *Institut de France*, and, if we may measure the value of a periodical by the honor which it reflects on those who form its staff, no journal in France can vie with the *Journal des Savants*. At the present moment we find on its roll such names as Cousin, Flourens, Villemain, Mignet, Barthélemy, Saint-Hilaire, Naudet, Prosper Mérimé, Littré, Vitet—names which, if now and then seen on the covers of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, the *Revue Contemporaine*, or the *Revue Moderne*, confer an exceptional lustre on these fortnightly or monthly issues. The articles which are admitted into this select periodical may be deficient now and then in those outward charms of diction by which French readers like to be dazzled; but what in France is called *trop savant*, *trop lourd*, is frequently far more palatable than the highly-spiced articles which are no doubt delightful to read, but which, like an excellent French dinner, make you forget whether you have dined or not. If English journalists are bent on taking for their models the fortnightly or monthly contemporaries of France, the *Journals des Savants* might offer a much better chance of success than the more popular *revues*. We should be sorry indeed to see any periodical published under the superintendence of the *Ministre de l'Instruction Publique*, or of any other member of the Cabinet; but, apart from that, a literary tribunal like that formed by the members of the *Bureau du Journal des Savants* would

be a great benefit to literary criticism. The general tone that runs through their articles is impartial and dignified. Each writer seems to feel the responsibility which attaches to the bench from which he addresses the public, and we can of late years recall hardly any case where the dictum of "noblesse oblige" has been disregarded in this the most ancient among the purely literary journals of Europe.

The first number of the *Journal des Savants* was published more than two hundred years ago, on the 5th of January, 1655. It was the first small beginning in a branch of literature which has since assumed such immense proportions. Voltaire speaks of it as "le père de tous les ouvrages de ce genre, dont l'Europe est aujourd'hui remplie." It was published at first once a week, every Monday; and the responsible editor was M. de Sallo, who, in order to avoid the retaliations of sensitive authors, adopted the name of Le Sieur de Hedouville, the name, it is said, of his *valet de chambre*. The articles were short, and in many cases they only gave a description of the books, without any critical remarks. The journal likewise gave an account of important discoveries in science and art, and of other events that might seem of interest to men of letters. Its success was considerable, if we may judge by the number of rival publications which soon sprang up in France and in other countries of Europe. In England, a philosophical journal on the same plan was started before the year was over. In Germany, the *Journal des Savants* was translated into Latin by F. Nitzschius in 1668, and before the end of the seventeenth century the *Giornale de Letterati* (1668), the *Bibliotheca Volante* (1677), the *Acta Eruditorum* (1682), the *Nouvelles de la République des Lettres* (1684), the *Bibliothèque Universelle et Historique* (1686), the *Histoire des Ouvrages des Savants* (1687), and the *Monatliche Unterredungen* (1689), had been launched in the principal countries of Europe. In the next century it was remarked of the journals published in Germany, "plura dixeris pullulasse brevi tempore quam fungi nascuntur unâ nocte." Most of these journals were published by laymen, and represented the pure interests

* *Table Methodique des Mémoires de Trévoux* (1701-1775), précédé d'une Notice Historique. Par le Père P. C. SOMMERVOGEL, de la Compagnie de Jésus. 3 vols. Paris: 1864-5.

of society. It was but natural, therefore, that the clergy also should soon have endeavored to possess a journal of their own. The Jesuits, who at that time were the most active and influential order, were not slow to appreciate this new opportunity for directing public opinion, and they founded in 1701 their famous journal, the *Mémoires de Trévoux*. Famous, indeed, it might once be called, and yet at present how little is known of that collection, how seldom are its volumes called for in our public libraries! It was for a long time the rival of the *Journal des Savants*. Under the editorship of Le Père Berthier it fought bravely against Diderot, Voltaire, and other heralds of the French revolution. It weathered even the fatal year of 1762, but, after changing its name and moderating its pretensions, it at last ceased to appear in 1782. The long rows of its volumes are now piled up in our libraries like rows of tombstones, which we pass by without even stopping to examine the names and titles of those who are buried in these vast catacombs of thought.

It was a happy thought that led the Père P. C. Sommervogel, himself a member of the order of Jesuits, to examine the dusty volumes of the *Journal de Trévoux*, and to do for it the only thing that could be done to make it useful once more, at least to a certain degree, namely, to prepare a general index of the numerous subjects treated in its volumes, on the model of the great index, published in 1753, of the *Journal des Savants*. His work, published at Paris in 1865, consists of three volumes. The first gives an index of the original dissertations; the second and third, of the works criticised in the *Journal de Trévoux*. It is a work of much smaller pretensions than the index to the *Journal des Savants*; yet, such as it is, it is useful, and will amply suffice for the purposes of those few readers who have from time to time to consult the literary annals of the Jesuits in France.

The title of the *Mémoires de Trévoux* was taken from the town of Trévoux, the capital of the principality of Dombes, which Louis XVI. had conferred on the Duc de Maine, with all the privileges of a sovereign. Like Louis XVI., the young prince gloried in the title of a

patron of art and science, but, as the pupil of Madame de Maintenon, he devoted himself even more zealously to the defence of religion. A printing office was founded at Trévoux, and the Jesuits were invited to publish a new journal, "où l'on eût principalement en vue la défense de la religion." This was the *Journal de Trévoux*, published for the first time in February, 1701, under the title of "Mémoires pour l'Histoire des Sciences et des Beaux Arts, recueillis par l'ordre de Son Altesse Sérénissime, Monseigneur Prince Souverain de Dombes." It was entirely and professedly in the hands of the Jesuits, and we find among its earliest contributors such names as Catrou, Tournemine, and Hardouin. The opportunities for collecting literary and other intelligence enjoyed by the members of that order were extraordinary. We doubt whether any paper, even in our days, has so many intelligent correspondents in every part of the world. If any astronomical observation was to be made in China or America, a Jesuit missionary was generally on the spot to make it. If geographical information was wanted, eye-witnesses could write from India or Africa to state what was the exact height of mountains or the direction of rivers. The architectural monuments of the great nations of antiquity could easily be explored and described, and the literary treasures of India or China or Persia could be ransacked by men ready for any work that required devotion and perseverance, and promised to throw additional splendor on the order of Loyola. No missionary society has ever understood how to utilize its resources, in the interests of science, like the Jesuits, and if our own missionaries may on many points take warning from the history of the Jesuits, on that one point at least they might do well to imitate their example. Scientific interests, however, were by no means the chief motive of the Jesuits in founding their journal, and the controversial character began soon to preponderate in their articles. Protestant writers received but little mercy in the pages of the *Journal de Trévoux*, and the battle was soon raging in every country of Europe between the flying batteries of the Jesuits and the strongholds of Jansenism, of Prot-

estantism, or at least of liberal thought. Le Clerc was attacked for his *Harmonia Evangelica*, Boileau even was censured for his *Épître sur l'Amour de Dieu*. But the old lion was too much for the reverend satirists. The following is a specimen of his reply :

“ Mes Révérends Pères en Dieu,
Et mes Confrères en Satire,
Dans vos Escrits dans plus d'un lieu
Je voy qu'à mes dépens vous affectés de
rire;
Mais ne craignés-vous point, que pour rire
de Vous,
Relisant Juvénal, refeuilletant Horace,
Je ne ranime encore ma satirique audace?
Grands Aristarques de Trévoux,
N'allés point de nouveau faire courir aux
armes,
Un athlète tout prêt à prendre son congé,
Qui par vos traits malins au combat ren-
gagé
Peut encore aux Rieurs faire verser des
larmes.
Apprenés un mot de Régnier,
Notre célèbre Devancier,
Corsaires attaquant Corsaires
Ne font pas, dit-il, leurs affaires.”

Even stronger language than this became soon the fashion in journalistic warfare. In reply to an attack on the Marquis Orsi, the *Giornale de Letterati d'Italia* accused the *Journal de Trévoux* of *menzogna* and *impostura*, and in Germany the *Acta Eruditorum Lipsiensium* poured out still more violent invective against the Jesuitical critics. It is wonderful how well Latin seems to lend itself to the expression of angry abuse. Few modern writers have excelled the following tirade, either in Latin or in German :

“ Quæ mentis stupiditas! At si qua est, Jesuitarum est. . . . Res est intoleranda, Trevoltianos Jesuitas, toties contusos, iniquissimum in suis diariis tribunal erexisse, in eoque non ratione duce, sed animi impotentia, non æquitatis legibus, sed præjudiciis, non veritatis lance, sed affectus aut odii pondere, optimis exquisitissimisque operibus detrahere, pessima ad cælum usque laudibus efferre: ignaris auctoribus, modo secum sentiant, aut sibi faveant, ubique blandiri, doctissimos sibi non plane pleneque deditos plus quam canino dente mordere.”

What has been said of other journals was said of the *Journal de Trévoux* :

“ Les auteurs de ce journal, qui a son mérite, sont constants à louer tous les ouvrages

de ceux qu'ils affectionnent, et pour éviter une froide monotonie, ils exercent quelquefois la critique sur les écrivains à qui rien ne les oblige de faire grâce.”

It took some time before authors became at all reconciled to these new tribunals of literary justice. Even a writer like Voltaire, who braved public opinion more than anybody, looked upon journals, and the influence which they soon gained in France and abroad, as a great evil. “ Rien n'a plus nui à la littérature,” he writes, “ plus repandu le mauvais goût, et plus confondu le vrai avec le faux.” Before the establishment of literary journals, a learned writer had indeed little to fear. For a few years, at all events, he was allowed to enjoy the reputation of having published a book, and this by itself was considered a great distinction by the world at large. Perhaps his book was never noticed at all, or, if it was, it was only criticised in one of those elaborate letters which the learned men of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries used to write to each other, which might be forwarded indeed to one or two other professors, but which never influenced public opinion. Only in extreme cases a book would be answered by another book, but this would necessarily require a long time; nor would it at all follow that those who had read and admired the original work would have an opportunity of consulting the volume that contained its refutation. This happy state of things came to an end after the year 1655. Since the invention of printing, no more important event had happened in the republic of letters than the introduction of periodical literature. It was a complete revolution, differing from other revolutions only by the quickness with which the new power was recognized even by its fiercest opponents. The power of journalism soon found its proper level, and the history of its rise and progress, which has still to be written, teaches the same lesson as the history of political powers. Journals which defended private interests, or the interests of parties, whether religious, political, or literary, never gained that influence which was freely conceded to those who were willing to serve the public at large in pointing out real merit wherever it could be found, and in unmasking pre-

tenders to whatever rank they might belong. The once all-powerful organ of the Jesuits, the *Journal de Trévoux*, has long ceased to exist, and even to be remembered; the *Journal des Savants* still holds, after more than two hundred years, that eminent position which was claimed for it by its founder, as the independent advocate of justice and truth.

All the Year Round.

MR. THOMPSON'S UMBRELLA.

"AUGUSTA, I wish you would practice Chopin's march. Mr. Thompson likes music."

Oh! how sick I was of hearing about Mr. Thompson! My poor aunt, she meant it very kindly, of course, but she little knew how she made me hate those single gentlemen whom she so wished me to please. I was an orphan, and had forty pounds a year, and my aunt's annuity died with her; so I suppose her anxiety to see me married was both commendable and natural, but to me it was dreadful. Moreover, perhaps because I was a proud girl, and perhaps, too, because I was a foolish one, the mere fact of a man, young or middle-aged—for only the old and wedded were excluded—coming to the house on my account, made him detestable in my eyes. I should not wonder if that were not the reason why I pleased none. I was said to be pretty—I may say that now, alas! it is so long ago—but plainer girls, with no greater advantages than I had, went off at a premium in the marriage market, and I remained Augusta Raymond, uncared and unsought for. I did not care, not I. I only lamented that aunt would worry both these unfortunate gentlemen and me with vain efforts to make them admire me, and make me like them. She was my best friend, however, and I loved her dearly. So I now sat down to the piano and played Chopin's march, and practiced for the benefit of the devoted Mr. Thompson, who was to come this evening, and who little knew, poor fellow, he had been invited to spend a week with us for the express purpose of falling in love with his second cousin's niece. I had not seen him since I was a child. He was a young man then, tall,

dark, and grave, and already on the road to prosperity. He was a rich man now—at least, rich for such a poor girl as I was, but he was Mr. Thompson, and I hated him; besides, he must be old, quite old.

I thought of all these things while I was playing, and then I forgot them, for the divine music bore me away, and music was a passion to me then.

We lived in the country, and a small but beautiful garden inclosed my aunt's cottage. It was a low one, with broad rooms, a little dark, perhaps, but strangely pleasant. At least, they seemed so to me. I dearly liked the room in which I now sat playing. It was our best room, but it was also our sitting room. A central table was strewn with books, some of which were dear old friends, and others were pleasant and new acquaintances. Flower-stands, work-baskets, and delightful chairs, chairs made to read or dream in, added to the attractions of this apartment. I enjoyed it even as I played; but then, to be sure, the windows were all open, and every one gave me a glimpse of the green garden with a patch of blue sky above its nodding trees, and the sweet scent of the mignonette came in with every breath of air. Where are you now, pleasant room and green garden? The ruthless hand of man has laid you waste, and my eyes can see you no more. Is there no home for lost places, no dreamland like the Indian's hunting-ground, where the things that have once been may enjoy a shadowy existence? Are you really for ever gone and lost, save when you come back every time a woman, whose hair is turning gray, hears that grand, mournful music to which your pleasant homeliness would seem so little akin?

"My dear! Mr. Thompson!" said my aunt's voice, as I closed the instrument. I turned round and saw him; tall, dark, grave, very little altered, and not at all old. We had expected him for dinner, and he had come for luncheon; I forget how the mistake arose. As he opened the garden gate, he met my aunt. They heard me playing, and stood by one of the windows to listen. When I ceased, they entered the room, and it was then that, as I said, I saw him.

I did not know it at the time, but I knew it later; I liked him from that very

moment. I am not sure that every girl would have liked Mr. Thompson. He was decidedly good looking, and he was both shrewd and pleasant; but he had a quaint and abrupt manner, which was apt to startle strangers. I liked it well, however. I liked that eccentricity which never took him too far, and that slight want of polish which gave flavor to every thing he said or did. I liked all, excepting his umbrella. That I detested. It was large, solid, massive, and dreadfully obtrusive. He had it in his hand on that bright warm day, and long as our acquaintance lasted I never saw Mr. Thompson without it. Later, when our intimacy had progressed, I taxed him with this. "Yes," he said, good humoredly, "I confess it is my hobby. My earliest ambition as a boy was to possess an umbrella, and my greatest happiness as a man is to go about with one."

Of course we did not speak about his umbrella on this the first morning we spent together. Mr. Thompson praised my music, and, looking me full in the face, told me I played divinely. He said it without preamble, and I saw he meant it. My aunt was delighted, and I felt pleased; but, somehow or other, I also felt that Mr. Thompson treated me like a little girl; and so he did—not merely then, but ever afterwards. Tire-some man! I had thought him old before I saw him, and I could not make him think me old now that he saw me.

Mr. Thompson did not stay a week with us, but a month. Oh, that happy month, with long golden days and delicious evenings, and music and sweet converse! shall I ever forget it? If the wakening was bitter, let me remember that the dream was very sweet.

Mr. Thompson was to leave us next morning, and we were in the garden together. I knew by this time how I felt towards him, and, kind though he was, I doubted if he cared much for me. And when he said, "Augusta, I have something to say to you," my heart began to beat. He used to call me Augusta now and then, having known me as a child; but never had he said it so kindly as this evening.

Ah, well! I suppose many women have to go through the bitterness which came to me then. Mr. Thompson had met my cousin Jessie at Mrs. Gray's,

proposed to her, and been accepted. From the moment he mentioned Jessie's name, I knew my fate. Without seeking it, I suppose, she had ever stood between me and every good. She had taken the friendship of my best friend, the liking of my nearest relative—I was not really my aunt's niece, only her late husband's—and now she had forestalled me in the love of the only man I had ever cared for. Surely she was not to blame in that, but, oh, how hard, how very hard, it seemed to me! The nightingale sang in the trees above us, pure, brilliant stars burned in the sky, the garden was full of fragrance, and Mr. Thompson went on pouring Jessie's praises in my ear. She was so handsome, so bright, so genial, and so delightfully innocent! And what do you suppose he told me all this for? Why, because he wanted me to go and live with them. My aunt's health had been failing of late, and he was aware that I knew the worst might soon come, so he wanted me to be sure of a home. I burst into tears.

"My dear good child," he cried, warmly, "if I were not going away, I would not have grieved you so. You have, I know, a true, warm heart. Your dear aunt may live for years; only, if she should not, Jessie and I"—

"Pray, don't!" I interrupted. I could not bear it. The more he praised me, the kinder he was, the more I wept and felt miserable. At length, at my request, he left me. I grew calmer after a while, and went in.

"Do play Chopin's march for us, my dear," said my aunt. Poor dear aunt! she wanted me to fascinate him to the last. She little knew that Jessie, whom she disliked so, had been beforehand with me there.

I played it again. It was the knell of all my hopes. A gray twilight filled the room, and they could not see the tears which flowed down my cheeks. I played well, they said; and I believe I did. Something from myself was in the music that evening, and that something was very sorrowful. Mr. Thompson came and sat by me when I had done. The servant brought in the lights and a letter for my aunt. While she was reading it, he said, softly:

"You will think over it?"

"Pray don't!" I entreated.

"But you do not know how much I like you," he insisted; "and then you will do my little heedless Jessie good—poor childish darling! Besides, I have set my heart on something."

This crowned all. I guessed his meaning; he had a younger brother for whom he meant me. He had all but said so this evening in the garden. "It would do John, who was rather light, all the good in the world." I could not bear it. I rose and went up to aunt.

"What news, aunty?" I asked.

"News, indeed!" she replied amazed. "There's Jessie going to marry my cousin, Mr. Norris, old enough to be her father. I wonder what he will do with the little flirt?"

There was a pause.

Mr. Thompson came forward. I did not dare to look at him.

"What Jessie is that?" he asked.

"Surely not Miss Raymond's cousin?"

"Yes; the same. Do you know her?"

"I have seen her at Mrs. Gray's."

He spoke very calmly. I suppose he did not believe it. I pitied him; from my heart I pitied him.

"Perhaps it is not true, aunt?" I said.

"Not true! why she writes it to me herself—there's her letter."

I looked at him now. He was pale as death, but very firm. Neither troubled look nor quivering lip gave token of the cruel storm within. Something now called my aunt out of the room.

"Augusta, may I look at it?" he asked, glancing towards the letter, which my aunt had handed to me.

I could not refuse him. I gave him the letter. He read it through with the same composure, then looking for his umbrella, which he *would* always keep in a corner of the sitting room, he said, very calmly:

"I think I shall go and take a walk."

And he went out, and we saw him no more till the next morning, when he left us.

My aunt was disappointed to find that Mr. Thompson had not proposed to me after all, and I was hurt to the heart's core by the coldness of his adieu. My value had gone down with my cousin's faithlessness; mine had been at the best but a reflected light. I was liked because Jessie was loved.

She became Mrs. Norris soon after this. She was married from my aunt's house, out of regard to Mr. Norris, who was related to her, and who disliked Mrs. Gray. "That busybody," he called her, and I am afraid she was a busybody. Jessie was very bright, and seemed very happy. She teased me unmercifully about Mr. Thompson. She was sure, she said, he had made love to me, and she looked at me with cruel significance as she spoke. But I betrayed neither his secret nor mine; and though she vexed me when she quizzed him to Mr. Norris, especially about his umbrella, I did keep silent.

"I am sure he will be married with his umbrella under his arm," she said, the evening before her own wedding. "Don't you think so?"

I did not answer her; I went out into the garden, and wondered how she had charmed him. Alas! I might have wondered how, without seeking it, he had charmed me.

Jessie's marriage was a blow to my aunt. She had always thought I should go off first. She was also cruelly disappointed by Mr. Thompson's indifference, and perhaps she guessed the meaning of my altered looks. I believe I got pale and thin just then. And I was always playing Chopin's march.

"My dear," said aunt to me one evening, "is not that very mournful?"

"I like it, aunt," I replied; but I resolved to play it no more.

"Mr. Thompson liked it," she said, with a sigh. "I wonder he did not propose to you," she added, abruptly.

I was mute.

"I wish I had never asked him here," she resumed; "I cannot help thinking"—

"Don't, pray don't!" I interrupted.

She did not insist, but she made me go and sit by her. She caressed me, she coaxed me, and little by little she drew my secret from me.

"My poor darling," she said, when I had confessed all, "he may value you yet."

"No, aunt, he never will. But pray do not trouble about me. I mean to get over it, and I will."

I spoke resolutely, and my aunt praised me.

"You have always been the best of girls," she said, tenderly, "and I am glad you have had confidence in me. I

did not mean to leave home this year; but now I will take you to the seaside. You must have a change, my poor darling."

She kissed me, and I remember how calm and happy I felt in that gray room, sitting by my dear aunt's side, and looking at the starry sky. The nightingale was singing again as on that sad evening when I had felt so broken-hearted; tears rose to my eyes when I remembered it, and his last kindness, and my foolish, withered hopes; but the bitterness was gone from my sorrow.

"You must have a change," said my aunt again.

Alas! the change came with the morning. My aunt was late for breakfast. I went up to her room and found her calmly sleeping. But oh! too calm, too deep, were those slumbers! The kind eyes which had rested on me in love were closed, the voice which had ever spoken in praise and endearment was silenced, for ever and ever.

I suppose it was not Jessie's fault that her husband was my aunt's heir-at-law; but I found it very hard. Poor dear aunt, she always did mean to make a will in my favor, and she never did. Mr. Norris behaved very handsomely, I was told. He gave me the piano which had been bought for me, a few other articles of no great value, and all my aunt's wardrobe. He kept her jewels, which were fine, and the furniture, for which, as he said truly enough, I had no use. Moreover, he allowed me to remain in the cottage till Lady-day; though perhaps, as he could not live in two houses at a time, and must pay the rent whether I stayed there or not, this was no such great favor after all. God forgive me, I fear I was very sinful during the dark days that followed. I had some friends who did, or rather who said, their best; but there was one who never came near me, who gave me no token of his existence, who had no kind word for me, who let me struggle through my hard trial, and who never offered a helping hand. He might at least have written, have condoled with me in my sorrow, but he did not. And yet he was in the neighborhood. He was often at Mr. Norris's house. Jessie herself told me so. True, he had business to transact with her husband; but still, how could he do it?

He did it, and he did more. Mr. Norris was thrown off his horse one morning and brought home dead. Jessie became a widow, and a poor one, said the world. Mr. Norris was not a rich man after all, and he left many debts. I only went to see her once. I found her cold, callous, and defiant, under her infliction; yet I would have gone again if Mr. Thompson had not been Mr. Norris's executor. He had business to settle with the widow, and I could only interfere; besides, I could not bear to see them together. It was very wrong and very useless, but it was so. Mrs. Gray often came to see me. I cannot say she comforted me much. She gave me a world of wearisome advice, and told me much that I would rather not have heard. What was it to me now, that accounts kept him so often and so late with Jessie? They were both free; and if he chose to forgive her and marry her, and if she chose to marry once more for money—I say it again—what was it to me?

And yet I suppose it was something, after all; for when Mrs. Gray left me one afternoon in February, I felt the loneliest being on this wide earth. She had harped again on that hateful string—that Mr. Thompson seemed quite smitten with Mrs. Norris. "And what do you think, my dear?" she added; "he thought you were gone. He seemed quite surprised when I said I had seen you on Sunday. 'What, is she not gone?' he asked—'gone to London?' 'No indeed! What should she go to London for?' He did not answer that, but, from something he said, I saw he thought you were engaged to be married. 'I wish she were, poor dear!' I replied: 'it is a hard case to be so young and so lonely.' I have no doubt he thinks so too, and so it is to prevent Mrs. Norris from being lonely that he goes to see her so often." Thus she rattled on, stabbing me with every word, till at length she left me to my misery. I sat looking at the fire; it was bright and warm, but my loneliness was heavy upon me; besides, it had been snowing, and the gray sky and white garden and silent air had something both lone and chill in them. Yet I was not quite alone. Early in the winter I had taken in a poor half-starved stray dog, and, though he was but a shaggy half-bred cur, I had made a pet of him. He

had laid by his vagrant habits willingly enough, and he now lay sleeping on the rug at my feet. Poor Carlo! he heeded not the morrow, and thought not of the future. Yet how long could I keep him?—and if I cast him away, who would have him? He had neither youth nor beauty to recommend him—nothing but his old honest heart, and who would care for that? “Poor Carlo—poor old Carlo!” I thought; and, perhaps because my heart was rather full just then, tears rose to my eyes as I thought of the fate that lay before him. I believe I thought of something else too. I remember a vision I saw in the burning coals; how it came there Heaven knows. I saw them both, as no doubt they often were, bending over accounts which they read together, then looking up and exchanging looks and smiles which no one could mistake. I wonder why I came back to images which tortured me—but it was so. I do not know how long Mrs. Gray had been gone, when Carlo gave a short bark; the gate-bell rang; I saw a tall dark form pass across the window, and my little maid opened the door, saying:

“Mr. Thompson, ma’am.”

I rose. He came in, with his umbrella as usual, and Carlo went up to him and wagged a friendly welcome. I could not say one word. I was dreadfully agitated. I felt quite sure he had come to tell me that he meant to marry Jessie, and to ask me to go and stay with them, or something of the kind. Nothing else could have brought him. Or perhaps, as Jessie had, no doubt, told him that I was gone, he had, on learning the truth, felt ashamed of his long coldness, and had come to make some sort of excuse. He made none; but he asked how I was, took a chair, looked rather hard at me, and, without waiting for my answer, feared I was not very well.

“Oh! I am not ill, you know,” I replied, a little carelessly. “I trust you are well, Mr. Thompson.”

He said he was very well, and he looked at the fire. For a while we were both silent. I spoke first. My remark was scarcely a gracious one.

“I heard you were so much engaged that I scarcely expected to see you,” I said.

I was vexed with myself as soon as I had said it. He might think I was an-

noyed at his long absence, and, surely, I was not! But he took my implied reproach very well. He answered that he had, indeed, been much engaged; but that everything was over now. Mrs. Norris, he added, had left this morning. My heart gave a great throb; but I was mute.

“She left in no very contented mood, I believe,” he resumed. “The balance in her favor was low—lower than I expected. Mrs. Norris has something like a hundred a year. This and a few jewels constitute the net profit she derives from her marriage. Unluckily, these speculations cannot be repeated often, you see. The capital of youth and beauty has but a time—a brief one; it is apt to wear out, and the first venture ought to be the best. Mrs. Norris, not having found it so, is disappointed. I suppose it is natural; but you know I cannot pity her very much.”

I supposed not; but how all that cold, hard talk pained me.

“I have a fancy,” he resumed, “that this kind lady expected some other ending to our accounts. This is not very flattering to my vanity, unless, indeed, as showing my marketable value; is it, now?”

I would not answer that question. His tone, his manner, vexed me. Suddenly he raised his eyes to mine.

“Did such a rumor reach you?” he asked.

I could not deny it. My face was in flame. I believe I stammered something, but I do not know what.

“Even you have heard it,” he said, scarcely pleased; “the world is very kind. And you believed it, too! I had hoped you knew me better.”

He seemed quite hurt; but I offered no justification. Then he rather formally asked to be allowed to mention the business that brought him. So it was business! I scorned myself for my folly, which was not dead yet, and I bade him speak.

Was I asleep or dreaming? Mr. Thompson spoke of my aunt, her love for me, my forlorn position, and expressed the strongest wish to take care of me.

“But,” he added, with some hesitation, “I can do so but in one fashion—as your husband. Will you overlook all those peculiarities in my temper, which

used to annoy you, I fear, and take what there is of true and good in me? Can you, will you, do this?"

He looked at me in doubt. Ah! this was one of my bitterest moments. He cared so little for me, that he had never seen, never suspected, how much I loved him. And he expected me to take him so. I clasped my hands and twisted them nervously; I could not speak at once.

"And you, Mr. Thompson," I said, at last—"and you"—

"Well, what about me! Do you mean, can I, too, do this?"

"Yes; can you do it?"

"Why, surely — else I had never proposed it."

He half smiled at the doubt my question implied, and he looked at me as he smiled. Both look and smile exasperated me.

"Mr. Thompson," I said, excitedly, "I have not deserved this. Carlo, come here."

My poor shaggy Carlo came forward, wagging his tail. He laid his head on my knee and looked up at me wistfully and fondly, as only dogs can look when they vainly seek to read the meaning of a human face.

"He was an outcast," I said, looking at Mr. Thompson; "he was starving; he came to this door; I fed him, and he would not leave it. I took pity on him—I gave him a mat to lie on and a crust to eat. He loves me for it; but, Mr. Thompson, I am not quite so low as to be brought to this poor beast's level—I can take care of myself."

Mr. Thompson threw himself back in his chair, and uttered a dismayed whistle as I made this free commentary upon his proposal.

"Well, well," he said, recovering slowly, "I can understand that you should not care for me, but I did not expect you would take it so."

"And how could I take it?" I cried. "You give me pity—I scorn pity. Ah, Mr. Thompson, if I were not the poor forlorn girl I am, would you feel or speak so? Do you think I do not know how rich girls are wooed and won? If you cared an atom for me, would you dare to come to me with such language?"

"What language?"

"What do you mean by taking care of me?"

"What I said. Yes, Augusta, I wish to take care of you—true, fond, loving care; nothing shall make me unsay it."

He spoke warmly, and a manly glow rose to his face; but I would not give in, and I said, angrily, that I did not want to be taken care of.

"Do let us drop these unlucky words," he entreated; "and do tell me whether you will marry me, yes or no. Let it be, if you like, that I want you to take care of me. I am much older than you are, you know."

I don't know what possessed me. I said "No." Oh! how I would have liked to recall the word, but it was spoken, and he rose with a clouded and disappointed face. He lingered a little, and asked to know why it was No and not Yes? I said we could not be happy together. He bowed gravely and left me. I suppose he was hurt, for he did not add a word. No assurance of friendship, of good will, no hope that I would relent or change my mind, passed his lips. The door closed upon him. I heard the garden gate fall to, and I felt in a sort of stupor. It was over. What madness had made me banish him? Every step took him away further from me — never—never again — should we meet. Perhaps he would not have left me then, if I could have spoken the truth. Ah! if I could have said to him, "I cannot be happy with you because I love, and you do not; because my love and my pride would suffer all day long if I were your wife; because it is easier to do without you than to have you on these terms." If I could have said all this, would our meeting have ended thus? It was too late to think of that now, but it was not too late to suffer. I buried my face in the pillow of the couch on which I was sitting, and cried and sobbed as if my heart would break.

Poor Carlo's cold nose thrust in the band which hung down by my side in the folds of my dress, roused me. I looked up and saw—Mr. Thompson. He was very red, and seemed flurried.

"I have forgotten my umbrella," he said, a little nervously.

Yes; there it was, in the corner, that horrible umbrella of his! But, instead of going to look for it, he suddenly came and sat down on the couch by me. I do not know how I looked, but I felt ready

to die with shame. He took my hand and kissed it.

"My dear Miss Raymond," he said, persuasively "why should we not be happy together? I cannot bear to give you up, indeed I cannot."

I looked at him in doubt.

"Then do you really like me?" I asked.

"Do I really like you? Why, what else have I been saying all along?"

"You said you wanted to take care of me."

"Oh, if we are to go back to that"—he began, resignedly. But we did not go back to that; we went back to nothing, for a miserable girl suddenly became the happiest of women. Still I was not quite satisfied.

"You would not have come back, if it had not been for that horrible umbrella of yours," I said, with a little jealousy.

"Very true," he replied, with his peculiar smile; "but I did come back, and I glanced in through the window first, and saw you hiding your face on that cushion, and Carlo looking at you as if he thought it strange you should be so forlorn; and so I came in for my umbrella; and, to tell you the truth, I had forgotten it on purpose."

Perhaps he only said it to please me; but as I looked in his face I did not think so then; and, though years have passed over us both, I do not think so now.

British Quarterly.

CLUB LIFE AND SOCIETY IN LONDON.*

ENGLAND is *par excellence* the land of clubs. There are more clubs in London alone, than in all the chief European cities together; yet, strange to say, we have no good history of the rise, progress, and effect of institutions which have existed for two or three centuries,

though not exactly in the shape in which they have presented themselves during the last five-and-twenty or thirty years. Nothing ought to be more entertaining, nothing more instructive, than such a history of clubs; for would it not be a record of men, manners, and opinions; of national customs, fashions, and tones of thought; of once prevailing habitudes fast fading away or now wholly extinct?

English clubs for certainly full two centuries have consisted of the very "porcelain of earth's clay." Statesmen and soldiers, philosophers and historians, poets, lawyers, and wits, orators and table-talkers, men of fashion and men of rank about town, dramatists, and diners out "of the first magnitude," have all belonged to clubs, and within the magic circle have laid aside their gravity, their dignity, or their pompousness, and "laughed the hearty laugh" on equal terms with men less gifted or less fortunate in a worldly sense than themselves. The "trivial fond records" of such *réunions*, of such *symposia*, are wanted in a collected form, and can only with difficulty be found scattered here and there in memoirs or autobiographies, such as those of Roger North, or diaries and letters, such as those of Pepys, Evelyn, George Bubb Dodington, or Horace Walpole. There is, indeed, a history of clubs some one hundred and sixty years old, by Ned Ward, on which Mr. Timbs has pretty largely drawn; but Ward tells us nothing of modern clubs, and deals with none later than the reign of Queen Anne. Club life was then, undoubtedly, fast maturing. It attained, however, a larger growth under William and Mary, shot forth vigorously under the two first Georges, and became more fully developed in the long reign of George III., in the sixty-five years between the years 1760 and the signing of the Peace of Paris. It was not, however, till George IV. ascended the throne in 1820 that clubs received an almost

* *Club Life in London, with Anecdotes of the Clubs, Coffee-Houses, and Taverns of the Metropolis during the 17th, 18th, and 19th Centuries.* By JOHN TIMBS, F.S.A. In 2 vols. London: Bentley. 1866.

Reminiscences of Captain Gronow, formerly of the Grenadier Guards. 2d Edition. London: Smith, Elder & Co. 1862.

Recollections and Anecdotes, being a Second Se-

ries of Reminiscences of the Camp, the Court, and the Club. By Capt. GRONOW. London: Smith, Elder & Co. 1863.

Celebrities of London and Paris, being a Third Series of Reminiscences and Anecdotes. By Capt. GRONOW. London: Smith, Elder & Co. 1865.

Capt. Gronow's Last Recollections, being the Fourth and Final Series. London: Smith, Elder & Co. 1866.

gigantic extension. From that day to the present, they have greatly multiplied, and are still increasing in number, variety, and we may add in luxury. The author of the volume which we have placed at the head of this paper is no novice in the art of book-making and compilation. He is a veteran who has already passed his grand climacteric, and who for nearly half a century has been laboring for the newspapers, the periodicals, and the booksellers. He worked for Sir Richard Phillips—he worked for the *Mirror*—he worked for the *Illustrated London News*, and he has put together six or seven publications, three or four of which are very judiciously (we allude to the *Anecdotal Biography*), and all of which are respectably and fairly, executed. But it must be stated that Mr. Timbs is a compiler, not an original writer or thinker. He but gathers together the facts, the opinions, and the views of others, generally selecting judiciously, and making the proper acknowledgments. This is not assuredly a high mental effort, for Mr. Timbs has not the power of assimilation, but it is a process that requires discernment and judgment; and in a fast and business age like the present, when men read cursorily, such compilations, though in no wise original, are very marketable.

On the earlier clubs Mr. Timbs is more entertaining and instructive than on the modern, of which he has no personal knowledge. He has, as we have stated, drawn largely on Ned Ward; and from the letters of Swift, Pope, Addison, Gay, Steele, Arbuthnot, Chesterfield, Gibbon, and Horace Walpole, he has collected much bearing on the subject. The *Spectator*, the *Tatler*, the *Guardian*, and the *Craftsman*, and the whole body of British essayists, have also been called in aid; and anything that careful reading and business-like, sagacious industry could supply, has not been neglected to illustrate the clubs of a century or a century and a half ago. But where Mr. Timbs ceases to compile and ventures to dissertate, he becomes wearisome, if not ridiculous. His disquisition on the origin of clubs is quite out of place. He ought to know that the *symposia* of the Athenians and the Clubs of Sparta in no degree resembled our club life, and that the social meetings of the Romans were

as remote from anything passing in Pall Mall and St. James-street, either in the reign of Anne or the ages of the Georges or Victoria, as it is possible to conceive. The pages of Petronius and Macrobius testify against Mr. Timbs. Nor do we think his Saxon derivation of the word "club" at all happy. Philologists given to speculations of this kind are too apt to force and strain for a striking, or even a plausible, derivation. We incline to believe the introduction of the word "club" into France to have been later than Mr. Timbs supposes. It is not found in the admirable *Dictionnaire de Trévoux* published at Paris in 1732, in the curious and learned *Dictionnaire de Menage* published in 1750, or in the great Dictionary of the Academy published in the seventh year of the Republic, though the word was for the first time used in 1785, more than eighty years previously, when the *Club des Américains* was founded. Mr. Timbs contends that there was in London a club two centuries earlier than the Friday-street, or more properly the Bread-street Club, said to have been originated by Sir Walter Raleigh. This was a club called "*La Court de bonne Compagnie*," in the time of Henry IV., of which the old poet Oeeleve, and he cautiously adds probably Chaucer, though he affords no evidence of the fact, were members. Of the Bread-street Club, established at the Mermaid, it is certain Shakespeare, Beaumont, Fletcher, Raleigh, Selden, Donne, and many other choice spirits, were members. Ben Jonson also had a club of which he was the founder, and which met at the Devil Tavern, between the Middle Temple Gate and Temple Bar. After the Great Fire of London, in 1669, there was the Civil Service Club, which still exists. The Treason Club met in 1668, at the Rose Tavern, in Covent Garden, to consult with Lord Colchester, Tom Wharton, Col. Talmash, and others of the party; and it was there resolved, as stated in Macpherson's *History of Great Britain*, that the regiment under Lieutenant-Colonel Langstone's command should desert entire.

The clubs which date from the Restoration were almost exclusively political. The Rota was a club-debating society for dissemination of republican opinions. Here Harrington, of the "*Oceana*," lec-

tured, rather prolixly and pedantically; and Sir William Petty, a deeply observant man, author of the *Political Arithmetic*, and ancestor of the Marquess of Lansdowne, attentively listened, for there was something to learn. The golden era of the older clubs, however, was in the reign of Queen Anne. The October Club was altogether Tory. Swift, as may be supposed, was a constant attendant, and there are allusions to it in his journal to Stella in 1711. Pall Mall was then as now noted for the number of its clubs. Steele, Addison, Tickell, Budgell, and other writers in the *Spectator* and *Tatler*, frequented the clubs of their day, and more especially the Kit Cat Club, where men of titled rank intermingled on fair terms with political, literary, and artistic celebrities. Dukes were as plentiful at the Kit Cat in the days of Queen Anne and the first George, as they were a century later at Brookes's. Their Graces of Somerset, Grafton, Devonshire, Newcastle, and Marlborough, were members of the club; so were Lords Halifax, and Somers, Sir Robert Walpole, Congreve the dramatist, and Dr. Arbuthnot. Whatever people may think of the morality of Congreve's comedies, he must have been, in the flesh, excellent company. The man whose powers were praised by Dryden and Pope, who was glorified by Voltaire, and whose merit was pronounced of the highest kind by Dr. Johnson, could have been no ordinary converser and companion. Nor was Arbuthnot inferior to him as a conversationist. Johnson declared Arbuthnot to be the most universal genius of his time, being an excellent physician, a man of deep learning, and of much humor. It was of Arbuthnot, too, that Pope declared "that his good morals were equal to any man's, but his wit and humor superior to all mankind." The well-known epigram of Dr. Arbuthnot on the Kit Cat Club is recorded by Mr. Timbs:

"Whence deathless Kit Cat took his name,
Few critics can unriddle;
Some say from Pastry Cook it came,
And some from Cat and Fiddle.

From no trim beau its name it boasts,
Gray statesman or green wits,
But from this pell-mell pack of toasts
Of old Cats and young Kits."

Arbuthnot was one year the senior of

Walpole, and Congreve ten years his senior; but one can fancy the frank and jovial statesman, who loved society as much as any man, enjoying the wit of the dramatist and the humor of the physician in the Kit Cat Club. Pope has recorded the sociality of the great Minister, the Master of Houghton:

"Seen him I have, but in his happier hour
Of social pleasure ill exchanged for power;
Seen him uncumbered with the venal tribe,
Smile without art and win without a bribe."

Walpole hated flatterers, and not men of wit and letters. Neither Congreve nor Arbuthnot would have flattered him, but would have behaved like his own oaks and beeches in Norfolk. "My flatterers here," said Sir Robert, "are all mutes. The oaks, the beeches, and the chestnuts seem best to contend who shall please the lord of the manor. They cannot deceive. They will not lie."

The Calves' Head Club, in ridicule of the memory of Charles I., met at a blind alley near Moorfields. Ned Ward, on insufficient evidence, attributes the origin of the club to Milton, but we are glad to perceive that Mr. Timbs considers the rumor slanderous. It is to be observed that Ward reports from mere hearsay, and that he had himself no more personal knowledge of the club than Mr. Timbs appears to possess of the more modern clubs.

The chief object of the Mohocks Club appears to have been to put the watch to an ignominious rout. Another of their savage diversions was the thrusting women into barrels, and rolling them down Snow Hill or Ludgate Hill. The amiable and sprightly Gay — the friend of Pope and Swift, the friend also of Secretary Craggs, who made him a present of a swinging sum of South Sea Stock — thus alludes to the practice in his *Trivia*, or the art of walking the streets, which appeared in 1712:

"I pass their desperate deeds and mischief done,
Where from Snow Hill black steepy torrents run;
How matrons, hooped within the hogs-head's womb,
Were tumbled furious thence: the rolling tomb
O'er the stones thunders, bounds from side to side:
So Regulus to save his country died."

Swift, in his journal to Stella, tells her he heard one design of the Mohocks was upon him if they could catch him. Again he tells her in 1712 that they cut people's faces every night, but that they shan't cut his. The Mohocks had special barbarities. Tipping the lion was squeezing the nose flat to the face and boring out the eyes with the fingers.

The Sweaters of the Hell Fire, another club of those days, worked in parties of half a dozen, surrounding their victims with the points of their swords. The Sweater upon whom the patient turned his back pricked him in that part, that fundamental feature whereon schoolboys are punished. One wonders that such monstrosities should have been tolerated even a century and a half ago, but an adventure of this kind is related in No. 332 of the *Spectator*; and it is certain that the Mohocks, barbarous and villainous as were their pranks, held together till nearly the end of the reign of George I. Smollett attributes, and not improbably, the riotous profligacy and profane-ness of the clubs of that day to the demoralization produced by the South Sea Bubble. Prominent among the members of the Hell Fire Club, one of the worst of the bad ones was the Duke of Wharton, celebrated by Pope:

"Wharton, the scorn and wonder of our days,
Whose ruling passion was the lust of praise.
Born with what'er could win it from the
wise,
Women and fools must like him, or he dies;
Though wondering senates hung on all he
spoke,
The Club must hail him master of the joke."

Among the political clubs of a century and a half ago, was the Mug House Club. There the well-affected gentry, professional men, and tradesmen met, keeping up the spirit of loyalty to the Protestant succession. Mr. Timbs states that in a collection of 180 loyal songs, all written since 1678, is a song in praise of the Mug, which shows that Mug Houses had that name previous to the Mug House Riots. It is also stated by the author that beer mugs were originally fashioned into a grotesque resemblance of Lord Shaftesbury's face, or "ugly mug," as it was called; and this is probably the true derivation of the word. There is little to interest us nowadays

in the history of these grotesque, wild, and lawless assemblages, and we shall not further dwell on what Mr. Timbs calls the blasphemous portion of them.

The Literary Club cannot, however, be passed over in silence. It was founded early in the reign of George III. by Sir Joshua Reynolds and Dr. Johnson. It numbered from first to last among its members the already named founders; Goldsmith, who was introduced to Johnson by Dr. Percy, afterwards Bishop of Dromore; Dyer, supposed by Malone to be the author of the letters of Junius; Gibbon, Cumberland, Burke, Sir William Jones, Colman, the two Wartons, Topham, Beaucherc, Langton, Fox, Sheridan, Dunning, Sir Walter Scott, Sir William Grant, Hallam, Milman; Lords Brougham, Cranworth, Kingsdown, and Macaulay; Sir William Page, Wood, Sam Rogers, Mr. Grote, and Mr. Charles Austin. The Literary Club is in our day called the Johnson Club, and its hundredth anniversary was celebrated a couple of years ago at the Clarendon, in Bond-street. It has been said that the club is not as much a literary club as it was in the last century. There may be, doubtless, fewer authors by profession belonging to it, but still it is as much a Literary Club as it was a century ago.

Of the older clubs we have now said enough. Of these Mr. Timbs tells us all that by persevering industry he has curiously gleaned from books. His labors have undoubtedly been much facilitated by Peter Cunningham's *Hand-book of London*, an author whose exactness is equal to his research, and to whom we do not think Mr. Timbs pays sufficient acknowledgment.

There were not half the clubs forty or five-and-forty years ago that there are at present, but truth compels us to say that of the modern or existing clubs—such as Brookes's, White's, Boodle's, Arthur's, the Travellers', the Windham, the Union, the Reform, and many others—the compiler of these volumes knew little more than the names or the external appearance. The comparatively few clubs that existed between 1821 and 1832, a period antecedent to the Reform bill, were certainly more social than domestic, so to speak, than those which have since grown up. The members

were fewer, and the social circle being less extensive than now, men knew each other better. Members of first-rate clubs, like Brookes's and White's, were nearly all of the very best classes of society—peers, sons or brothers of peers, men of rank and fashion about town, eminent lawyers or wits, or candidates of known and admitted ability for parliamentary honors. St. James-street and Pall Mall were much more crowded and curious spots five-and-forty and five-and-thirty years ago than they are now. From four to seven P. M., in the gay season, there were crowds of pedestrians, equestrians, and fashionable folks in carriages, airing in those streets their youth, beauty, ugliness, or old age. The male exquisites sauntered in twos, threes, and fours, along sweet Pall Mall, St. James-street, or Bond-street, to the Park.

Captain Gronow—the son of a banker at Cardiff, born there in 1794, educated at Eaton, where he was contemporary with the late Mr. Justice Crowder, Turton (Registrar of the Supreme Court of Calcutta), P. B. Shelley, and Colonel Fletcher (formerly of the Coldstreams)—tells us a good deal not before published. After leaving Eton, Gronow joined the Grenadier Guards in 1813, and was old enough to remember London eight years before the time of which we speak; yet, although he tells us of some of the leading members of the fashionable world and clubs, there is much he leaves untold. We do not ourselves remember London, its fashionable life and its clubs, in the earlier days of Capt. Gronow, nor before 1821; but certainly there was in 1821 a much more gorgeous state observed by the upper classes than there has been since the reign of Victoria, or during the latter portion of the reign of William IV. The carriages of persons of high rank were accompanied by two and sometimes by three tall footmen; and no coachman of the upper five hundred then appeared without a stiff curled scratch wig, a three-cornered hat bedizened with gold lace, and a full-blown bouquet in his breast button. Thus moved the Duchesses of Northumberland, Rutland, Montrose, and Richmond; the Marchionesses of Worcester, Hertford, Conyngham, and Ladies Jersey and Cowper. The old Marchioness

of Salisbury was oftener on horseback in those days than in her coach; but on great state occasions she, too, sported her elaborate equipage and her numerous retinue of footmen. The Princess Esterhazy, the Austrian Ambassadors, the Countess Lieven, the Russian Ambassador, and the Countess Ludolf, the Neapolitan, followed the English custom, with the addition of a jäger or chasseur. The fashionable men, too—such as the Worcesters, Ansons, Alvanleys, Petershams, Harvey, Astons, William Locks, Foresters, Grammonts, and St. Aldegondes, drove their four-in-hands, their tandems, or their curricles, through the Mall and St. James's to their clubs and the Park. Through St. James-street, the distinguished looking Viscount Castlereagh, leader of the House of Commons, was wont to proceed from his house, 16 St. James-square, to the House of Commons on foot; and through St. James-street, on a cob, which sometimes stumbled and threw its rider, followed the Duke of Wellington, either to his office at the Horse Guards, or to the House of Lords. The Duke was then a member of White's, but seldom appeared within its walls. Often might be seen in those days, emerging from Great Stanhope-street, an elaborately dressed equestrian, then in his fortieth year—an M.P., who, for ten or a dozen years previously had admirably filled the place of Secretary of War, without a Cabinet office. This well-dressed man would occasionally alight and remain for ten minutes at White's, after which he would gayly canter down to the House of Commons. The Viscount Palmerston—for it is of him we speak—of 1822 and 1825 rose to be a Cabinet minister in the Government of Earl Gray in 1830. By slow degrees, by patient labor, he attained at length in his old age the highest position it is in the power of the Crown to bestow, as First Minister. In that capacity he won golden opinions of those opposed to him; and men of all parties, now recognizing his personal and political merits, but more especially the former than the latter, now mourn his loss.

The Royal Dukes in those days daily walked or drove through the Mall and St. James's. More than one of them was a member of White's, and George

IV. had been in his earlier days a member of Brookes's. The Duke of Gloucester, who generally, and the Duke of Sussex, who uniformly, voted with the Whigs, were also distinguished members of the club. The Duke of Sussex often wore what was called the Whig uniform of bluff and blue, but the Duke of Gloucester's costume was more peculiar. He dressed in tight blue Hungarian pantaloons, with Hessian boots and white neckcloth. Hessian boots were also worn to his latest day by Jockey of Norfolk, one of the leading members of Brookes's, and by Harry Stephenson, a popular member of the club—a Chancery barrister, who died about twenty years ago, a Commissioner of Customs or of Excise. Lord Althorpe, when Chancellor of the Exchequer and First Minister of the Crown, dressed generally in the Whig livery of blue coat and buff vest.

Into the details of the interior of modern clubs Mr. Timbs does not venture to enter. He apparently knows no more of the interior of Brookes's, White's, the Travellers', the Reform, or the Union, than (the phrase is not original) of the politics of the Georgium Sidus. Nor does Mr. Timbs tell us—which is certainly the fact—that Brookes's was prior to the Reform bill, though it has since greatly fallen, the first political club in London, and the most renowned subscription house in the world. The entrance was thirty guineas, and the annual subscription twelve guineas. In a club of four or five hundred members, the charges for dinners were high in proportion to the more modern clubs of the present day. But the great Whig Lords and Commoners—such as the Devonshires, Bedfords, Argyles, Lansdownes, Derbys, Fitzwilliams, Cokes, and Byngs—cared not for the expense where the interests of the Whig party were concerned. Brookes's now, as forty years ago, appears, viewed from the exterior, somewhat dismal and dingy, more especially when contrasted with White's, which is more advantageously placed and in all respects more lightsome. But the interior of the club is cheerful, and the upper rooms, though large and spacious, are in every respect comfortable. Before 1830, as now, Brookes's was but little

frequented in the forenoon. One of the earliest visitors, seven or eight and thirty years ago, used to be John Williams, then member for the Marquis of Cleveland's borough of Winchelsea, and subsequently one of her Majesty's Judges of the Court of Queen's Bench. When member for the county of York, Henry Brougham occasionally, though rarely, looked in at the club on his way down to Westminster Hall from Hill-street, Berkeley-square. Between three and four o'clock, the rooms used to fill, and before this hour the Whig whip, Viscount Duncannon, then M. P. for Nottingham, used to communicate to the Opposition the wishes of the leaders of the party in both Houses. The business of the House, whether in respect to the Government or the Opposition, was then conducted by about fifty leading members. Parties, before the Reform bill, might be divided into Whigs and Tories, for the Radicals in the House did not number more than a dozen; and of these, half a dozen—namely, Sir Francis Burdett, Sir R. Wilson, Cam Hobhouse, Tom Duncombe, Tom Gisborne, and Joseph Hume—were members of the Whig club. Dinner parties of six or eight were, in the olden time, very common at Brookes's. The convivial habits of Fox and Sheridan partially survived, and many of their contemporaries were still members of the club; among others, the Dukes of Devonshire, Argyle, and Norfolk; Earls Grey, Spencer, Fitzwilliams, Essex, Tankerville, Radnor, Derby, and Lauderdale; the Marquesses of Lansdowne and Cleveland (afterwards Duke); Lords Holland, Dundas, Albemarle, King, Ponsonby, Althorpe, Cowper, Nugent, William Russell, and Ebrington, together with Tierney, Brougham, Mackintosh, William Lamb (afterwards Viscount Melbourne), George Lamb, Dr. Lushington, George Byng, and Scarlett (afterwards Lord Abinger). Earl Grey was, prior to 1830, the leader of the Whig opposition in the House of Lords, but he did not often visit Brookes's. But he did his part in the Lords well, being a lucid and dignified speaker, combining parliamentary knowledge and experience with a clear head. The present Earl Grey, when Lord Howick, visited the club much more frequently than his father. So did William Lamb, after-

wards Viscount Melbourne, and the second Earl Grey's successor in the office of First Minister of the Crown. William Lamb had been a favorite member of the club some years before the death of Mr. Fox, just after his own call to the bar, in 1804. It is not generally known that William Lamb was admitted a barrister, and was a pupil in chambers at Lincoln's Inn at the same time as the late Colonel Love Jones Parry, of Madryn, a cousin-german of Lord Dinorben, who subsequently entered the army, and represented Carnarvon in the first reformed Parliament. From his early manhood to his latest day William Lamb was distinguished for sense, straightforwardness, keen insight into character, and fine animal spirits. Mr. Fox, who had known him from his early days, predicted that he would become a shining political character, and occupy a prominent place in the councils of his Sovereign. While Secretary for Ireland in 1827 and 1828, William Lamb visited Brookes's more rarely, but he continued his subscription when called by the death of his father to the Upper House, and he might be frequently seen in the club from November, 1830, till he was appointed First Minister in July, 1834. His graphic description of Long Wellesley on the Essex hustings, supported and praised by his own agent, the notorious Daniel Whittle Harvey, can never be forgotten by those who heard it. Lord Melbourne was an excellent classical scholar, and well read in the old English divines. He had Hooker, Taylor, Barrow, South, and Nathaniel Lardner, at his fingers' ends. With all his literary tastes, no statesman could, on special occasions, more ardently devote himself to public business or master a thorny question. His brother George, Under Secretary for the Home Department in the Whig Government, was a habitual frequenter of Brookes's. He was boisterous and burly, and not devoid of talent, though castigated by Lord Byron, in English Bards, for his rather indifferent musical farce of "Whistle for it."

The late Marquess of Lansdowne rarely visited Brookes's, but when he dropped in his conversation was full of literature, at once pleasant and instructive. Lord Lansdowne was one of the proposers at Brookes's of the late First Minister of

the Crown, Viscount Palmerston, in 1830. There were a few old members of the club, out-and-out Whigs, who remembered that among the writers of pasquinades were Lords Palmerston, Dudley and Ward, and John Wilson Croker. This political squibbing had been carried on by both parties. If the Tories had their Canning, their Frere, their Palmerston, their John William Ward—the Whigs had their Hanbury Williams, their Burgoyne, their Fitzpatrick, their Hare, Luttrell, Edward Dubois, and Thomas Moore. Political controversy and pasquinades were far fiercer half a century ago than they are now. They were sanctioned by Pitt and by Fox, and continued to be practiced certainly down to 1820. In a club which, in 1830, numbered among its members Nugent, Luttrell, and Moore, who had all written political squibs and pasquinades, there were, at first, two or three old fogies for black-balling Lord Palmerston for his contributions to the *New Whig Guide*; but this idea, originating with an effete political mummy, was soon abandoned; and notwithstanding these lines from the *Political Alphabet*, their author was elected without a single black ball:

"E was an Ebrington, dismal and dumb.
F was a Finlay, a hogsheaf of scum.
G was a Gordon, preposterous phiz.
H was a Heron, a ——— quiz."

When the noble Viscount, then Foreign Secretary, first appeared in the rooms in 1830, his fascinating manners, his affability, thorough kindliness of nature, and unaffected good sense, secured him friends and partisans.

Burdett visited Brookes's much from 1828 to 1831. He was well versed in the English historians and poets, and had read much on constitutional law. In air and manner he was the *beau ideal* of a perfect gentleman. There were but two members of the club who could vie with him in this respect, and they were brothers-in-law—the one the late Earl Grey, and the other Viscount Ponsonby, ambassador near the Sublime Porte. In 1829 and 1830, Tierney, who with Brougham, led the Opposition, used to appear much at Brookes's. His House of Commons' speaking was clear, cool, concise, and caustic. His

conversation, too, was exceedingly racy. But he was then old, past seventy, and somewhat worn out and disappointed. A man of the same stamp of mind as Tierney was Tom Creevy, who had been a Senior Wrangler at Cambridge in 1789, and bred to the bar, at which he obtained but little practice, and which he ultimately abandoned. Creevy sat for the boroughs of Thetford and Morpeth, and remained in Parliament till 1834. He was Secretary to the India Board in 1806, and made some pungent speeches when nearly seventy. His style was conversational, and his tone occasionally ironical and bantering. Creevy, according to Captain Gronow's second volume of *Recollections*, was at the Duke of Wellington's quarters at Brussels the night of the battle of Waterloo.

Among the lawyers, Scarlett, Brougham, Dr. Lushington, Denman, John Williams, Campbell, and Rolfe (now Lord Cranworth) belonged to Brookes's. The present Earl of Derby, when Mr. Stanley, as well as his father and grandfather, were also members of the club. Mr. Stanley, now Earl of Derby, was a frequent visitor at the club, between 1829 and 1832, where he enjoyed much of the confidence of the First Minister, Earl Gray. He was a great favorite with old and young, from his exuberant animal spirits and irrepressible mental vivacity. Sir James Graham was also at this period a member of the club, and one of the most rising speakers in the House. He was unquestionably one of the best-looking men about town, and nearly in his early day, as much a man of fashion as George Anson, Tom Duncombe, Viscount Deerhurst, Sir Joseph Copley, Ball Hughes, the Marquess of Blandford, Frank Russell, or Colonels Webster and Cradock, some of whom were members of the Whig Club.

Authors and men of letters were well represented at Brookes's. There were Mackintosh, Jeffrey, Sam Rogers, Thomas Moore, Macaulay, Luttrell, Shiel, and many others.

Rogers visited the club almost daily when in London, but he was not a favorite, even with those to whom he was a courtier, if not a parasite, and to some of whom he gave excellent dinners at his house, within a stone's throw of the club where they had met him in the

morning. There never was a man of whom more bitter things have been said and sung by those who knew him well than of the same Sam Rogers, author of the *Pleasures of Memory*. Byron and Lockhart both exhausted their satire in disparagement of him, but they were both ill-natured men, and Lockhart was an envious, a waspish, and assuming man, wishing to pass for a person of fashion, family, and fortune. But good-natured men and men of good fellowship and feeling did not like Rogers, because of his purely personal, not his mental vanity. Every one is aware that he was not an Adonis, yet he was vainer of his personal appearance, it was said, than of his talents or fortune. Byron wrote of him :

"Hear his tone, which is to talking
That which creeping is to walking;
Now on all-fours, now on tip-toe.
Hear the tales he lends his lips to,
Little hints of heavy scandals;
Every friend in town he handles;
All which women or which men do
Glides forth in an innuendo."

Lockhart indulged in still grosser personalities :

"Mouth and chin would shame a knocker,
Wrinkles that would puzzle Cocker;
Mouth which masks the envious scorner,
With a scorpion in each corner,
Turning its quick tail to sting you,
In the place that most may wring you."

Yet Rogers was socially and pecuniarily kind to Thomas Moore as well as to Thomas Campbell, and to many other literary men; and the late Mr. Maltby, his schoolfellow, who was wont to spend a month with the banker poet every summer at Ballard's Hotel, Broadstairs, used to say there was no kinder man under the sun. So also said Luttrell, who was no flatterer.

Mackintosh rarely visited the club, but when he did his conversation was delightful, though ever and anon somewhat fringed with the fleeciest and most fascinating dreams of cloud-land. His manner was always mild, calm, and thoughtful, though somewhat massive.

Moore seldom appeared in the club but in the height of the season, when he came up to show off at the dinners and routs of Dowager Duchesses and full-blown Marchionesses. He was a parasite

of a pleasing order, but still a parasite, and an obsequious follower, indeed worshipper, of titled rank. A far superior man as a conversationist, and as a member of society, was Henry Luttrell, a Tory by birth but a Whig by election; of fine animal spirits, always brisk and effervescing. Luttrell was a "*Causeur fin et spirituel*," and a thorough man of the world, without any snobbishness. He was a pretty poet, and excelled any man of his time—Fraed was a generation later—in *vers de Société*. He has described himself well without intending it:

"From grave to gay he ran with ease,
Secure alike in both to please.
Chanced he to falter? A grimace
Was ready in the proper place;
Or a chased snuff-box, with its gems
And gold to mask his ha's and hems,
Was offered round and duly rapped,
Till a fresh topic could be tapped."

Macaulay became a member of the club when he was living in Gray's Inn, and travelling the Northern Circuit without briefs or the prospect of briefs. This was in 1829, when he was a Commissioner of Bankrupts, under the old system prevailing in the days of Lord Eldon. He was then wonderfully fluent and of varied attainments, but wanting in tact and the graces of manner. He greatly improved when he became member for Calne, and mixed in the House and with the world.

Jeffrey became a member of the club in 1830. He was sensitive and shy in London society, in which he knew few and was little known. He had lived till he had nearly attained his grand climacteric in Edinburgh, where the tone of society was utterly different. It followed that he was never quite at home in Brookes's, or the House of Commons. He was gentle and modest everywhere. He had a delicate perception of the beautiful in literature and art, joined to great subtlety of intellect; but he seemed more of a bookish man, precise and anxiously nervous, than a man of society or of the world. One of the shrewdest men at Brookes's in 1829 and 1830, was Edward Ellice. He, with Lord Duncannon, managed to get O'Connell elected a member of the club, but that personage never was a favorite with the mass of the members, and was

sent to "Coventry," when he designated the Whigs as "base, brutal, and bloody." Shiel, on the contrary, was popular in the club, and was much improved by sodality with its members. Some of the best hints for points in his parliamentary speeches were furnished at Brookes's Club.

Brookes, after whom the club was called, was a wine merchant, and a friend and supporter of Charles Fox. He died, it is said, poor, in 1782, nearly a quarter of a century before the great statesman, who often drank his champagne, as we learn from the lines of Tickell:

"And know I've bought the best champagne
from Brookes,
From liberal Brookes, whose speculative
skill
Is hasty credit and a distant bill;
Who, nursed in clubs, disdains a vulgar
trade,
Exults to trust, and blushes to be paid."

Henry Vassal, Lord Holland, had all the affection of his uncle for the old club and for the party. His party wish, almost his departing wish, is gratified:

"Nephew of Fox and friend of Grey,
Sufficient for my fame,
If those who knew me best shall say
I tarnished neither name."

In tracing the early history of White's, and giving us a *resumé* of what were the habits and customs there one hundred and seventy or one hundred and eighty years ago, Mr. Timbs, drawing from authentic sources, is generally correct, but he does not throw any light on the habits or customs of White's since 1830. Nearly all that he introduces as to White's from 1815 to 1830 is not original, but is copied from the late Captain Gronow, who possessed but a general knowledge of the club, such as might have been enjoyed by any Guardsman who mixed a good deal in society. The experience of Rees Howell Gronow in club life (exclusive of the Guards' Club) was not very wide or extensive, and his experience of political life was still less, for he sat for but two years in the House of Commons as member for the borough of Stafford. But he was a bustling, active, good-natured little man, who busied himself with the small trifles that make up the sum of human

life. He was rather popular in the House during his short membership, and tolerably popular in his regiment; but his anecdotes cannot always be relied on, whether as regards the Guards or club life. Though the volumes passing under his name were written from his MSS., yet it is, we believe, a well-known fact that the text or the language is the production of another hand. This may not detract from the authenticity of the main facts, but there are shades of meaning and expression which a second hand may mistake or misinterpret in transcribing from the written notes of another. From Captain Gronow's volumes it might be inferred that White's was a more aristocratic club than Brookes's. This was not so certainly from 1821 to 1835. It was indeed, a more fashionable club than Brookes's; more men of *ton* and fashion, more dandies and exquisites, more of the *jeunesse dorée* of aristocracy, belonged to it, but was not more aristocratic. Possibly also there were more of the titled nobility of White's; but the men of the broadest acres were Whigs of Brookes's, like the Dukes of Devonshire and Bedford, the Marquesses of Stafford and Cleveland (afterwards Dukes), and old Tom Coke of Norfolk. The *élite* of the Whigs were also of White's. Four or five of the Whig dukes, a couple of the Whig marquesses, half a dozen Whig earls and barons, and eight or ten Whig commoners, were of White's as well as of Brookes's; but on the whole the great majority of White's was Tory, as most of the best clubs of London were Tory or Conservative, as the party was called subsequent to the Reform bill. In this class of fashionable Tory members White's was certainly preëminent. There were the then Marquess of Worcester (afterwards Duke of Beaufort), Lord Lowther (now Earl of Lonsdale), Lord Tullamore (afterwards Earl of Charleville), together with Lords Clare, Glengall, Alvanley, and Chesterfield. Among the commoners belonging to the club were Sir George Warrender, M.P., for Honiton; Colonel Dawson Damer, M.P., for Portarlington; Sir Charles Bagot, Ambassador at the Hague; Vesey Fitzgerald, a Cabinet Minister (afterwards Lord Fitzgerald and Vesey); Charles Long

(afterwards Lord Farnborough), and Charles Herries, originally Financial Secretary to the Treasury, and afterwards Chancellor of the Exchequer. There were also Colonel Frederick Trench, who represented the borough of Cambridge; General Gascoyne, who represented Liverpool; Sir Roger Gresley, who sat for New Romney; Billy Holmes, the whipper-in, who sat for Grampound so far back as 1810, and who in the Parliament before the Reform bill represented the borough of Haselmere. No man in a comparatively humble sphere performed more efficient services to the Cabinets of Lord Liverpool, the Duke of Wellington, and Sir Robert Peel, with whom he at length fell somewhat into disfavor. Holmes was in some tactical respects more efficient than Viscount Duncannon, the whipper-in of the Whigs, and the brother-in-law of Viscount Melbourne. Probably Viscount Duncannon knew the constitution and connection of the unreformed House better than Holmes, but he did not know the haunts and homes of the men so well, though he knew quite as well how they might be influenced. Duncannon had a marvellous memory for details. He was full of tact, promptness, and dexterity, and could suggest who should speak, and in what order, and after whom men should rise in the debate. In courteous and well-bred gentleness, in tact and judgment, Viscount Duncannon was the superior of Holmes. He could better win a waverer or steady a fluctuating voter. Connected by his wife's family with the high Tories, Viscount Duncannon was on the best terms with the upper three hundred of both classes, but *au fond* he was a staunch Whig. The remarkable man opposed to this whipper-in of the Whigs at Brookes's, was Billy Holmes, of White's. Billy was born at Sligo, in Ireland, somewhere about 1782 or 1783. He entered Trinity College, Dublin, in 1797 or 1798, and spent a portion of his earlier manhood in the West Indies and Demerara. Returning in 1807 or 1808 by way of Falmouth, at the period of a general election, he allowed himself to be put in nomination as a third candidate. Unsuccessful at the poll he was voted in on petition. Once within the House his shrewdness attracted the at-

tention of Viscount Lowther, M.P., for Cumberland, and of John Lowther, and they attached the new member to their interests. Mr. Holmes studied the art of whipping up and in of members, and in this he soon became a greater adept than Charles Long, afterwards Lord Farnborough or Freemantle. In the ensuing Parliament he was returned for one of Lord Lonsdale's many boroughs, and ultimately became member with Sir John Beckett for Haselmere, a borough purchased by Lord Lonsdale at an expense of £24,000. In those unreformed days, Sir John, a leading member of White's, in virtue of Haselmere, became a Privy Councillor and Judge Advocate, and Billy Holmes became Agent for the Colony of Demerara, and Treasurer of the Ordnance. As such, Billy was as important a member of White's as Lord Duncannon or Brookes's. He knew the House nearly as well, and the amiable and the corrupt weaknesses of members were registered in his most retentive memory. He was thoroughly up to the business part of his work, and cognizant of what every ambitious or sordid man was looking for. To all the world the manners of Billy were free and easy; but to the vulgar politicians whom Burke designates as the lowest of our species, he was more peculiarly jovial, and herein he possibly transcended the Whig whipper-in. Billy had not very high or transcendental notions, nor did he affect that austere virtue, so lovely in private life. But he was a dexterous, alert, staunch, and vigilant party man, full of ingenious resources, and not needlessly scrupulous. In such a position, and acting with a party who governed by influence, and oft by corrupt influence, such supereminent qualities would have been out of place. The *élite* of White's listened and applauded the whipper-in's rollicking Irish stories, and suffered themselves to be led away from gilded saloons and female fascinations to count in a division. If they for a moment resisted, Billy could use a *douce violence* that was quite irresistible. Seizing the recalcitrant member bodily, and assuming a magisterial air, he would hurry him out of the club, *salon*, or drawing room; or if he met him in St. James-street, in cabriolet or on horseback, would insist on his being

present in the flesh in St. Stephen's, or on his finding a pair till a certain hour.

Holmes spoke with the Western Irish brogue, and with all the droll humor of Ballinacfad. Some of the higher and more brainless English Whigs used foolishly to laugh at the Irish accent disparagingly, but the old Iron Duke knew the worth and value of Billy Holmes as whipper-in, as grand election agent, as election negotiator, and as musterer of votes under difficulties. In the House Billy was an admirable fugleman and file leader. He could, with stentorian voice, cry down an Opposition member, or placing himself on the back benches, or behind the Speaker's chair, give the cue to others. He used to be very efficiently aided in this work by the late George Pitt Rose, then a Captain in the Fifteenth Hussars, a member of White's, and son of Sir George Henry Rose, patron of the borough of Christchurch, in Hampshire. Lord Mountcharles, a Lord of the Treasury, and Viscount Castlereagh, a Lord of the Admiralty, both leading members of White's, used to lend their very efficient aid. The Whigs by their Spring Rices, Fazakerlys, and Robert Herons, played a game similar to the Tories, and used to cry down their opponents in like fashion. Holmes never appeared to be the same man after the passing of the Reform bill. Though little more than fifty at that period, he fell prematurely into years, rendering out of the House his best services to his party. He was succeeded by W. R. Bonham and Charles Ross, both members of White's. Bonham was a man of higher faculties than Holmes, but he wanted the Irishman's gay humor and hilarious manner. Though heavy in gait and stupid in manner, Bonham was a person of sense, judgment, and attainments.

Charles Ross was a person of still portlier presence than Bonham. He might daily be seen in the famous bay window of White's between 1834 and 1840, his capacious rotundity covered over in the summer months by a wide waste of white waistcoat, fitting much too tightly. Notwithstanding his truly Falstaffian figure, Charles Ross, of Lamer, was a particularly active whip, and did his business well. When by the fiat of the Earl of St. Germain's, the seven

burgesses of that borough returned him to the House of Commons, his colleague was Winthrop Praed, too soon removed from the scene of his early fame. In none of the clubs of St. James's was there a more intellectual face or a finer pair of sparkling eyes to be seen than Winthrop Praed's. In his *vers de Société* Praed had the grace and ease of Luttrell, with a playfulness and pathos all his own. Though not of so ready a wit, and of such inexhaustible spirits as the author of the letters to Julia, he promised to be what Luttrell never tried to become, a brilliant debater. Charles Ross had pretensions as a literary man. He edited extremely well a few years ago the Cornwallis Correspondence (he was the son-in-law of the old Marquess), contributing copious notes as to the men who figured in Ireland between 1797 and 1804. Charles Ross was as silent in the chapel of St. Stephen's as Duncannon, Holmes, and Bonham, but in the clubs and in the lobby and dinner room of the House he talked abundantly, running from member to member, with a view to secure a vote or a pair. Like Holmes, too, he was fond of a good dinner and a good glass of wine, and did full justice to the viands and liquors set before him. He was not merely an eater, but a giver of good dinners. He hospitably entertained his friends at his mansion in Portland-place. Bonham was a great diner-out, but he had not the fortune or the establishment to be a giver of dinners. Though the names of Duncannon, Holmes, Bonham and Ross, do not appear in political history, yet these men "oiled many a spring which Harley moved;" and without their aid neither Liverpool, Wellington, Grey, Melbourne, nor Peel, could have achieved their purposes. To muster and keep well in hand a political party may seem an object easily accomplished by a very commonplace person. But in reality it is a much more difficult achievement than outsiders suppose.

Two of the more remarkable of the *habitues* of White's at the period of which Captain Gronow writes, were the Earl of Glengall and Viscount Allen. They were both Irish by birth, and both might be seen in the famous bay window of White's, from four to seven, in the height of the season. Gronow unjustly

depreciates his brother Guardsman, who was a person of cynical shrewdness, albeit a perfect Sybarite. The sneer about Allen's large bright plate on his hall door in Merrion-square, Dublin, comes ill from the banker's son of Cardiff. Allen was really the owner of the fine house in question, and possessed, moreover, a villa at Stillorgan, in Dublin county. He was one of the most popular men of the famous Kildare-street Club, in Dublin, and was a favorite with Mr. Peel (afterwards Sir Robert) when Secretary for Ireland, and he had considerable weight with him. By the influence of Mr. Peel, when Secretary of State for the Home Department, Allen obtained in 1822 or 1823 a large pension, so much as nine hundred pounds a year, and this is the worst thing that can be alleged against him. Thenceforth, London and Paris were favored with his august presence. He abandoned his inseparable companions, James Saurin, Lord Monck, Dalton, Macaskey, and Giles Daxon, and might be daily seen at White's, at the Opera, and in the Park. In political opinions he was a high Tory, but he had not the opportunity of helping his party.

Lord Glengall was ten years Allen's junior, and was altogether more brisk and lively in manner. He had more spruce smartness, more literary accomplishment and *esprit* than Allen; but he was just as futile, trifling, and useless a member of society as the elder dandy. Lord Glengall inherited some of his clever mother's wit (she was Miss Jeffreys of Blarney Castle); but he was so given to drawing on his fancy for facts, that he never enjoyed any weight in the Commons, in which he sat as Lord Cahir in 1819, nor in the Lords, in which he sat till his death. The sorry ambition of this peer was to tell in the clubs some piece of news that no one else heard of. He invented births, deaths, marriages, *faux pas*, and elopements existing only in his own fancy. His brother peer, Lord Alvanley, christened him "*le menteur Veridique*," which Alvanley rendered into the vernacular Very Dick (*veridique*) Glengall. This dealer in fiction and fiddlestick was capable of better things than he achieved. He was the author of the "Irish Tutor," a laughable farce, and of the song,

"The groves of Blarney,
They are so charming."

A man of more importance than the Deerhursts, Tullamores, Glengalls, and Freddy Trenches of the club was Lord Lowther, son of the Earl of Lonsdale, a borough-monger, who returned eight members to the Lower House. The noble member for Westmoreland was then a leader of fashion, as well as a politician, carrying his forty-two summers very lightly. A man of great shrewdness and knowledge he was, and still is. Nobody knew the House or society better, or the actors or actresses on and off the stage. He and his father were as influential at White's as the Marquess of Cleveland (afterwards Duke) and Lord Darlington at Brookes's.

Viscount Deerhurst, the senior member for Worcestershire, was also, at the period Captain Gronow speaks of, an influential member of White's. He had lost at this period his first wife, and had married Lady Mary Beauclerk, daughter of the Duke of St. Albans. It was of this marriage that his friend Glengall wrote the stinging epigram:

"No wonder Lady Mary mourns for Deerhurst's wife that's dead,
For who the d—— would not mourn to be
his wife instead?"

It was said of Lord Deerhurst, if he took wine with half a dozen different men in a room (and it was then the fashion to hob-nob), that he would address each man in a different phrase. He was undoubtedly a person of great fluency, and an amusing companion for once or twice in a way, but he repeated his good stories and *mots* over and over again. Sir George Warrender, of Lochend, M.P. for Honiton, occupied a considerable space in the bay window at White's. He was always *bene vestitus*, and aspired to the character of a gourmand and connoisseur in wines. He had been a Lord of the Admiralty in Canning's time, gave dinners in Albemarle-street, and also rural fêtes at Cliefden; but he was courted rather for his cook and cellar than for his conversational powers. He was an admirer of the drama in a green-room way. A more accomplished person than Warrender was Dawson Damer, the model of a well-dressed and accomplished Eng-

lish gentleman. Damer, Sir Joseph Coppley, Adolphus Fitzclarence, Geo. Wombwell, Cecil Foster, were more men of fashion about town than active politicians. Two members of White's who aspired to be men of fashion and politicians, were Quintin Dick, who had been member for West Looe in 1802, who sat for Cashel in 1807, and who before the Reform bill represented Maldon. Dick, the son of a wealthy Irish linen merchant, was called to the Irish bar in 1800, but never seriously practiced the profession. Till the passing of the Reform bill he continued to purchase his seat. Though an ultra Tory, he had the honesty and manliness to tell Lord Castlereagh that seat-selling was as notorious as the sun at noon-day, and that he had paid for his seat ever since he had been in the House. Dick was a great intimate of Lord Yarmouth's (afterwards Marquess of Hertford) and of John Wilson Croker. Though not wanting in observation and a species of cynical talent, he was an unpopular man, of a cold and unsocial disposition, and forbidding exterior. Dick was an indifferent dresser, and his clothes sat as loosely on him as Wetherall's or Bonham's. He wore immense wristbands to his shirts, extending to his knuckles. Calling on Lady Glengall, the loquacious peeress, observing his wristbands and knowing his father had been in the linen trade, impudently exclaimed, "Lord, Mr. Dick, what an immense stock of linen you have always on hand!"

Nearly as unpopular an Irishman as Dick at White's was Frederick Trench. This gentleman was called to the Irish bar on the same day with the late Daniel O'Connell, in Easter Term, 1798. He soon left the bar and entered the army. Without seeing the least service, he had attained in 1829 the rank of Colonel, and before he died the rank of Major-General, and A.D.C. to William IV. He had also filled the place of Storekeeper to the Ordnance.

This good fortune was owing to the Duke of Rutland, who successively returned Trench for Scarborough and Cambridge. The nominee was certainly not a stupid man. He was considerably above the average of M.P.'s in intelligence, but it was the certainty of his seat and his vote that secured his

advancement. The only parliamentary measure with which the name of Trench was connected was the Thames embankment — a measure advocated by him so far back as 1824, with fair arguments, marred in the delivery by irrational conceit and coxcombrv.

Vesey FitzGerald, President of the Board of Trade, visited White's a good deal. He was an intimate friend of the late Sir Robert Peel, with whom he had served as Chancellor of the Exchequer in Ireland, when Mr. Peel was Principal Secretary.

Mr. FitzGerald was a man of considerable power of expression, and indeed of some oratorical ability, but he was too excitable in temperament to be a first-rate debater.

Lord Stewart, afterwards Marquess of Londonderry, made the floor of the club resound with the clanking of his brass or golden spurs and his stentorian voice; but he did not tarry long within the walls any day in the week, so mobile and restless was he. Lords Fitzroy Somerset and Brudenell, Colonels Armstrong, Peel, Lygon, and Kangaroo Cooke, were among the military members.

White's is full one hundred and seventy years old. In the days of George I., Chesterfield was a member of it, and played high. In the early part of the reign of George III. the Dukes of Rutland, Richmond, and Beaufort, FitzRoy Lord Southampton, and other men of fashion and wit, were of it. Of all the men who frequented White's from 1824 to 1834, the most popular and witty was Lord Alvanley. The chief charm of his *mots* was that they were uttered without effort or without malice. He spoke wit as other men speak prose, naturally and spontaneously. To many he appeared but the wit and the gay man of fashion. He was much more than this, for he was a man of sound sense and judgment, and of elevated political views. It is not generally known that he was the author of the letters in favor of the payment of the Roman Catholic clergy, which appeared in the *Times* about twenty-five years ago.

In his fourth and final series of *Reminiscences*, published after his death, Captain Gronow speaks of a bosom friend of Alvanley's, Jack Talbot, of the Guards, a favorite member of White's, and talks

of his "rich father, Lord Malahide." The title of Lord Malahide did not exist at the period of Jack Talbot's death in 1828. His father, the late Colonel Talbot, was at the period of his only son's death, a member of the House of Commons, and by no means a man of large fortune.

For the last thirty years the major part of the Conservative party have congregated at the Carlton, but White's still preserves its renown as the purely fashionable club.

The errors committed by Mr. Timbs, in speaking of the Windham Club, are very numerous, but we have not space to particularize a third of them. Lord Nugent was an active, perhaps the most active, member of the provisional committee in 1827; but the idea of the club originated with a gentleman who was named secretary to it. Lords Fife, Sligo, Clanricarde, and Nugent, interested themselves in the getting up of the club and were on the committee. It was named the Windham, from having originally occupied the house 107 Pall Mall, formerly the mansion of William Windham, the statesman. When the club first removed to 7 James-square, in 1828 or 1829, it possessed one of the best French cooks, but he soon degenerated.

Mr. Timbs is in error in many of his statements as to the Reform Club. Soon after the Reform bill became the law, it was determined by the Liberals and the Radicals that there should be a club where they could congregate. Measures were immediately taken for putting the project into execution; and Edward Ellice, Henry Warburton, and Joseph Hume busied themselves with the work. Brookes's was much too exclusive and aristocratic an establishment to please the vast numbers of professional and commercial men who had given in their adhesion to Reform. The correspondence from the country parts of England and the great towns, the sources of our commercial industry, proved that a number of provincial barristers, of eminent and wealthy attorneys, of merchants, bankers, and manufacturers, were willing to join the new club. Before the project was a week in agitation success was certain, and it was resolved to take the house, No. 111 Pall Mall. Mr.

Timbs is therefore in error in stating that the Reform Club held its meetings at Gwydyr House. Its very earliest meetings were held in George-street, Westminster, then at 111 Pall Mall, and subsequently the Reform occupied Gwydyr House, while the existing mansion was in course of construction. Among the earliest members were Lords Radnor, Durham, King, Duncannon, Nugent, and John Russell, Edward Ellice, Grote, Henry G. Ward, and John Jervis (afterwards Chief Justice of the Common Pleas). The *cuisine* at the Reform during the short reign of Soyer was very indifferent. Soyer was in truth somewhat of a *sautéur* and a quack, and was a fourth-rate rather than a first-rate cook.

More truly does Mr. Timbs state that the cookery at Crockford's was excellent. Louis Eustache Ude there officiated with subtle and delicate hand, and found appreciators well versed in what Montaigne calls *la science de la geule*. The Duke of Wellington used occasionally, though not very often, to look into Crockford's, where he would meet De Polignac, Talleyrand, Di Borzo, Esterhazy, and that accomplished, well-read man, Palmella. Lords Anglesey and Raglan, Sir Hussey Vivian, Lords Lichfield, Chesterfield, D'Orsay, and George Anson, were also members of Crockford's; so were King, Allen, and Tom Raikes (the latter also a member of Brooke's and White's). To both these gentlemen Captain Gronow is unjust. Raikes was a well-informed and most accomplished man, speaking several foreign languages, and French perfectly. In acquired knowledge and in natural ability he was far the superior of Captain Gronow. The greatest eater at Crockford's was Horace Twiss. Lord Alvanley used to say that the three heaviest feeders in all England were Mr. Peel (afterwards Sir Robert), Horace Twiss, and Stephen Price, of Drury-lane Theatre.

Mr. Timbs chiefly busies himself with the external architecture of the Travellers'; of the inner life he says nothing. The cookery at the Travellers', even six-and-thirty years ago, when the club house was hard by the British Gallery and Serape Morland's bank, was unexceptionable, and it has so continued ever since.

Of the interior of the Athenæum or Union Clubs, Mr. Timbs tells us nothing new—nothing not borrowed from Mr. Walker, the police magistrate, or James Smith. The greatest of modern lawyers and scholars, Mr. Justice Maule, belonged to the Union, so did Lord Chief Justice Jervis; and it numbers some Irish judges and barristers, as well as some English barristers, notably Mr. Montagu Chambers. Mr. Timbs does not mention the famous bath case which occurred at this club some twenty years ago. The result was that the bather was forced to leave the club. He has been since known by the *sobriquet* of the Knight of the Bath.

Of the Carlton, the Conservative, and the Junior Carlton, we learn little from Mr. Timbs. He is more discursive about Thackeray's favorite club, the Garrick; but still he tells us nothing which has not been in print before. Mr. Gladstone remained a member of the Carlton till 1860, and Lord Herbert of Lea till his lamented death. We have already far exceeded the space allotted to us; but though the subject is far from exhausted, we must now conclude. The daily frequenter of clubs will learn nothing new as to modern clubs from Mr. Timbs' volumes, but he may now and again stumble on curious anecdotes and details as to clubs of a century or a century and a half ago. The interior life of modern clubs is yet to be written. To write such a book one must have lived much in clubs and been a clubbable man and a man of society, a Pepys or a Horace Walpole, a Montaigne or a Brantôme.

Shilling Magazine.

POISONED BY MISTAKE.

TOWARDS the close of the sixteenth century, when the belief in soothsayers and sorcerers (a belief so common among the uneducated and ignorant of all classes in all ages) had as yet by no means begun to die out, there resided in the fine old city of Antwerp one of those arch-impostors and charlatans, by name Leopold Wintzer. The man was precisely of the Cagliostro stamp—that is to say, his character was a mixture of genius, impudence, and artful imposture.

Such men, however, we well know, did not want for credulous followers.

It was the evening of a fine summer day, between seven and eight o'clock, and the red rays of the setting sun threw a gleam on the antiquated gables of the old necromancer's dwelling, at the door of which he sat upon an old oaken stool, according to the fashion of the day, taking the evening air previous to his retirement for the night, and after the close of his day's labors. He was past eighty years of age now, and unable to devote half the night to astute calculations, as was the way of the junior members of his craft. Before the old man stood, on a low bench, a black jack of Rhine beer, and a loaf of coarse brown bread with a piece of Gruyère cheese. Rich though he certainly was, yet he was, like most of his profession, miserly to a degree. Crouched at his feet, gibbering and making faces, was an enormous black ape of frightful visage, regarded by the superstitious patrons of the old wizard as his familiar spirit. The animal, however, in spite of his ill-omened looks, was in truth most good-tempered and amusing, and extremely attached to his master. This uncouth attendant, and an old shrivelled crone (if possible still uglier), formed the whole of this curious household. It is only due, however, to the poor old lady to state that her looks, like those of the monkey, belied her heart, for she was of a most gentle and amiable disposition.

Old Wintzer sat musingly at his supper, now throwing a morsel of cheese to his monkey (and quite unconscious that the ungrateful rascal was mimicking his every gesture), and now looking absently at the sky, over the face of which darkness was fast gathering. Dame Charlot, the housekeeper, sat just behind her master in the curious old-fashioned doorway, turning her spinning-wheel with a nimbleness of finger that might have been profitably imitated by many a young maiden of the good old city. A few minutes passed thus, when the old woman suddenly raised her head—

"Master."

"Ay, Dame." (For so Master Wintzer always styled Charlot.)

"Yon clouds, sure, bode a storm."

"Yes, yes; trust Bertram for that."

As the old man said this he glanced at

the ape, who was distorting his features with most frightful vehemence; for it is a curious fact that impostors of the stamp of Wintzer were so accustomed to hear of the supernatural powers of their "familiar," from the tongues of their thousand-and-one deluded disciples, that they ended by themselves *believing* that which they had at first intended to be a deliberate *cheat*, just as a slanderer will set afloat a malicious story on mere hearsay, and end by convincing himself he is speaking the simple truth.

"Sure, sure," muttered the old lady, trembling; for she was a devoted believer in the supernatural powers of both man and monkey. "Quiet, quiet, good Bertie." The ape, however, paid no heed to her; indeed the poor creature was simply excited by that vague terror which possesses nearly all the animal creation at the approach of a thunder-storm.

Meanwhile the sun had just sunk, like a great globe of burnished gold, behind the black bank of cloud which now enveloped the sky; and the swollen waves of the Scheldt, turgid and restless, gave forth that melancholy monotone which so often presages a hurricane of no slight force. One by one the good people of Antwerp withdrew from their doorsteps to the more secure accommodation of their chambers. Lights began to appear at the windows, and the big drops of rain which began sullenly to fall, uttered, as it were, a warning to the last lingerers to withdraw from the street to the shelter of their houses.

Dame Charlot glanced anxiously at her master, awaiting the signal to withdraw; for with that reverence which at the period existed in domestics toward their employers (and of which we would there were a little more in this nineteenth century), she would not have ventured to rise without his example. The old necromancer, however, appeared still lost in thought, when suddenly the attention of both master and housekeeper was drawn to an object proceeding at a rapid rate down the narrow street. This was an old and heavy travelling carriage, drawn by six mules, adorned with feathers and bells, and advancing with a celerity quite astonishing, considering the ponderous nature of the vehicle. The old man and the dame

gazed on in open-mouthed astonishment until the carriage was opposite their door, when the postilions stopped with one accord, probably from seeing that the wizard and the old woman were the only persons abroad in the street. Struck speechless with surprise at the unlooked-for visitation, the old man, now thoroughly roused from his reverie, could only stare in silence, and Dame Charlot was quite overcome with awe at the grandeur of this apparition. While both stood thus uncertain how to act, a young man of very handsome aspect, showing his head through the aperture of the vehicle (for glass windows were not then known), inquired, with a strong Spanish accent—

"Can I have accommodation here for the night for a young lady who is very ill?"

"I do not keep a hostelry," said the old necromancer, bluntly, and somewhat rudely, for he was averse to strangers, and especially to foreigners.

"Pardon," said the stranger; "but I had thought by the sign which hangs yonder"—

"The Herr need not mind that; it is usual in this country for all trades to hang out their signs—even cobblers and butchers. I am an alchemist, that is all; and if the Herr needs accommodation, why, at the 'Golden Fleece,' yonder, are good apartments and"—

"But," broke in Dame Charlot, timidly, for she was afraid of her master, yet had a woman's sympathy with her sex, "is the lady so very ill?"

The young man uttered a deep sigh. "Very; and I would pay—pay *well*, so that we could be sheltered."

"A—h, ah!" said Wintzer, sharply; "that alters the whole affair. I am a poor man" (the old miser was rich as a Jew), "and if the Herr does not mind paying"—Here a groan of pain burst from the carriage.

"No, no, I do not mind paying," said the stranger, hastily; "but let us make haste."

"Yes, yes," said Dame Charlot; "and besides, poor thing, the noise of an inn would do her no good; and here am I, a skilled nurse, to look to the poor dear. And you will not mind paying *me*, too," she added aside.

"I will pay all, everything, so that you make haste," returned the young

man, descending from the vehicle, and immediately bearing a young lady in his arms into the old necromancer's dwelling, where she was speedily placed upon the couch in a half-fainting state. "Oh," exclaimed he, "is there no skilled leech at hand that can be sent for, or my wife will die?"

"There is Master Hans Fräichen, over the way, a worthy skilled soul," said Dame Charlot, "whom I will speedily fetch if your lordship desire it."

"Fetch him, then; and for Heaven's sake be quick!"

Dame Charlot needed no second bidding for the occasion offered a favorable opportunity for gossip (of which she did not get much in her dull life); besides, she saw she should now be a person of considerable importance, which is a reflection especially dear to the hearts of all women. Nothing does a woman so like as to *appear*, even if she is *not*, of importance to somebody. It is her "elixir vitae." All women, even the very best, like to be of consequence. They *must* be general over some small army, or some individual, or else at once surrender at discretion. So thought the worthy housekeeper, and donning her scarlet woollen hood, and slipping her feet into her sabots, she was speedily on her way to the town Galen. But two minutes had elapsed ere she returned, bringing with her a mild, pleasant-looking man, of middle age, of grave yet attractive demeanor, on whose face the word "Doctor" was as legibly inscribed as if it had been branded there in actual letters. Without a single unnecessary word he saluted all in the room, and then with the quiet confidence of his profession, advanced towards the patient's sofa. Still silently he felt her pulse, looked at her attentively for a moment, and then turning to her husband, said, interrogatively—

"An accident to madame?"

"My wife has been shaken by the overturn of our carriage some six hours back," was the reply.

"Ah! and madame's present condition is"—

"You are right," hurriedly interrupted the young man; "she is within a few weeks of her confinement."

"Oh, oh!" interposed old Wintzer; "I did not bargain for"—

"Silence, pray silence, monsieur," said the Doctor, quietly, but authoritatively.

"A baby! oh, dear!" gasped poor Dame Charlot aside to herself.

"Monsieur," said the Doctor, addressing himself to the lady's husband, "I do not apprehend serious consequences, but for the present I prescribe utter and entire quiet. Let madame be at once removed to bed in that room of the house least exposed to noise. Give her presently some white wine, and a few morsels of something nourishing, such as a fowl for example, and let her then endeavor to sleep. I will send over some necessary soothing draughts, and will myself come over in the morning. One question, monsieur, that I may know whom I have the honor of addressing?"

"I am Don Carlos Estevan, and a grandee of Spain. The lady is, of course, my wife."

The Doctor bowed low.

"On whom may I depend to see my orders carried out? Much depends on nursing and"—

Dame Charlot came forward, and making a low reverence, said:

"You may depend on *me*, Herr Doctor."

The Doctor looked at her in some doubt, not unmixed with surprise.

"You? I know you well, my worthy neighbor; you are most excellent, most trustworthy, but this is a case where"—

"I am equal to it, my Herr, if it would please you to try me." And something in the good old lady's look resolved the Doctor, for he immediately returned, with some show of confidence—

"Well, be it so, friend Charlot; we will try." And he took his departure with that noiseless and easy gait so peculiar to the distinguished of his profession.

The young wife lay on the sofa in a state half-waking, half-sleeping, the immediate effects of her fall having departed, and a still languor succeeded the shock. Her husband sat by her side, with one of her hands clasped in his own, and regarded her from time to time with looks of anxious fondness beyond description.

She was a very beautiful young woman, not, perhaps, of the highest type of

beauty, although we are well aware it is quite *comme il faut* that all heroines of romance should be "exquisitely lovely." Such epithets, however, could not be truthfully applied here. Donna Estevan was a true Andalusian, with the large dark eyes and black hair peculiar to the ladies of that province. Such charms, however, are somewhat marred by the dark—not to say swarthy—complexion which usually accompanies them. Moreover, the women of Andalusia are fascinating chiefly for their arch sprightliness and vivacity, such as it could not be expected the poor listless patient could exhibit under the circumstances. The young pair sat thus alone, for the old man had retired to his laboratory, since feeling disinclined (from the excitement and novelty of the occurrence) to retire to rest, he purposed to devote some hours to the composition of certain of his mystic chemical preparations. Dame Charlot, overcome by the dignity of her appointment to the combined offices of head nurse and cook, had withdrawn to the kitchen in a state of much importance and officiousness.

"Ah!" she said, apostrophizing a fat fowl which she had already killed and plucked, and was now basting before a bright fire—"ah, what a night! *Only* think that ever I should be roasting a fowl in this kitchen where bread and cheese (and little enough of that) has been our supper nine-and-thirty years; but *I* don't grudge it the dear young lady, though 'twould fetch good twenty pence at the market come Thursday. Ah! master 'll make 'em pay for it!"

Here there came a loud knock at the door, which made the old woman start prodigiously. However, it was only the Doctor's boy with the draughts; so the dame gave him a couple of apples (a most unusual piece of liberality) and sent the well-pleased urchin about his business. Then she proceeded to lay the cloth for supper, which she served up in the room where the sick lady lay.

"Madame will eat some of this beautiful bird, I know," croaked worthy Charlot, as she removed the covers. "Such a fine pullet, to be sure, comes expensive; but then, monsieur"—

"Pray have the kindness to leave us in quiet. We are much obliged to you for your attention," interrupted Donna

Estevan; "but we would prefer not being waited upon."

"Oh, certainly, if madame wishes it," said the good-natured housekeeper, rather gratified than otherwise, as, indeed, it was impossible to take offence at the soft, melodious tones of the beautiful speaker; and hastily curtsying, she withdrew.

"Try to take a morsel, Maria, dearest," said the young Don, placing before his wife a small portion of the white meat of the fowl; "just one morsel, for my sake."

"Oh, I cannot, Carlos; I feel oppressed by I know not what foreboding. Can we not leave this dreary place, presently?"

"To-night? Impossible, love; but, for my part, I think these uncouth people seem kind."

"Kind, yes; but the place is so gloomy, and that old woman so chattering, and that horrible ape—oh!"

"Maria, dearest, illness makes you petulant. It is impossible to leave in this tempest; besides, the good people would be hurt. It is not unusual for people in your condition to have these gloomy fancies, I believe. To-morrow, if you wish it, and the good physician permits, we will remove to another lodging. Come, eat a little, dear wife."

Donna Estevan tried to smile; and, to quiet the solicitude of so loving a husband, ate a few morsels of the bird and drank a glass of the wine. Then they engaged in a little conversation, and by the time supper had concluded both were in a cheerful frame of mind. Thus an hour elapsed, when Dame Charlot knocked at the door.

"Will madame please to retire to bed?" said she.

"You must go, dearest," said the young man: "the physician ordered it so."

The wife signified her acquiescence; and taking her in his arms he carried her to an upper room prepared for her. He himself was to rest on the sofa in the room they had just quitted, which Dame Charlot would, presently, by the aid of blankets and sheets, transform into a couch. Then he kissed his wife and returned below, leaving the assiduous Dame Charlot to act the part of lady's maid to Donna Estevan.

Dame Charlot carried a bottle in each hand.

"See, madame, you are to take one draught before sleeping and one in the morning," she said, after having undressed her patient and safely placed her in bed. "Shall I give madame the first, now?"

"No, not yet, thank you, madame," uttered the soft, silvery voice of the Spanish lady. "See first to make my husband comfortable below. I cannot sleep as yet. It is now ten. Return, pray, at midnight, if you have not retired."

"Oh, not at all; I shall sit up all night for madame. I shall be a first-rate nurse, I. As madame pleases; I will come back at twelve." And she withdrew with the bottles.

Outside the door she carefully set the phials down on a wooden bracket on the landing, to be conveniently at hand on her return. Then she opened the door of an opposite chamber, which was, in truth, her master's laboratory, and looked in. The old man sat absorbed in some chemical operation, while at his feet, intently watching him, crouched Bertram the ape, his inseparable companion.

"Master," said Charlot, "it is time to retire."

"I intend to sit up — I have work in hand," replied the necromancer without looking up.

"And I also," said Dame Charlot. "I shall sit up for my patient, master."

"As you will."

"Good night, master."

"Good night."

And she closed the door and went down to prepare the young Don's bed. Then she took up her watch until midnight in the old arm chair by the kitchen fire. In half an hour all was still, and the household apparently hushed in repose.

The old necromancer sat in his laboratory with his whole mind engrossed by the operation he was performing, an experiment in which aquafortis played the principal part.

It was a curious old room; and though in these enlightened days it would have been looked upon by visitors as merely an old curiosity shop, and nothing more, yet in those days of thick ignorance and

superstition it was calculated, and well calculated, to impress with mysterious awe such of the credulous public as found their way into its precincts. Indeed the old charlatan had studiously completed its arrangements with a design to produce this effect. It had but one window, which was set in a heavy wooden framework and draped with sombre-looking curtains of some black material, giving it a most lugubrious effect. On a low, long, flat table before the embrasure were set out in grim array a variety of heterogeneous objects, among which human skulls were prominent subjects of notice. Vipers' skins, monstrosities of all sorts, and various bottles of colored oils were there in abundance; and over all, suspended from the ceiling by a silken string, was a large and exceedingly well-executed model of the planetary system. The four walls of the room were draped with black, on which were figured in white woollen work the form of skulls, cross-bones, and other hideous emblems of mortality. There were a few hanging shelves on which were various bottles of chemical preparations, with here and there lizards, adders, and other reptiles preserved in cases.

The principal table at which the old man sat was covered with many bottles and saucers containing chemicals, principally deadly poisons, such as nightshade (or belladonna), aquafortis, and others, many of which were so powerful as to oblige the necromancer to wear a mask while experimenting with them. On this table were also crucibles, small furnaces, and many steel and iron instruments, forceps, pincers, metal-stirrers, and the like; and in the middle stood a small brazier filled with burning charcoal. The venerable old man, as he sat at work, looked like some veritable wizard; and, to complete the picture, the grinning black ape, with his sharp, white teeth, and eyes like coals of fire, seemed a most fitting representative of the evil genie of this gloomy chamber.

Wintzer bent over a small basin in which he was mixing several metallic substances in a state of fusion, occasionally testing the crystals, as they cooled, with the aquafortis.

"Ah," he murmured greedily, "I shall succeed—I know I shall succeed. I am destined to unravel this stupendous

secret: gold, gold, bright precious gold! To turn every thing into gold! It is worth nights of care and days of toil. Hundreds have failed, but I shall not fail—no, no!"

Thus speaking, he applied the acid to one of the globular crystals which had formed on the side of the vessel. It immediately dissolved, while a look of intense, bitter disappointment stole over the necromancer's face.

"Not yet—not yet," he ejaculated; and with eager haste began, with his shrivelled hands trembling with age, to pour and repour some of the liquids before him from one phial into another.

All this while the ape Bertram sat regarding him with a peering, inquisitive glance strangely similar to that of a human being.

The old man, however, heeded not: he was too wrapped up in his dreams of inexhaustible wealth, although the phantom had eluded his grasp for more than half a century. Why could he not rest contented with the large fortune he had accumulated by trading on the superstitious prejudices of mankind? Ah, why, indeed, save that the heaper-up of riches is ever craving after more? "*Crescit amor nummi quantum ipsa pecunia crescit*" is a pithy saying applicable to nine out of ten of us, unfortunately. So he worked on and on, till the extreme heat, caused by the gaseous escapes from his crucible rendered the room insupportable.

"Whengh!" he said, wiping his forehead, "it is unbearable." Then he rose and half opened the door.

Time sped onward, and the clock sounded half-past eleven, when the old man, who had hitherto worked with unrelaxing zeal, was suddenly oppressed with an overwhelming sense of drowsiness.

"Oh," he muttered, "I must rest, I must rest." And he collected his phials, locking them in a drawer. In a few moments his head sank forward upon his breast and he slept. But he had left the phial containing the aquafortis on the table.

Onward still went the moments, and nothing was heard save the tread of the big ape, who, with restless activity, moved around the room, through the open door and back, staying now a few

minutes outside, now a few minutes in the laboratory. The animal was strangely excited, but no man marked him. There was no sound except the low regular breathing of the sleeping necromancer to disturb the stillness of the night.

Heavily the strokes of the town clock beat midnight, but all remained still, till in a few moments Dame Charlot appeared with a light, slowly ascending the stairs.

"Ah! it is time for the draught," said she, "and I am not sorry, for my old bones need rest." Then she paused at the door of the laboratory, and looked in.

The old man, thoroughly worn out by the fatigues and excitement of the day, sat in his chair with head reclined upon his breast, sleeping the tranquil sleep of childhood and old age.

"Ah, my poor old master! so you, too, are tired, are you? Well, you are not much older than I," said the dame to herself. Then she gently closed the door behind her, took up the draughts for her patient from the bracket on the landing, and entered the opposite chamber.

Donna Estevan was not asleep. She lay with her head reclined upon one arm, and a strange look of depression upon her beautiful face, which she slightly raised as the old woman entered.

"How does madame feel now?" asked Dame Charlot, with a look of genuine solicitude upon her honest, if exceedingly ugly, features. "Will madame take her composing draught? It is time."

"You are very kind. I have not the least inclination to sleep. I am wakeful with many thoughts."

"But madame must go to sleep—the Herr doctor said so; she will rest soundly after this medicine." And so indeed she did.

"Well, good dame, place it on this little table at the head of my couch; I will take it in a few moments when I shall have commended myself to God and the holy Virgin." And she crossed herself.

"But madame"—

"Pray do as I request you," gently repeated Donna Estevan, "and retire to your own room, for I am sure you must be worn out. Shame on me to keep the aged out of bed till midnight," she continued, as if the idea had not occurred

to her before that the old housekeeper really was acting a kind part to an entire stranger.

"Madame is considerate, and I am tired," owned Dame Charlot; and wishing the sick lady good night, she placed the bottle on the table indicated, and withdrew with an ejaculation of relief, for, with all her good will she was too old to sit watching with impunity. Then unbroken stillness reigned throughout the house.

It was yet early in the morning, about half-past five o'clock, when the necromancer, with a sudden start, woke up from his sleep very much bewildered, but nevertheless very much refreshed. He could not at first recollect how he came to be in his laboratory, but gradually the facts of the preceding day dawned one by one upon his memory. "Ah!" he said, "I remember now; I became drowsy, and"—Here he broke off with a start of astonishment. "But my phials—where are they? Oh, I remember; I locked them up." And he eagerly opened the drawer.

Yes, the phials were there, and he counted them. "Belladonna, aqua tophana, sulphate of mercury: one, two, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight. But the ninth. Where is the ninth?" he exclaimed in great excitement. "Stay. Ah! I left it on the table. No, it is not there." He looked around.

The phial was gone!

The necromancer sank back in his chair utterly confounded. What could it mean?

No one had been there, he thought. Dame Charlot would not dare to meddle with his bottles; and if she had taken this one, of what use would it be to her, an old, ignorant fool? The very idea was absurd. And the strangers? No, *that* was more absurd still. In vain he searched everywhere, the phial could not be found; and the old necromancer sat down again, stupefied with amazement and consternation.

He had sat thus but a few minutes when he was roused by a most appalling shriek from the room opposite; upon hearing which old Wintzer rushed on to the landing. There he met the young Spanish gentleman half dressed, and in a state of the most frantic grief.

"My wife! my wife! my dear wife! The wretches have poisoned her. She is dead! Oh heaven, she is dead!" And the distracted husband seized the old man by the throat, and would have strangled him, but for the sudden appearance of Dame Charlot, who, attracted by the noise, had hurried from her own chamber, and held back Don Estevan by the skirts.

"Master! master! What *is* all this clamor?"

"He has murdered my wife! She is dead—*dead* I tell you," shrieked the young man in a frenzy.

"Great God! what do I hear?" wailed out the frightened old woman, while Wintzer stood aghast, and utterly without power to utter a syllable. Then Don Estevan, seizing an arm of each, dragged them into the chamber where his wife lay.

She *was* dead, and dead beyond all doubt. She had been so for some hours. Her beautiful face was livid and disfigured; her arms and breast were covered with large blue blotches. That there had been foul play no one could question. The small hands were stiff, and clutched the coverlid with convulsive agony; and in the repulsive corpse before them, not one of the astounded trio would have recognized the beautiful invalid of the previous evening.

"Murderers! poisoners! infamous hag, accursed sorcerer! you have killed her with your devilish acts; killed her, and you would have killed *me*, to rob us of our gold; but I will be revenged," said Don Estevan. And with the rage of a madman he grasped them both, but the united cries of the three unfortunates had aroused all the neighborhood, and people poured in from every quarter.

The consternation was indescribable. Folks questioned and questioned without waiting to be answered. There was wonder, and lamentations, and surmises. Some secured the raving husband, some appeared inclined to secure (but without daring to do so) the old necromancer, while others endeavored to console the pitiable grief of poor Dame Charlot, who was much more liked than feared, and consequently came in for a great deal of consideration.

"How *did* it happen? Who *is* she?"

NEW SERIES—Vol. IV., No. 1.

When did she come? Dear Charlot, tell us!" Such was the burden of the mob who filled every room and passage of the house, while the terrified housekeeper could only sit and wring her hands.

In the midst of all this hubbub and clamor a voice said: "Send for the Herr Doctor Früchen."

"Aye, send for Hans Früchen."

He was sent for, and he came.

In a moment he was surrounded by a clamorous crowd, through whom he walked to the death chamber.

"Is she dead, Herr Doctor?" "Poor dear; is she *quite* dead?" rose from a score of voices, and then followed a death-like silence.

"She is dead," were the words which broke this calm, uttered with much feeling. The crowd felt this reverence for the dead. It was contagious. Hats were removed, and no one offered to break the silence. Then Dr. Früchen spoke.

"She has died by some mineral poison. It will be my duty to send for the police."

A still more ominous silence followed. No one had thought of that, and many women drew back in consternation.

"You can go, all of you," continued the Doctor, "except you, Monsieur D'Estevan, and you, Wintzer, and you, Dame Charlot." And when he addressed the old woman, he accompanied his words with a look of suspicion which made the poor old woman tremble, she knew not why.

Notwithstanding the natural curiosity of the crowd to remain and see what further happened, the Doctor's words, though quietly spoken, were so authoritative that they speedily cleared out, some volunteering to go for the police.

But the news had already spread. All Antwerp was in an uproar; and while people were on their way to inform the watch, the mayor of the city himself arrived, accompanied by the head of the police and half a dozen of his functionaries.

The Doctor, who was the only calm person in the room, stated what he knew. He had gathered it partly from the distracted husband, partly from the bystanders.

Don Estevan had awakened early, and

being anxious to hear of the state of his wife, and finding no one stirring, had gone himself to her chamber, the situation of which he knew, because he himself had carried her up the night before. Then he had rushed out and collared the necromancer.

"This so far we know.

"The lady," Dr. Früchen continued, "had undoubtedly died from the effects of some mineral poison; from appearances, probably aquafortis."

Then the Mayor interposed to ask Wintzer if that poison was kept in the house.

"Yes, my Herr," stammered the unfortunate necromancer. "It is a well-known test of gold, and"—

"Did you use any last night?"

Again the poor old man admitted the fact.

"Well; where is the remainder of it?"

"Alas! alas! gentlemen, it is most strange; but I fell asleep while using it, and when I woke, the bottle was no longer to be found."

The Mayor and Doctor exchanged glances.

"Not to be found!" exclaimed the mayor. "Why not? Did any one, then, rob you?"

"Alas! I cannot comprehend it. No one has access to that room but Dame Charlot."

The Doctor and Mayor exchanged a second glance, and the latter spoke:

"Who administered the draught to this unfortunate lady?"

"Dame Charlot," said the necromancer.

"A—h!"

"Oh!" groaned Dame Charlot, "I took it in, gentlemen, to the dear lady, but she would not let me give it her until she had said her devotions, and I left it on the table by her bed."

The poor woman uttered these words in great distress, but Dr. Früchen put on a stern look.

"I remember now," he said, "that when I inquired for a fit nurse to wait upon this unhappy lady, you, Dame Charlot, were particularly anxious I should rely on you; but I now suspect the reason. Your master's love of gold is well known: the travellers had much money with them. Poison was at hand, and the Scheldt flows near. I alone knew

of their arrival, and I—even I also, might have been disposed of. The case to me is clear. You are this wretch's accomplice."

"Oh!" shrieked poor Charlot, "I declare, by my hopes of heaven, I am innocent; I am"—

"It is for others to decide," coldly replied the Doctor.

"Yes, yes," said the Mayor, who began to think it was time to assert his dignity; "the case is clear, or at least," he added, interrupting himself, "it is one of grave suspicion. You will both be removed to the town gaol."

And hither, in spite of their cries and protestations, the terrified old man and woman were forthwith conveyed.

The populace had by this time gathered in large numbers, and having (as mobs often do) changed their opinion, received the unfortunate prisoners with loud hootings and revilings; cries of "Down with the witch!" "Burn the accursed sorcerer!" rent the air.

In the midst of the tumult a great commotion was observed on the banks of the river. The unfortunate Don Estevan, bursting from those who had hold of him, and with his brain crazed, had darted through the crowd at a furious rate, and precipitated himself into the Scheldt.

It was much swollen by the storm of the past night, and the luckless husband sank at once beneath its turbid waters.

His body was never recovered.

About six weeks have elapsed, and it is a fine day early in September.

Groups of citizens are standing together in the market place, and around a large building which appears to possess for them some extraordinary attraction. The building is the town hall, and the day is the day of the trial of Leopold Wintzer and Charlot Lutven, for the murder of Maria Countess Estevan, by poison.

"It will go hard with the miscreants, I warrant me," says a stout burgher, in the centre of a group, by whom he seems reckoned a personage of vast importance; "and rightly enough too, I say, for we want no poisoning conjurors in this fair city, neighbors."

"You are in the right of it, Master Van Noorden," replies another wise-

acre; and the mob, easily swayed, murmur their assent.

"I would I had the burning of that old witch," shrilly exclaimed a stout, rosy-cheeked dame, with a pair of large earrings saucily displayed. "I would not let the roast lack basting, I know."

A sally of laughter greeted this petty display of woman's spite, and a loud hearty voice cried out:

"Ay, trust a woman to run a woman down if she be in trouble. They say wolves will eat a wounded comrade; but for my part, I think the spite of wild beasts is nothing to the spite of woman against woman."

The dame who had spoken turned angrily towards the last bold speaker, and he would mayhap have come off with a scratched face, but for a loud shout from that part of the crowd nearest the hall, which signified the trial was over.

"The sentence!—the sentence!—are they guilty?" cried a thousand voices.

"Yes, yes, guilty!"

"And the sentence?"

"The man to be burned alive; the woman to be confined for life!"

"Hurrah, hurrah!" And the air rang with a cheer from the whole of the vast multitude, which speedily turned to a storm of hisses and groans as the unfortunate condemned issued from the door of the judgment hall, strongly guarded.

The trial had been short, but the evidence supposed conclusive.

This is what had passed.

The respected Doctor Früchen had testified that he had been called in suddenly on the last day of July to attend a lady who had been taken ill, and was at the house of the male prisoner. He had inquired for a suitable nurse for her, and was exceedingly struck by the readiness with which the female prisoner volunteered to fill that situation. He had sent in two draughts, being simple anodynes, but quite harmless; after taking one of which the unfortunate lady was found dead. That she had taken the dose there was no doubt, as the almost empty bottle was found with but a few drops left in it, which, when tested by himself (Herr Früchen), were found to contain aquafortis. The second bottle, with its contents untouched, was also found to

contain some of the same poison. From this it was inferred that had the first not taken effect the murderers intended to administer a second dose. "Perhaps," added the Doctor, "as there could be little doubt that the first draught would prove fatal, the second might have been intended for Don Estevan."

It was distinctly proved that the sole inhabitants of the house, besides the luckless couple, were Leopold Wintzer and Charlot Lutven; and the quantity of gold contained in the valises of both the unfortunate lady and gentleman supplied ample motive for their murder, by a man so well known to be avaricious and miserly as Wintzer.

On the night of the murder the necromancer had, by his own admission, aquafortis in his possession. Further, he confessed that, contrary to his usual habit, he sat up all the night. In the morning the aquafortis was missing, and both the bottles destined for the unfortunate lady were proved to have contained it. Then the female prisoner admitted that twice during the night she went into the laboratory to her master (although she averred that the last time he was fast asleep), and as she also admits that her hand placed the first bottle on the deceased's table, it was inferred that the master consulted with the servant, prepared the poison, and then left it to the old woman to administer it for a consideration of part of the gold to be acquired. Thus she became an accomplice. This evidence was deemed conclusive, and the judges were unanimous in condemning the prisoners. Thus the old man was sentenced to be burned alive in the market place, and his ashes to be scattered to the four winds; and the old woman, in consideration of her sex and age, besides having been, it was supposed, to some extent made a tool of, was awarded the mitigated punishment of imprisonment for life.

Within a week the horrible sentence on the poor old man was carried out in all its awful details, he to the last protesting his innocence. Indeed, from the time of the murder until he was actually tied to the stake, he spoke and acted like one under the influence of a dream. But the populace were under another impression. They fully believed him

guilty, and when he was brought out to death behaved in a savage manner that moved the aged victim to tears. He died confessing that he had been guilty of many wicked and impious impostures, but solemnly called Heaven to witness that he was guiltless of the foul crime of murder.

Dame Charlot, as soon as she heard that her poor old master was actually dead, fell into a swoon which lasted eight- and - twenty hours, and upon her recovery from it, it was found that the poor creature's mind had given away. Her sentence was then partially revoked, and as the old necromancer had left no will, and his money was confiscated to the State, the town council allowed the poor old woman (who was harmless) to occupy her late master's house, under the care of a middle-aged female as her attendant. To this house then, about three months from the beginning of our story, the two women repaired.

On the very first night of their occupation of the old dwelling, the dame and her attendant sat in the kitchen, where three months back the worthy housekeeper had so consequentially tended the basting of the fowl which was to be Donna Estevan's last meal on earth. Perhaps even across her weakened intellect there dawned some faint recollection of this, for she sat sorrowfully in her chair, looking vacantly at the wood fire and watching the smoke curl slowly up the broad, old-fashioned chimney. Her friendly attendant was busy preparing cups and saucers for their early tea, and stole now and then a glance at the poor soulless sufferer. At last Dame Charlot broke the silence.

"Gretchen, was I ever here before?"

Willing to soothe her, Gretchen replied, readily—

"No, no, dame; why should you think that? This is the house given you by the good council, you know."

"Council, council!" repeated Charlot, vacantly.

"Ay, dame; but come, draw up and drink this hot cup of coffee, it will cheer you finely, I warrant me." And worthy Gretchen commenced cutting bread and butter. They had nearly finished their meal when a sudden noise caused both to look up, and Gretchen screamed aloud. Not so the elder woman; *she* looked

on as if body and soul were about to part—with all her faculties (such as they were) fixed on an object in an obscure corner of the old kitchen.

It was a large black ape intently engaged in pouring the contents of one phial into another! During this occupation he grinned and gibbered with a devilish satisfaction, quite appalling.

A flood of light burst on the clouded brain of the unfortunate Dame Charlot. She sprang from her seat as if electrified.

"Bertram! Oh, the monkey!—the monkey! My poor murdered master. There! The monkey—the murderer!" And pouring out, incoherently, sentence after sentence, fell senseless on the floor.

The true murderer was found.

In the hurry and tumult on the night of Donna Estevan's death, nobody had thought of the ape, who had for the three months since that tragical event held entire possession of the premises, living how and where and as he could.

It is well known that monkeys will most faithfully and accurately copy the transactions of human beings.

On the night of the supposed murder, the black ape had been watching old Wintzer in the laboratory until sleep overcame the latter.

It will be remembered that the phial of aquafortis had been unfortunately left by the necromancer on the table.

The ape, eager to imitate the motions of his master, had seized the phial. But there was no other phial at hand into which to empty it, for the remainder were locked up.

Suddenly a thought flashed on the monkey-mind. There were phials outside the door on the bracket, and he would use those. Again, it will be remembered that as the charlatan had left open the door on account of the heat, this was easy, and the ape accomplished his design.

Hence his bustling in and out of the laboratory, as we have before described.

This performed, the ape Bertram, with the sagacity which distinguishes his tribe when they have been perpetrating mischief, left the bottles he had tampered with in the place where he had found them, and secreted the unlucky phial which had been the cause of all the misfortune.

Dame Charlot at midnight found the

bottles apparently precisely as she had placed them, and unconsciously was the agent of destruction to the poor Spanish lady. That was the first act of this tragedy.

But, unfortunately, the second act of the tragedy, in which poor old Wintzer had played the chief part, could not be recalled. The curtain had fallen on it for ever.

Happily the third act was never performed.

Gretchen speedily gave the alarm, and the house was soon full of sympathizing townspeople. The ape was secured, and it was found that one of the two phials which he held when the women first observed him was the identical one which had held the aquafortis.

For the second time Antwerp was in an uproar, and the upshot may be readily guessed. Our old friend, Dame Charlot, recovered her reason (which the shock had brought back—such cases are not rare), and she lived to see a hundred years. The repentant townspeople would have erected a statue to the memory of the poor necromancer who was the victim of a monkey's freak, but they changed their minds and did still better. They raised a competence for the now happy Charlot. As her master had left no heirs, the State made over his wealth to the old lady in part compensation for her many trials, and she resided till her death in the old house.

The tide of ill-luck turned. The house became fortunate. "Madame Charlot," as she was then called, sent to Venice for her great nephew, a famous jeweller, to come and set up his trade in Antwerp. Probably, with the old lady's guilders and florins in view, he did so; lived with her nearly twenty years, till she died in her hundredth year, when it was found she had left all to him. The goldsmith amassed an enormous fortune, became ultimately ennobled and a member of the State Council, and his heirs in Antwerp have, to this day, for their arms—a monkey grasping an empty phial, with the motto, "Out of mischief rose fortune."

Thus was a monkey the cause of the death of three innocent people, and the founder of a whole family's prosperity.

Truly out of evil often comes good.

ASTLEY H. BALDWIN.

The Art Journal.

MEMORIES OF THE AUTHORS OF THE AGE.

BY S. C. HALL, F.R.S., AND MRS. S. C. HALL.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

In the year 1830, I had the honor to be associated with the poet, Thomas Campbell, in the editorship of the *New Monthly Magazine*, in the entire conduct of which I was subsequently his successor. Although in the prime of life, or very little past it, a heavy sorrow was over him. He had not long previously in (1828) lost his wife, and his son (his then only child) was confined in a "private asylum." Unhappily he sought relief where it is the friend of but a brief and treacherous moment, and a habit was contracted which I have reason to believe never left him. Fortunately for mankind, his grand "Odes" and "Lyrics" had been given to the world previously; for afterwards his works were, by comparison, nothings!

Campbell was rather under than above the middle size; his voice was low almost to weakness, and inharmonious; the expression of his countenance indicated the sensitiveness of his mind; his lips were thin; his nose finely and delicately chiselled; his eyes large and of a deep blue; and his manners, though without frankness and lacking dignity, were bland and insinuating. One of his fair friends described the poet as "a little rosy man in a bob wig." "His wig was always nicely adjusted and scarcely distinguishable from natural hair." He was accustomed to blacken his whiskers with burnt cork, or some kind of powder, to make them correspond with his wig. He was cheerful in general society, agreeable and communicative in the social circle, and his conversation abounded in pointed humor; it was, however, sometimes so irreverent as to make the listener ask if he were really the author of the *Pleasures of Hope*, and his anecdotes were not always kept "within the limits of becoming mirth." He seemed, and was, averse to exertion, mental and corporal; and was deficient in that energy which is *character*. He labored much at what he wrote, poetry or prose, and I have known him pro-

duce but a single page of prose, as the result of a day. I remember once expressing my surprise at this; and his telling me he always considered a verse as the ample fruitage of a week; for although the rough hewing of a block might be the work of an hour, the fashioning and polishing were born of the toil that brought reward; while the *fore* thought as compared with the *after* thought, was as the mile to the inch.

I was not long his sub-editor, and my appointment to that office was, I believe, against his will; for certainly he had no desire to lose the associateship of his old and valuable ally, Cyrus Redding. Although I had not only nothing to complain of in his treatment of me, but the opposite, there may have been that lack of cordiality which prevented me from cherishing towards him the fervid homage I have felt for so many great men. At least, after this long lapse of time, I cannot say otherwise than that my intimacy with the poet was a dream dispelled. I soon found that the less trouble I gave him in reference to the Magazine the better I should please him; no doubt my predecessor had acted on that principle; but very soon after my accession Campbell was tempted into a speculation that caused him much anxiety and eventual loss. He resigned the editorship of the *New Monthly*, and became one of the proprietors, as well as the nominal editor, of the *Metropolitan*, and expended fruitlessly two or three years of wearisome labor. That publication was, in due course, abandoned, and Campbell afterwards led a listless, if not a positively idle, life till his death.

Dr. Beattie thinks his resignation of the *New Monthly* was the result of a "vexatious incident." There crept into the Magazine "a vile and shocking paper," which attacked the memory of his dear friend, Dr. Glennie, of Dulwich; it referred to Lord Byron's foot, and was written by a quack. That it grievously annoyed Mr. Campbell, I know. I was anxious not to be held responsible for the act; and in one of the few letters I have preserved of his, he fully acquits me of all blame. It is, however, clear from some of his letters in 1829, that he was then longing to be "away from the thralldom" to which he was subjected.

His partners in the *Metropolitan* were Captain Chamier and the publisher Cochran: he was induced to become "a proprietor," in consequence of finding himself "enormously" in Mr. Colburn's debt. Rogers lent him the money to embark in that undertaking — a disastrous one; although the poet "got out of it" with comparatively little loss, Captain Chamier behaving with nice honor and generous consideration. Subsequently the journal became the property of Captain Marryat, and had but a short and unprosperous life.

Campbell had commenced his duties as editor of the *New Monthly* on the 1st of January, 1821. It was with many misgivings the poet undertook the task, for which he was singularly disqualified; "he was accustomed to make mountains of mole hills;" he had no organ of order; contributions were rarely acknowledged, and not often read; of the capabilities of contemporary writers he was entirely ignorant. He could seldom make up his mind either to accept or reject an article, and fancied that he must be held responsible not only for the sentiments, but for the language of every contributor; especially he was disqualified for his task by extreme sensitiveness. He could not bear reproach or blame; complaint more than exasperated; he took as a personal insult any protest against his editorial fiat. They were "pestilent fellows" who hurried him for the return of the manuscripts he did not know where to find.*

Indecision was the prevailing vice of his character. Scott pictured him, in 1817, as "afraid of the shadow his own fame cast before him; and Talfourd, summing up his faults as an editor, described him as stopping the press for a week to determine the value of a comma, and balancing contending epithets for a fortnight." His magazine he himself called an "Olla Podrida that sickens and enslaves me."†

* Whatever article came to him, he would put by, as intended for future inspection, and think of it no more. . . . I often found a letter or an article placed over his books on the shelves unopened — sometimes slipped down behind them."—Cyrus Redding.

† Dr. Beattie in his own gracious and generous manner puts the point thus: "His flow of thought was not rapid, and the extreme fastidiousness of his taste was a constant embarrass-

His £600 per annum was therefore earned not only by double the amount of needful labor, but by a sacrifice of peace of mind. In a word, a worse editor could not have been selected; yet the enterprise of the publisher Colburn, and his liberal scale of remuneration, attracted many important and valuable aids, and the Magazine though published at three shillings and sixpence monthly was a great success.

Fortunately, however, Campbell had associated with him as sub-editor a practical and pains-taking gentleman, Mr. Cyrus Redding—always considerate and courteous—who kept contributors in good humor, and did the “business” part of the Magazine thoroughly well. It was this gentleman I was called upon to succeed (I do not know, and I believe I never knew, the grounds of the change). In the year 1830 Campbell was then either weary of, or indifferent to, his editorial duties; at least, he left to me the whole business of selecting articles. My own experience certainly bears out the picture drawn by Talfourd of Campbell as an editor. “It was,” writes that genial and indulgent critic, “an office for which he was the most unfit person who could be found in the wide world of letters, who regarded a magazine as if it were a long affidavit, or a short answer in chancery, in which the absolute truth of every sentiment, and the propriety of every test, were verified by the editor’s oath or solemn affirmation; who stopped the press for a week at a comma; balanced contending epithets for a fortnight, and at last grew rash in despair, and tossed the nearest, and often the worst, article ‘unwhipped of justice’ to the printer.”

Consequently, Campbell lost rather than gained in reputation as the presiding power over an important public organ; and, acting “like the poor cat i’ the adage,” gave no character to the work.

His life has been written by one of the best and kindest of men—good Dr. William Beattie, his friend and physician; who was guided by strong affec-

tion and profound reverence; who had watched him in sickness, solitude and depression; and who, if he has judged him more in mercy than in justice, will be esteemed and loved for the mind and heart he has given to his labor of love.*

Thomas Campbell, the eighth son and eleventh child of his parents, was born in the High-street of Glasgow, on the 27th of July, 1777. His father was a Scottish gentleman, though a “decayed merchant,” and was of the proud blood of Argyll.† He began to write verse early; and when a mere youth gave the promise of after greatness. At sixteen years old, he produced poems so good that it need have startled no one, when at the age of twenty-one years and eleven months he produced *The Pleasures of Hope*.

That famous poem, one of the classics of our language, was written at intervals (his vocation being then to teach pupils) during the year 1797-98, and was published at Edinburgh in 1799. It took at once the place it has kept and will keep as long as our language endures. It was composed in a “dusky lodging,” in Rose-street, Edinburgh. The copyright he sold to an Edinburgh publisher. Campbell tells us it “was sold out and out for sixty pounds in money and books;” he adds that “for two or three years the publisher gave him fifty pounds on every new edition.”

Professor Pillans, in the course of an address, at the Festival to inaugurate the statue of James Hogg, beside “lone St. Mary’s silent lake,” related this interesting anecdote of Campbell:

“I knew him—he was a student of Glasgow, I of Edinburgh, and we met about the year 1797, some considerable time before the publication of his immortal poem, *The Pleasures of Hope*. He was of so poetical a temperament that it happened at the time I made his ac-

* Campbell, on appointing by his will Dr. Beattie one of his literary executors, terms him his “staunch and inestimable friend,” and on a long prior occasion thus greets him:

“Friend of my life, which did not you prolong,
The world had wanted many an idle song.”

† He was naturally proud of being a clansman of the Clan-Campbells: Lady Charlotte Campbell (sister of the Duke-chief) wrote:

“Bard of my country, clansman of my race,
How proudly do I call thee one of mine.”

ment to his progress. In writing, he was often like an artist setting figures in mosaic—cautiously marking the weight, shape, and effect of each particular piece before dropping it into its place.”

quaintance, and he had been at my father's house, he was in the lowest state of depression and dejection of spirits—so much so, that my father taunted me with bringing to his house a man of whom he would not be surprised to hear that he had put an end to his life before morning. That was a part of his poetical temperament. He was, as Dryden describes fortune, always in extremes, and hence it was that the next time I saw him he was in the highest spirits, because by that time the book which he held in contempt, as you may guess from his having suffered such dejection, was received with such universal encomiums and applause, that it raised him to the third heaven of exaltation. And it was not long after that I met him in London, when the book had gone through several editions, and the last of them contained a passage which had not appeared in the first edition of the poems—a passage which was to me so delightful, and so striking, that I complimented him on it, and he said: 'I am glad to receive that compliment, for that passage has cost me more labor and more thought than any equal number of lines in the whole poem.'

The passage referred to commences—

"Oh lives there, Heaven, beneath thy dread
expansion,
One hopeless, dark idolater of chance!"*

At a late period of life, he published

* Several instances are recorded of Campbell's readily acknowledging the source whence some of his thoughts were obtained. A writer in *Fraser's Magazine* (I believe Peter Cunningham) relates this anecdote:

"I remember remarking to Campbell that there was a couplet in his *Pleasures of Hope* which I felt an indescribable pleasure in repeating aloud, and in filling my ears with the music which it made:

'And waft across the waves' tumultuous roar,
The wolf's long howl from Oonalaska's shore.'

'Yes,' he said, 'I'll tell you where I got it. I found it in a poem called *The Sentimental Sailor*, published about the time of Sterne's *Sentimental Journey*.'

The poem called *The Sentimental Sailor* is noticed, and extracts from it are given, in the *Scots Magazine* for March, 1773. The style and versification are not unlike those of Campbell's *Pleasures*:

"The distant Alps in horrid grandeur piled,
The screaming eagle's shriek that echoes wild,
The wolf's long howl in dismal discord joined—
These suit the tone of my desponding mind."

an illustrated edition of his poems; they had become his property, I presume, in consequence of the term of twenty-eight years from their original publication having expired; consequently the copyright reverted to him. The edition was illustrated by engravings, from drawings by Turner; for these drawings he paid £25 each—£350 for the whole. When Campbell sought to sell them, he did so in vain, offering them for £300, but finding no purchaser; until Turner himself bought them back for £200—"bits of painted pasteboard," Campbell called them, and an adviser when he "showed him Turner's money" told him "they had been re-purchased at twice their intrinsic value." They would now probably bring £5000 if offered for sale.*

In 1800, he visited Germany; his fame had gone before him, making his journey a triumph. He saw from the rampart of the Scotch convent at Ratisbon the horrors of war as exhibited at the storming of Ingolstadt—saw the dying and the dead, and heard the veritable cannon roar. Out of this visit grew some of the noblest of his poems, among them "Hohenlinden."

Campbell had his early struggles. After settling in London, in 1803, he obtained a situation on the *Star* newspaper, and gained a precarious livelihood as a writer for the press, writing anonymously on any subject, "even agriculture," for daily bread. But he says, "the wolf was at the door." Among his other troubles he had to pay £40 a year usurious interest on a sum of £200 borrowed to furnish his dwelling.

The dwelling was at Sydenham, then a retired village, not easily reached from London. The house, in which he resided seventeen years, is now standing. It had a good garden, but little else to recommend it; yet here the poet received his brother wits; and much concerning "evenings" there, may be found in the *Memoirs of Moore, Hook, Hunt, the brothers Smith, and others*.

Here undoubtedly the happiest of his

* Mr. Carruthers informs me that Campbell used to relate this story: "Turner, I was told that your drawings were as good as bank notes; but as I cannot dispose of them, I mean to have a raffle to get them off my hands. That touched the pride of the painter, who bought them back, but at a low price compared with his charge to me."

days were spent; in genial and congenial society; not alone of men and women who had his own tastes; but of others, who, fully appreciating his genius, gave him not only honor but affection.

"The narrow lane, lined with hedges, and passing through a little dell watered by a rivulet," "the extensive prospect of undulating hills, park-like inclosures," the "shady walks," where the poet was "safe from all intrusion but that of the Muses," as he himself describes them—

"—spring green lanes,
With all the dazzling field flowers in their
prime
And gardens haunted by the nightingale's
Long trills, and gushing ecstasies of song."

All these are gone. Sydenham is now thoroughly spoiled as a suburban retreat, where the recluse of letters might "retire, his thoughts call home." "An endless pile of brick" is the sole view now obtained from the dwelling-place of the bard, if we except the most wonderful creation of our time—the Crystal Palace.

Just when fate seemed most unpropitious, when his restless mind was seeking repose in laudanum, and health was sinking fast, when his days were "oppressed and feverish" and his nights "sleepless," he was rescued from evils worse than death by a Government pension of £200 a year. It was, as his good physician says, and as he himself thought, "a defence between him and premature dissolution." Who shall say from what utter misery the poet was thus preserved? For how many of his glorious works are we indebted to that wise and just, yet generous aid? He never knew to whose influence he owed the merciful boon—he knows it now! A "certainty" was thus secured to him; afterwards he inherited more than one legacy; one, amounting to nearly £5000, was bequeathed to the author of *The Pleasures of Hope*; the old man who left it saying that "little Tommy the poet ought to have a legacy because he had been so kind as to give his mother £60 yearly out of his pension." How oft is the pot of honey as well as the poisoned chalice returned to our lips! It made him, as he said, "feel as blithe as if the devil were dead." Happier would it have been for himself

and for mankind, if his gratitude had been felt and expressed to the Giver of all good.

Yet he was never rich; indeed, he was generally poor; had seldom any means for luxuries, seeming to have been "in straits" all his life. A very short time before his death, he writes from Boulogne to Dr. Beattie thus: "If I had money to spare, I should remove to a warmer spot—but I am in a cleft stick, for I have neither money to meet the expense, nor courage to face the toil and trouble, of removal."

In 1803 he "fell in love with and married his cousin, Matilda Sinclair." Redding tells us she had no literary tastes; but she had travelled, and had "learned to make the best cup of Mocha in the world." To the poet, however, she was "beautiful, lively, and lady-like;" they wedded with very little "gear," but were certainly happy in each other. I knew her long before my more intimate acquaintance with Campbell, when they were living in Upper Seymour-place, West, in 1823, and I have more than once partaken of that famous "Mocha." She was an exceedingly pleasant, "chatty" lady, of agreeable and conciliating manners, and certainly one whom a poet with a very hopeful fancy might have dearly loved. Mrs. Grant described her as "frugal, simple, and sweet-tempered." She died in 1828. They had but one son, Thomas Telford,† who was, at the time of which I write, "under restraint;" his name, consequently, is seldom heard of in association with that of his illustrious father; they did not often meet; but it is certain that he was always "left in good hands." "My poor boy" was neither neglected nor forgotten. He still lives in comfortable retirement; and although, it is said, of eccentric habits, is not more heavily afflicted by the blight that had fallen on the youth of his life.

When Campbell undertook the editor-

* Campbell's course was that of most men of letters. "I was by no means without literary employments; but the rock on which I split was over-calculating the gains I could make from them."

† Two sons were born to him; the youngest, Alison, a child of great promise, died at Sydenham. Thomas Telford, the elder, was godson to the great civil engineer of that name, who bequeathed a thousand pounds to the poet.

ship of the *New Monthly*, he left Sydenham, to which he often reverted as

"The greenest spot in Memory's waste," and took up his permanent abode in London.

In 1829 he formed the "Literary Union Club,"* the first meeting being held at his house, 10 Seymour-street, Connaught-square, on the 4th July of that year; the second meeting taking place at the house of the artist Pickersgill, in Soho-square. I was, if I remember rightly, the seventh member elected. It was formed (to consist of four hundred members) "for the purpose of promoting frequent intercourse among the Professors of Art, Science, and Literature," on a principle of economy. Somehow or other there soon arose sundry bickerings: there was about as much household harmony as there might have been among four hundred spiders agreeing to spin a single web. Some idea of this may be formed from the following minute, entered on its books on the 15th of March, 1830:

"It having been reported to the Committee that a member of the club had proposed, in the book of candidates for election, the name of one Gortz (described as an esquire), tailor and breeches maker, in the Quadrant, as an individual duly fit and qualified to become a member of this society—adding thereto, that this same proposed person 'would have much pleasure in taking measure of all the members,'—the committee regret," etc., etc. The first elections passed tranquilly enough; but when the ballot came, out of ten candidates nine were blackballed—the tenth being in no way connected with art, science, or literature. One of its minutes condemns the practice of taking away newspapers from the reading room; one orders the return of sixpence to Mr. Hobhouse, being an overcharge in his bill; and another of a like sum, being an overcharge to a gallant captain for gin and water. There was a smattering of magnates in art, science, and letters; but the structure was composed mainly of small fry. Gradually the best withdrew, and after

an existence, I think, of about three years, it fell to pieces.

Campbell's efforts to promote the cause of unhappy Poland were not so inauspicious: at least, if we may judge from the fact that the "Literary Association of the Friends of Poland," of which he was the founder and the first president (in 1831), still exists, and still occupies the apartments it originally held—No. 10 Duke-street, St. James's. Campbell lived for some time in one of the attics of that house; it is a poor and small room, with a view of house-tops; the last place in the world, one would think, a poet could have chosen for a dwelling. But it would seem as if Campbell preferred to abide where nature was quite shut out—it was so in Scotland Yard, in Victoria-square, Pimlico, and in other places where he dwelt—to think, see, feel, and write.

The miserable attic in Duke-street is, however—though consisting now of bare and dilapidated walls, reached by a narrow and somewhat dangerous stairway—a place to which those who love the bard and honor the memory of one who has done so much for mankind, may well make pilgrimage. Over the fireplace in that poor chamber is a small marble slab, which contains the following inscription:

In this attic,

THOMAS CAMPBELL,

Hope's Bard and Mourning Freedom's Hope,
lived and thought,

A.D. MDCCCXXXII.,

While at the head of the Literary Association
of the Friends of Poland.

Divine virtutis pletati amicitia.

1847.

A. B. COL.

It was placed there by a German named Adolphus Bach, who was his successor in the lodging, and who had jointly with him founded the Polish Association.

Neither must it be forgotten that he was chiefly instrumental in founding and establishing the London University.

As one of the foremost men of the age and country, Campbell was honored during his time, and will receive the homage of the generations for which he wrought. Thrice he was Lord Rector of the University of Glasgow—the place of his birth: he was elected, it was

* Originally it was intended to be named "The Campbell Club," and to be associated with a club under that name some time previously established at Glasgow.

said, "by a show of hearts;" it was "a sunburst of popular favor," and he valued it highly, as he had the right to do. For once, at least, a prophet received honor in his own country.

To Campbell's personal appearance I have made some reference—his large eyes, quivering lips, and delicate nostrils—and also to his character, in so far as I was able to estimate it: both, however, have been treated by several of his contemporaries. The portrait by Lawrence, painted when the poet was in his prime, was his favorite. It ever gave him great delight. "When I look at it," he said, "I seem to be viewing myself in the looking-glass of heaven." Lockhart thus describes him: "Thomas Campbell has a poor skull upwards compared with what one might have looked for in him; but the lower part of the forehead is exquisite, and the features are extremely good, though tiny." He is thus pictured by Leigh Hunt: "His face and person were rather on a small scale, his features regular, his eye lively and penetrating; and when he spoke, dimples played about his mouth, which, nevertheless, had something restrained and close in it." Leigh Hunt also speaks of his "high and somewhat strained voice, like a man speaking with suspended breath, and in the habit of subduing his feelings."

The following is from the pen of Mr. Carruthers, of Inverness, the accomplished editor of "Pope," etc.:

"He was generally careful as to dress, and had none of Dr. Johnson's indifference to fine linen. His wigs were always nicely adjusted, and scarcely distinguishable from natural hair. His appearance was interesting and handsome. Though rather below the middle height, he did not seem little, and his large dark eye and countenance bespoke great sensibility and acuteness. His thin quivering lip and delicate nostril were highly expressive."

Redding says that Byron's description of Campbell, in 1813, is correct, regarding the poet down as late as 1835 or 1836: "Campbell looks well—seems pleased, and dresses sprucely. A blue coat becomes him; so does his new wig. He really looks as if Apollo had sent him a birthday suit or a wedding garment, and was witty and lively." Leigh

Hunt describes him as "a merry companion overflowing with humor and anecdote;" and so, indeed, he was reported by many of his familiar friends; but it is certain that his "merry" moods were only common after dinner, and, as one poetical associate said, "very unlike a Puritan he talked." Montgomery, who heard him lecture at the Royal Institution in 1812, thus speaks of him: "He read from a paper before him, but in such an energetic manner, and with such visible effect, as I should hardly have supposed possible. His statements were clear, his style elegant, and his reasoning conclusive." Haydon describes him as "bilious and shivering," and Redding records that "his natural character was the reverse of equality—the being of impulse in all." He grew bald when a mere youth, and a wig was adopted at the early age of twenty-five.

Leigh Hunt relates that "Hook in one of his 'recitatives' alluded to a 'piece of village scandal,' of which Campbell was the subject. Campbell took it in good part, but having that evening drank a little more wine than usual, he suddenly took off his wig, and darted it at Hook, exclaiming, 'You dog, I'll throw my laurels at you.'"

As an instance of his absence of mind, it is stated that posting off to Brighton to visit Horace Smith, and to spend a few days with the family he dearly loved, he suddenly discovered he had left all his money on his table at his lodgings, and posted back to town to get it.

When he spoke, as Leigh Hunt has remarked, "dimples played about his mouth, which nevertheless had something restrained and close in it, as if some gentle Puritan had crossed the breed and left a stamp on his face—such as we see in the female Scotch face rather than the male."

Dr. Beattie touches very lightly on "his infirmity"—"a habit which he condemned in others, but could not conquer in himself." It is understood, indeed, that he had to struggle against that unhappy tendency from the time he was twenty years old. A very little was for him too much; "hence," it is said, "what would have been only moderation in other men was little else than excess in him."

At the memorable dinner of the Lit-

erary Fund, at which the good Prince Albert presided (on the 11th May, 1842) the two poets, Campbell and Moore, had to make speeches. The author of *The Pleasures of Hope*, heedless of the duty that devolved upon him, had "confused his brain." Moore came in the evening of that day to our house; and I well remember the terms of true sorrow in which he spoke of the lamentable impression that one of the great authors of the age must have left on the mind of the royal chairman, then new among us.

In 1842, when he was barely sixty-four, time was not dealing gently with him. He conversed less freely; his spirits came in jerks, so to speak; and in company he was often silent and thoughtful; he walked feebly; while "his countenance was strongly marked with an expression of languor and anxiety." His memory grew treacherous, and he had the characteristics of premature old age.

To the wonder of his friends, for the event was unaccountable (and it was certainly in opposition to the advice of his friend and physician), he went to reside at Boulogne, removing his books from his then residence in Victoria-square, Pimlico. Infirmities increased upon him; he avoided all intercourse with fellow men, and sought a comfortless and diseased solitude, having none of that consolation which religion gives at all times, but especially when the mind's eye sees the open grave. He was, in short, to borrow a line of his own—

"A lonely hermit in the vale of years."

In June, 1844, his ever dear and constant friend, Dr. Beattie, was at his bedside; but the hand of death was on him. The good doctor writes: "The most that can be done is to palliate one or two urgent symptoms—to treat with the inexorable besieger, and obtain a surrender on as easy terms as we may."

On the 15th of that month, his mortal put on immortality. He had been attended by a clergyman, and had joined in prayer. "We shall see—to-morrow!" naming a long-departed friend, he said, and left earth.

Dr. Beattie, who stood beside him adds: "The last sound he uttered was a short faint shriek, such as a person utters at the sudden appearance of a friend—expressive of pleasure and surprise. This

may seem fanciful," he adds, "but I know of nothing else that it might be said to resemble."

The picture he presented in death—the features in cold placid relief—"was that of a wearied pilgrim resting from his labors; a deep, untroubled repose." The good doctor writes thus: "Seldom has death assumed an aspect so attractive, and often as it has been my lot to contemplate, under various circumstances, the features of the dead, I have rarely, if ever, beheld anything like the air of sublimity that now invests the face of the deceased."

And thus he describes the dwelling of the poet after the spirit had left it: "There lay the breathless form of him who had impressed all sensitive hearts with the magic influence of his genius, the hallowed glow of his poetry, the steady warmth of his patriotism, the unwearied labors of his philanthropy; the man whom I had seen under many varieties of circumstances; in public the observed of all observers; in private the delight of his circle; the pride of his country, the friend of humanity: now followed with acclamations, now visited with sorrows; struggling with difficulties or soured with disappointments; then striving to seek repose in exile, and here finding it in death."

An interesting incident is recorded by the same liberal hand. The old nurse was a French soldier's widow. She twined a chaplet of laurel, with which, as a mark of homage, she asked leave to encircle the Poet's brow. The day was the 18th of June, the anniversary of Waterloo. With that chaplet on his head, he was laid in his coffin. Its leaves are now with his honored dust in Westminster Abbey. For in Westminster Abbey, on the 15th July, he was buried. His pall was borne by the Duke of Argyll, the Earl of Aberdeen, Lord Brougham, Lord Leigh, Lord Dudley Stuart, Lord Campbell, Lord Morpeth, Viscount Strangford, and Sir Robert Peel; and the grave that received his remains was surrounded by a throng of poets and men of letters—his contemporaries.

Well do I remember that day, and that august assemblage—in the Jerusalem chamber famous for centuries—memories inscribed on every dark oak panel of that solemn room, for the mind's eye to read!

There they waited the coming of the dead!—illustrious mourners many of them, whose own resting-places were foreshadowed there, under the fretted roof of England's proudest mausoleum of her heroes of pen and sword. It was a dark and gloomy day—

"The sun's eye had a sickly glare."

There was solemn and impressive silence, every footfall had a sound, as we followed the poet Milman, who read the touching burial service for the dead. And in Poet's Corner they placed Thomas Campbell. A lengthened pause preceded the words, "Ashes to ashes, dust to dust;" there advanced from the throng a Polish officer, one of the many of his unhappy nation there assembled. He dropped upon the coffin-lid some earth gathered for the purpose from the grave of Kosciusko. The effect was startling; but it became a thrill—the hearts of all there present beating audibly—when immediately afterwards, as the venerable Dean uttered the words, "I heard a voice from heaven," a thunderclap shook the old abbey—aisles, pillars, and roof. He paused; the pause continued full a minute, and as the awful sound subsided, the assembly heard the sentence finished—"they rest from their labors!" *

Saturday Review.

THE TOILERS OF THE SEA.†

"RELIGION, Society, Nature — such are the three struggles which man has to carry on. . . . The mysterious difficulty of life springs from all the three. Man meets with hindrance in his life in

* This startling incident is thus referred to in a poem of surpassing beauty, "The Interment of Thomas Campbell," written by Theodore Martin:

"Louder yet and yet more loudly let the organ's thunders rise,
Hark, a louder thunder answers, deepening inwards to the skies—
Heaven's majestic diapason, pealing as from east to west,
Never grander music anthem'd Poet to his home of rest."

The gloom of that memorable day also is thus alluded to:

"There is sadness in the heavens, and a veil against the sun;
Who shall mourn so well as Nature when a Poet's course is run?"

† *Les Travailleurs de la Mer*. Par VICTOR HUGO.

the shape of superstition, in the shape of prejudice, and in the shape of element. A triple fatality (*Ananké*) oppresses us, the fatality of dogmas, of laws, of things. . . . With these three which thus enfold man there mingles that inner fatality, the supreme *Ananké*, the human heart."

As in *Notre Dame de Paris* we saw the working of the first of these contests, and in *Les Misérables* the resistless pressure of the second, in *Les Travailleurs de la Mer* we are asked to watch man contending with external nature, and then crushed by the supreme fatality of all, the irresistible *Ananké* in the heart of man. The story which illustrates this tremendous strife has that simplicity and that perfect finish which only the powerful hand of a master can compass. A fisherman encounters all the fury and caprice and treachery of outer nature in order to win a woman whom, on his return, he finds to have, unconsciously but irrecoverably, lost her heart to another. But this plainest of stories is worked into genuine tragedy by an exercise of poetic power which, in some portions at least of its display, has very rarely been surpassed in literature. We may notice here, in passing, that the English translation is a singularly indifferent performance, which gives the reader very little notion of the force of the original. The translator is constantly making downright blunders, and, when he does not blunder is exceedingly weak. It seems the fate of illustrious Frenchmen, Emperors and Republicans alike, to meet incompetent translators in this country. It may be admitted that in the present instance the difficulties in the way of a good translation are sufficiently numerous. The book is not wholly free from what the world has agreed to consider the characteristic defects of its writer. His fondness for the display of minute knowledge of names and dates and events inflicts on the reader tedious catalogues, which are not valuable in themselves, and which interfere with the artistic effect besides. Accuracy of local coloring, too, scarcely

Paris: Librairie Internationale; Lacroix, Verboeckoven & Co. 1866.

Toilers of the Sea. Authorized English Translation. By W. MOY THOMAS, 3 vols. London: Sampson Low, Son & Marston. New-York: Harper & Brothers.

demands those long-lists of rocks and creeks in the Channel Islands which are forgotten as soon as read. And an English reader wonders how the author came to write, as he does repeatedly, *le Bug-Pipe*, when he means the Bag-pipes; or, still more amazing and impossible, *le premier de la quatrième* as French for the *Firth of Forth* — which is almost as incredible as the old story of *poitrine de caleçons* for “chest of drawers.” Those, again, who cannot forgive Victor Hugo for his *staccato* style of writing, which makes each sentence come on us like a pellet shot from a gun, will find at least as much cause of offence as ever. But if there are these and other old flaws and imperfections, there is also a power, a depth, a sublimity which the author has scarcely reached before, either in his prose or his verse.

The subject is the most suitable for his own genius that he has ever chosen. When he illustrated the bitter destiny which overwhelms the social outcast, he wrote with the air of the philosopher who views life through the understanding, but he was in truth writing in the spirit of the poet who sees things through his emotions. This made *Les Misérables* a splendid and affecting picture, and gave it that air of presenting life and reality as a whole which was its most conspicuous mark. But it was felt that the sensibilities of the poet had been engaged all on one side, and that they were so strong as to sweep away all considerations of the function which society exists to discharge, and of the kind and quantity of instruments which are the only ones to her hand. Moreover, whenever anybody speaks of the irresistible weight of social laws, we feel that they are only irresistible in a sense; and, still more important, we feel that they are capable of such an amelioration by slow steps as shall leave none but bad men burdened by their prescriptions. But the Fatality of Nature is different from the so-called Fatality of Society. The forces of the merciless ocean and the winds, the inhospitable solitudes of the sea-rocks, the fierce cruelty of the sea-monsters, are what they are. By no taking thought can man mollify the tempest or mitigate the fury of the storm. He adds to the number of his devices for escaping from the ferocity

of nature, but the winds rage and the waters are tossed, and the monsters seek their victims just the same. The terrors of the waves may well be called inexorable, and in them, therefore, the poet finds a more appropriate theme than was afforded by the evils of society, which for their cure or right understanding demand, not the poetic, but the scientific mind. We may discern the greater fitness of the present subject for Victor Hugo's genius in the more perfect truthfulness of the man who contends with the Fatality of Nature. Jean Valjean, who had to contend with the Fatality of Laws, was thoroughly artificial. His virtue and perseverance and patience were in a manner overdone. His character was created for a purpose, and the presence of this purpose could not be concealed. The good bishop was just as artificial. Gilliatt, on the contrary, is very carefully and elaborately drawn, but all his traits are simple and natural. He is surrounded with no unreal halo, though he is remote enough from commonplace. “He was only a poor man, who knew how to read and write; most likely he stood on the limit which divides the dreamer from the thinker. The thinker wills, the dreamer is passive. . . The obscurity in which his mind was wrapped consisted in pretty nearly equal parts of two elements, both dimly visible but very unlike; in his own breast ignorance, infirmity; outside himself mystery, immensity.” “Solitude makes either a genius or an idiot. Gilliatt presented himself under both aspects. Sometimes he had that astonished air I have mentioned, and you might have taken him for a brute; at other moments he had in his eye a glance of indescribable profundity.” A very superficial critic might say that Gilliatt is only Jean Valjean in another dress. In reality, there is only the resemblance between them that is inevitable between two characters each of whom is more or less shunned by his fellows, and each of whom is engaged in a deadly struggle with one of the three forms of what the author calls *Ananké*. At bottom, however, they are two quite distinct conceptions. Gilliatt is the more satisfactory of the two, because to draw a man with great muscular strength, and great ingenuity and great patience of the mechanical order, is easier, and less

likely to tempt the artist into what is fantastic and artificial, than the conception of a victim of a supposed social injustice which is no injustice at all. This advantage of having a simpler plot, a more natural set of circumstances, and, above all, of having nothing to prove, is conspicuous all through. It leaves the author free to work out each of his characters completely, free to paint what is the main subject of his work with an undivided energy and enthusiasm. Perhaps, though, in one way this tells against him. The stupendous force of the descriptions of Nature and her works and laws—the theme of the book—is so overpowering that the incidents of the story and the interests of the people in it seem petty by comparison. There is probably a design in this disproportion. The vastness of the unmeasured forces which labor and rage in the universe outside the minds of mortals is what the self-importance of mortals pleasingly blinds them to. It is the eye of the poet which discerns this, and through every page of Victor Hugo's story we hear, as a ceaseless refrain to the loves and aspirations and toils of his good men and his knaves alike, the swirling of the sea-winds and "the far-reaching murmur of the deep."

The grandeur of the long episode of Gilliatt recovering the machinery of the steamboat from the terrific rock may make us forget the singular power of the earliest scene at the same spot, where Sieur Clubin found himself, "in the midst of the fog and the waters, far from every human sound, left for dead, alone with the sea which was rising, and the night which was approaching, and filled with a profound joy." The analysis of this joy of the scoundrel and hypocrite at finding himself free to enjoy the fruits of his scoundrelism and to throw aside the burdensome mask of his hypocrisy, is powerful to a degree which makes one smile at the lavishness with which credit for power is so constantly given to novelists and poets. The dramatic force of the situation, the appalling mistake which the scoundrel has made, the sanguineness and shiftiness with which, like all hypocrites, he seeks to repair it, the swift and amazing vengeance which overtakes him, has perhaps never been surpassed. And the horror

is not theatrical or artificial. The spot is brought vividly before us by no tricks, but by genuine imaginative power. The rock on which Clubin has, against his intention, driven the steamboat is a block of granite, brutal and hideous to behold, offering only the stern inhospitable shelter of an abyss. At its foot, far below the water, are caverns and mazes of dim passages. "Here monstrous species propagate, here they destroy one another. Crabs eat the fish and are themselves eaten. Fearful shapes, made to be seen by no human eye, roam in this dim light, living their lives. Vague outlines of open jaws, antennae, scales, fins, claws, are there floating about, trembling, growing, decomposing, vanishing, in the sinister clearness of the wave. . . . To look into the depth of the sea is to behold the imagination of the Unknown on its terrible side. The gulf is like night. There, too, is a slumber, a seeming slumber, of the conscience of creation. There, in full security, are accomplished the crimes of the irresponsible. There, in a baleful peace, the embryos of life, almost phantoms, altogether demons, are busy at the fell occupation of the gloom." The minute yet profoundly poetic description of the most terrible of these monsters, in a succeeding part of the book, is one which nobody who has once read it can forget, any more than the horrors of the *Inferno* of Dante can be forgotten. The *pieuvre* at one extremity of the chain of existence "almost proves a Satan at the other." "Optimism, which is true for all that, almost loses countenance before it. . . . Every malignant creature, like every perverse intelligence, is a sphinx, propounding the terrible riddle, the riddle of evil." What is their law? "All created beings return one into another. *Pourriture est nourriture*. Frightful purifying of the globe. Man, too, carnivorous man, is a satyr. Our life is made of death. Such is the terrifying law. We are sepulchres." But we are not quite left here. "Mais tâchons que la mort nous soit progrès. Aspirons aux mondes moins ténébreux. Suivons la conscience qui nous y mène. Car, ne l'oublions jamais, le mieux n'est trouvé que par le meilleur."

It will be seen from this that Victor Hugo is not affected by the sea as other

poets have been. Of course nobody expected to find him talking silly nonsense about its moaning over the harbor-bar while men must work and women must weep, or reducing the sea and the winds to the common drawing-room measure of polished sentimental prettiness. Here, as elsewhere, the terrible side of Nature is that which has most attraction for him. Only here he seems to have been unusually insensible to the existence of her other aspect. Take the well known picture of "The Toad" in the *Légende des Siècles*. The hideous creature is squatting in the road in a summer evening, enjoying himself after his humble fashion. Some boys pass by, and amuse themselves by digging out its eyes, striking off its limbs, making holes in it. The wretched toad tries feebly to crawl away into the ditch. Its tormentors see an ass coming on drawing a cart, so, with a scream of delight, they bethink themselves to put the toad in the rut, where it will be crushed by the wheel of the cart. The ass is weary with his day's work and his burden, and sore with the blows of his master, who even then is cursing and bethwacking him. But the ass turns his gentle eye upon the rut, sees the torn and bleeding toad, and with a painful effort drags his cart off the track. The whole picture gives one a heart-ache, but the gentleness of the ass is the single touch which makes the thought of so much horror endurable. In the *Toilers of the Sea* we almost miss this single touch. Watching the sea year after year in the land of his exile, Victor Hugo has seen in it nothing but sternness and cruelty. He finds it only the representative of the relentless Fatality of Nature which man is constantly occupied in combating and wrestling with. It is so real, so tragically effective, that such a reflection as that "Time writes no wrinkle on its azure brow" must seem the merest mimicry of poetic sentiment. The attitude which he has before assumed towards Society he also takes towards external Nature. To Keats Nature presented herself as a being whom even the monsters loved and followed, a goddess with white and smooth limbs, and deep breasts, teeming with fruit and oil and corn and flowers. Compared with the sensuous passion of Keats, the feeling of Words-

worth for Nature was an austere and distant reverence. He found in her little more than a storehouse of emblems for the better-side of men. Victor Hugo is impressed by Nature, not as a goddess to be sensuously enclasped, not as some remote and pure spirit, shining cold yet benign upon men, but as man's cruel and implacable foe. Other poets have loved to make her anthropomorphic, and to invest her with the moral attributes of mortals. He holds with no such personification on Nature as a whole. Nature to him is little more than a chaos of furious and warring Forces. The prolonged and sublime description of the storm at the beginning of the third volume is what nobody but Victor Hugo could have conceived; because nobody else is so penetrated with a sense of the fierce eternal conflict which to him is all that Nature means. Take the tramp of the legion of the winds, for instance: "In the solitude of space they drive the great ships; without a truce, by day and by night, in every season, at the tropic and at the pole, with the deadly blast of their trumpet, sweeping through the thickets of the clouds and billows, they pursue their black chase of the ships. They have fierce hounds for their slaves. They makesport for themselves. Among the waters and the rocks they set their hounds to bark. They mould the clouds together, and they rive them in sunder. As with a million hands, they knead the boundless supple waters." The gigantic wave, again, at a later period of the storm, "which was a sum of forces, and had as it were the mien of a living being. You could almost fancy in that swelling transparent mass the growth of fins and gills. It spread itself forth, and then in fury dashed itself in pieces against the breakwater. Its monstrous shape was all ragged and torn in the rebound. There was left on the block of granite and timber the huge destruction of some portentous hydra. The surge spread ruin in its own expiring moment. The wave seemed to clutch and devour. A shudder quivered through the rock. There was a sound as of some growling monster, the froth was like the foaming mouth of a leviathan."

It has been said that the sublime picture of the storm — and the variety and movement in the picture are among its

most splendid characteristics—makes us indifferent to the conclusion of the story. The truth is, that but for this the conclusion would be absurdly weak and unintelligible. It is the long exile of Gilliatt on the fierce rock in the isolation of the sea, his appalling struggles with all the forces of nature in temporary alliance against him, which make the very gist and force of the final tragedy, the supreme Fatality. It is because we have seen him in the presence of the raging troop of the winds, and battling with the storm of waters, that we feel the weight of the blow which at last crushes him. But for this the whole story would be a piece of nonsensical sentimentality. It is this grand *elpweia* which raises what might otherwise have been a mere idyl into a lofty tragedy. "Solitude had wrapped itself round him. A thousand menaces at once had been upon him with clenched hand. The wind was there, ready to blow; the sea was there, ready to roar. Impossible to gag the mouth of the wind; impossible to tear out the fangs from the jaws of the sea. Still he had striven; man as he was, he had fought hand to hand with the ocean and wrestled with the tempest." Meanwhile, the object to attain which he was waging his fearful war had been slowly removing itself from his reach, and when he returned, he returned to find it irrecoverably vanished.

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THE EDUCATION OF ENGLISHWOMEN IN THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

THE sixteenth century has been called the age of learned women. Its title to be so designated in the annals of England dates from a period very near its commencement. The revival of letters was long in reaching this country, but the quickening impulse, once received, inspired many minds with a generous zeal for the improvement of education. The temper of these reformers was audacious. They exalted the classics to the skies, and trampled the schoolmen under foot. They despised all who adhered to the old studies, while they insisted that none should be refused the blessings of the new.

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Liberal culture for the minds of girls as well as boys was first recommended by the example and authority of Sir Thomas More.* Jealous of the least innovation in religion, More was yet at once an ardent votary of classical learning and the ready advocate of social progress. Among the half-serious, half-humorous suggestions of the *Utopia*, which he wrote when a husband and the father of a family of daughters, not the least curious are those relating to the position of the female sex. The women of his model state enjoy most of those rights which only a few of the stronger-minded even lay claim to in Europe. It must, indeed, be confessed with grief that the Utopian wife is subject to the control and correction of her lord, but this is almost the only point in which the masculine gender of that enlightened race is preferred to the feminine. The Utopians are great farmers, and their women are taught all the secrets of agriculture as carefully as the men, while they are exempted from the rougher work. All kinds of handicrafts flourish in Utopia, and are pursued by both sexes alike, though the weaker chiefly addict themselves to spinning and weaving, and other similar employments. The boys and girls devote their leisure hours to reading. The British artisan, as we all know, spends his evenings at the Mechanics' Institute. In this, however, as in most other matters, Utopia is far ahead of us; for there the laborers, women as well as men, rise before dawn to attend two or three lectures, as a whet

* As to the general condition of female literature in England at the close of the fifteenth century, we have few means of judging. In describing the accomplishments of Jane Shore, Sir Thomas More mentions that she could "read well and write," as if that were an extraordinary circumstance. We gain a more favorable impression from the Paston Letters, which consist of the correspondence of a respectable, though not noble, family in the reigns of Henry VI., Edward IV., and Henry VII. If these letters are genuine, which we are forbidden to doubt, it is plain, as Mr. Hallam remarks, "that several members of the family, male and female, wrote not only grammatically, but with a fluency and facility, an epistolary expertness, which implies the habitual use of the pen." The Plumpton Correspondence, published by the Camden Society, also contains numerous letters written by women of moderate station in the reign of Henry VII., chiefly, however, during the latter half of it.

to the occupations of the day. Throughout the community, whatever instruction is given to the one sex is open to the other. The women are even accustomed to military exercises and discipline, that in time of war they may not be quite useless. While no Utopian is forced to bear arms against his will, he is encouraged to volunteer by the prospect of receiving aid from his wife and daughters, to whom it is a distinction to fight by his side. After this we can feel no doubt that all Utopian professions are accessible to feminine ambition. If there are no female barristers in Utopia, it is merely because that fortunate land has few laws and no lawyers, the practice of advocacy being forbidden as immoral. If the traveller who describes the national manners makes no mention of female physicians, this is explained by the fact that his auditors are men of the time of Henry VIII., to whom the wonder would have been not that women should, but that they should not, follow medicine. It was more to the purpose to state the relation of the woman to the priesthood; and this is done in words which, when we remember the ecclesiastical principles of Moses, sound oddly enough. The Utopian priests, we are told, "if they be not women (for that sex is not excluded from the office, though rarely chosen, and then not unless they be widows, and old), have for their wives the most excellent women in the country."

To any one who knows Sir Thomas More as he deserves to be known, these fancies will appear eminently characteristic. They are the conceits of a mind loving both to jest with a grave face and to express genuine convictions in the language of *persiflage*. What More's views really were of the studies and pursuits fit for women, we may learn from his practice in his own household. His three daughters, Margaret, Elizabeth, and Cecilia, and his adopted daughter, another Margaret, were placed under the same tutors and instructed from the same books as his son John. The knight insisted that, if the reflections commonly cast on the female understanding were sound, they would but afford so many additional reasons for bestowing on it all possible cultivation. His reasoning, and still more the success

of his experiment, made a convert of his friend Erasmus, who, as he himself tells us, had previously shared the vulgar prejudice. In his *Letters and Colloquies*, the famous scholar commended the precedent which, "fortiter contemptâ novi exempli invidiâ," the author of the Utopia had made, to the imitation of Europe. More's house he denominated "musarum domicilium," and extolled it as more admirable than Plato's Academy. In the same strain of panegyric, but yet with manifest sincerity, he celebrated the studies and accomplishments of its female inmates. The acquirements of all these young ladies were certainly remarkable for that age, and those of the eldest daughter would have been remarkable in any age. They all wrote themes and verses in Latin, and studied logic. But the performances of Margaret More attracted by far the most admiration. When Reginald Pole was shown one of her letters, he could hardly be persuaded that it was written by a woman. She was not only a Greek and Latin scholar, but a diligent reader of philosophy and theology. A specimen of her scholarship has been preserved in an emendation which she suggested of a corrupt passage in Cyprian. She translated Eusebius's Ecclesiastical History from Greek into Latin, but was anticipated in the publication by Bishop Christopherson, a noted Grecian, who had undertaken the same task. She also composed sundry discourses and declamations, both in Latin and English, some of which her fond father preferred to essays of his own on the same subjects. Exercises of this kind were the fashion of the day. Only in rare instances did learning produce the fruit of true literature.

All More's children seem to have married early; but they continued to reside with their father, and, notwithstanding the birth of eleven grandchildren, to prosecute their studies. These were blended with the cultivation of music, painting, and poetry. The knight's house at Chelsea was also a little museum of natural history. Its inmates formed, in fact, a sort of private school. From a letter written by More to his favorite daughter, after she had become Margaret Roper, we find that she was then studying astronomy under

a Mr. Nicholas. "Commend me kindly," says the father, "to your husband, who maketh me rejoice for that he studieth the same things that you do; and, whereas I am wont always to counsel you to give place to your husband, now, on the other side, I give you license to master him in the knowledge of the sphere. Commend me to all your school-fellows, but to your master especially." After More's death the tradition of a liberal education for daughters was faithfully preserved in the family. The celebrated Roger Ascham informs us that Mrs. Roper was very desirous of having him for the instructor of her children; but he could not at that time be induced to leave the University. Her daughter, Mrs. Basset, was a lady-in-waiting to Queen Mary. This lady translated into English a part of her grandfather's *Exposition of our Saviour's Passion*, and imitated his style so successfully that the translation was thought to have been made by Sir Thomas himself. Another of Mrs. Roper's daughters was Mrs. Clarke, whom Ascham praises for her love of literature.

But it was not only in More's own family that the example set by him was followed. The more enlightened of the nobility were swayed by his high character; and the plan of female education which his name had first rendered respectable, the influence of the Court soon rendered fashionable. Henry VIII. as a younger son, had been originally designed for the Church, and in consequence received an ecclesiastical training. His intellectual passion was for theological controversy, but he had some taste for secular learning, and considerable regard for education. It appears that he even took an active part in the compilation of Lilly's grammar. It is some evidence of the capacity of Catharine of Aragon, that for several years she conducted the correspondence between two such veteran diplomatists as her father-in-law and her father. Erasmus speaks of her as eminently learned; and certainly her attention to the instruction of her daughter Mary must have satisfied even so rigid a disciplinarian as her husband. Before the heiress to the crown was seven years old, two of the most distinguished scholars of the time, a Spaniard and

an Englishman, were employed in drawing up manuals to aid her progress in Latin. About the same time, the Spaniard, Ludovicus Vives, dedicated to the Queen his treatise *De Institutione Femenæ Christianæ*, in which the daughters of More are instanced by name as models of female accomplishment. He was shortly afterwards appointed preceptor to the princess. Mary proved herself an apt scholar; when she was only twelve years of age, Erasmus testified to the correctness with which she wrote Latin. In course of time she also learned Spanish, French, and Italian. The first, as it was her mother's tongue, she may be presumed to have acquired perfectly; but Italian she did not speak, and Walpole, no bad judge, refers slightly to her French epistles. Towards the end of her father's reign she undertook and partly executed an English version of Erasmus's Paraphrase on the Gospel of Saint John. To this task she was invited by Queen Catharine Parr, who, in her zeal for the Reformation, had planned a translation of the whole Paraphrase on the New Testament, by the joint labor of several hands. That lady, who was some five years older than her step-daughter, was one of the first, out of More's household, to reap the benefit of his educational reform. Ascham salutes her in a letter with the epithet "eruditissima," and compliments her on studying more amid the distractions of a court than many of his academic brethren did in the full leisure of college life. A Latin letter is still extant which Catharine addressed to Mary when the latter was constrained by weak health to leave the completion of her version to her chaplain. The first portion of the translated Paraphrase, comprising the four Gospels and the Acts, was published in 1547; and it was ordered by the Council that every parish church in the kingdom should have a copy. Prefixed to this work was a dedication to Catharine from the pen of Nicholas Udall, master of Eton, which contains some sentences bearing on our present subject: "It is now a common thing to see young virgins so nursed and trained in the study of letters, that they willingly set all other vain pastimes at nought for learning's sake. It is now no news at all to see

queens and ladies of most high state and progeny, instead of courtly dalliance, to embrace virtuous exercises of reading and writing, and with most earnest study, both early and late, to apply themselves to the acquiring of knowledge, as well in all other liberal arts and disciplines as also most especially of God and his most Holy Word."

This testimony is confirmed by Roger Ascham, who, in a letter dated 1550, declares that many English maidens, educated by himself and his friends, surpassed the daughters of Sir Thomas More in every kind of learning. As the taste for classical literature spread, numerous scholars of distinction became tutors in private families, and the daughters as well as the sons profited by their lessons. Foremost in the list of their female pupils stands the name of Jane Grey. Before she had emerged from childhood, that astonishing girl "had acquired a degree of learning rare in matured men, which she could use gracefully, and could permit to be seen by others without vanity or consciousness. At fifteen she was learning Hebrew and could write Greek; at sixteen she corresponded with Bullinger in Latin at least equal to his own; but the matter of her letters is more striking than the language, and speaks more for her than the most elaborate panegyric of admiring courtiers." Contemporary as a student with Lady Jane, though a good deal her senior, was Anne, Countess of Pembroke, a younger sister of Catharine Parr, who read Pindar with Ascham. To about the same date also belong Mary, Countess of Arundel, Joanna, Lady Lumley, and Mary, Duchess of Norfolk, all of whom made various translations from Greek into Latin and English. But the accomplished ladies of that age were not always of high birth or station. We have the name of a London citizen's daughter who, in the days of Henry VIII. was noted for her knowledge of languages and for other attainments; and under Edward VI. Lady Jane Grey had several worthy compeers of much humbler extraction than her own. Among these, none were more famous than the five daughters of Sir Anthony Cooke, who owed his appointment of tutor to the young king much more to his high character and

large erudition than to his origin or connections. These ladies were sought in marriage by the most eminent men of the time, chiefly, as Camden tells us, for their natural and acquired endowments. The old scholar who had imbued them with his own lofty, knowledge-loving spirit, had a right to the boast which he addressed to his eldest born, Mildred: "My life is your portion; my example your inheritance." This lady, who became Lady Burghley, is mentioned by Ascham as rivaling Lady Jane Grey in her knowledge of Greek. Anne, the second sister, married Lord Keeper Bacon, and applied her deep learning to theological subjects. She translated Jewell's *Apologia* from the Latin, and Ochino's sermons from the Italian. The eloquence, as well as the mental and moral elevation of this admirable woman, are known to all who have read Mr. Spedding's biography of her famous son. If the qualities of parents descend to their children, we may justly affirm that the mother of Francis Bacon contributed to the formation of his character much intellectual ardor and much soaring enthusiasm, but not one particle of selfishness, servility, or sordid ambition. Of Sir Anthony's three youngest daughters less is known. One of them married Lord John Russell, heir of the house of Bedford; another wedded Sir Henry Killigrew, a trusted servant and envoy of Queen Elizabeth. The latter wrote Latin elegiacs which, in the opinion of Lord Macaulay, would appear with credit in the *Musæ Etonenses*. The names above mentioned, though the most remarkable, are not by any means the only ones which might be cited to illustrate the prevalence of literary tastes among Englishwomen in the reign of Edward VI. And it is reasonable to believe that the love of study, which in so many recorded instances, rose to the height of a passion, possessed numerous other female minds in a smaller degree, and that ladies in the best society were frequently accomplished enough to be admired, though not to be commemorated.

There has been a good deal of controversy respecting the manner in which the Reformation, while in progress, affected the interests of education. As to England, in particular, it has been contended that the destruction of monaster-

ies and the schools attached to them inflicted a great temporary check on the diffusion of learning. At the accession of Elizabeth, the Speaker of the House of Commons complained to her Majesty that more than a hundred flourishing schools had been destroyed in the demolition of the monasteries, and that ignorance had prevailed ever since. On the other hand it has been urged that the monks were the deadliest foes of true knowledge, and that the loss of the monastic schools was well supplied by the foundation of others on a more enlightened plan, and with better instructors. This argument proceeds on the assumption that the new institutions were an adequate equivalent for the suppressed seminaries not only in number, size, and situation, but also in adaptability to the wants of different classes. On a broad view, the assumption is probably justifiable. No one, at all events would rashly impugn it who has any just sense of the benefits which we owe to the great religious revolution of the sixteenth century. It is liable, however, to one serious exception, which we are bound in this place to indicate. In this country, at all events, no substitute whatever was provided for the instruction, poor as it was, which the nuns had afforded to their female scholars. While the convents stood, they served the purpose of boarding schools for young women of the middle and upper classes. The Prioress of the Canterbury Tales had been educated at the "Schole of Stratford atte Bowe," or in other words at the nunnery there. Conventual breeding appears to have been regarded as a certificate of gentility. The wife of the miller of Trumpington, in Chaucer, claimed the title of madam as much on the score of her having been brought up in a cloister as of her good birth. Women so trained acquired rather the accomplishments of the day than much tincture of letters. Towards the close of the fifteenth century, some literary fame was achieved by Juliana Barnes, prioress of a Benedictine establishment near and belonging to the great abbey of St. Alban's. But, though this lady wrote books, they were treatises on field sports and heraldry. Not very dissimilar probably were the subjects which, in the intervals of devotion, oc-

cupied the most respectable and cultivated nuns at the time when the religious houses were suppressed. Most of the convents were in such a state that their destruction was an unmixed good; but we may lament that a few of the best administered were not secularized, and preserved on an improved model, as institutions for female instruction. The royal visitors themselves interceded strongly for the nunnery of Godstow in Oxfordshire, representing that it was irreproachably conducted, and that most of the young gentlewomen of the country received their education within its walls. Remonstrances, however, were fruitless. Out of the small portion of the monastic revenues which was applied to the promotion of knowledge, it does not appear that one penny went to replace the conventual schools which had been broken up; nor were any other steps taken for that purpose.

In Germany, things were better managed. There the instruction given in convents had been much the same as in England, and there the nuns had been expelled from their homes with even less consideration than here. But in Germany public provision of a better kind for the teaching of girls had previously been made, and was gradually being extended. Notwithstanding the opposition of some, who insisted that the weaker sex had no need of mental culture, and that knowledge would only make them forget their duties and lead them into vice, the opinion of Erasmus and More prevailed. By degrees it was admitted that women even of the lower classes ought to be taught something more than the Creed, the Paternoster, and the hymns commonly sung in churches. When the nunneries were broken up in the Protestant States of Germany, there existed schools in various places throughout the country, from Lubeck in the north to Nuremberg in the south, where girls learned reading, writing, arithmetic, music, and Latin.

The want of such schools in England was feelingly deplored more than a hundred years after the suppression of convents, by Thomas Fuller in his *Church History*. "Nunneries," says that quaint writer, "were good schools, wherein the girls and maids of the neighborhood were taught to read

and work ; and sometimes a little Latin was taught therein. Yea, give me leave to say, if such feminine foundations had still continued, provided no vow were obtruded upon them, haply the weaker sex, beside avoiding modern inconveniences, might be heightened to a higher perfection than hitherto hath been attained. That sharpness of their wits and suddenness of their conceits which their enemies must allow unto them, might by education be improved into a judicious solidity, and that adorned with arts which now they want, not because they cannot learn, but are not taught them." It is to be feared that, had the convents been reformed under Henry VIII. in the partial manner here suggested, they would have been spared only to perish by the hands of the historian's own contemporaries. Be this, however, as it may, the passage just cited testifies plainly to the educational vacuum created by their abolition. It illustrates the contempt felt for female acquirements after the race of our learned ladies, which continued through the reign of our maiden queen, had disappeared, and when the knowledge of books, descending from the highest regions of society to those beneath, had become diffused among a considerable portion of the one sex, while, for want of the means of instruction, it remained beyond the reach of all but the fortunate few of the other. Books like Sir Thomas Elyot's *Defence of Good Women* were not written in the seventeenth century.

The rapacious ministers of Edward VI. were more inclined to copy than to atone for the reckless confiscations of the preceding reign. They are accused of appropriating large revenues which had been devoted to purposes of education. Such misdeeds were in part redeemed by the establishment of upwards of a score free schools which, at the instance of some nobler spirits, received endowments chiefly from the chantry lands. One of these was established in the house of the Grey Friars, in the city of London, which was repaired and fitted up, under the name of Christ's Hospital, for the reception of poor children of both sexes. But, though a grammar school was provided for such of the boys as should be "pregnant and apt to learning," the girls, always it should seem a

small minority, were for a long time taught only to read and sew and mark. It is to be observed, however, that this institution was designed exclusively for children of the lowest class.

It was a sinister omen of Mary's reign, that soon after her accession a proclamation was issued for calling in and suppressing the very translation of Erasmus's *Paraphrase* to which, under better influences, she had herself contributed. This Queen is well known to have cherished the wish of restoring the abbey estates to their former owners. In this she was actuated by a sincere though blind sense of abstract right, rather than by regard to learning or education. She was not, however, indifferent to these objects. Her own attainments, as has been already noticed, were considerable ; the ease and correctness with which she addressed foreign ambassadors in Latin excited general admiration. But, while her respect for letters induced her to bestow important benefactions on the universities, her religious bigotry led her to sanction measures which, if carried out, would have inflicted on them far more than countervailing injury. By the advice of Gardiner and Pole, it was determined to revive the study of the schoolmen, and steps were actively taken at Oxford for that purpose. The Queen's death, however, prevented the execution of the design, and Mary's reactionary policy gave place to that of her more enlightened as well as more learned sister. Stepping forth from her studious retirement a stateswoman ready formed, Elizabeth made it clear from the first that no priestly influence whatsoever, Catholic or Protestant, would she suffer to draw her from the line of measured progress which her own judgment dictated.

It has been asserted by some that this great Queen was a worse pedant than James I.—surely an untenable position. That she was fond of displaying her attainments cannot of course be disputed. From the occasion on which Ascham heard her harangue three foreign ministers, one after another, in as many different languages, down to the day when she "scoured up her old Latin" to the confusion of an insolent Polish envoy, this weakness was apparent. But, if the essence of pedantry is to mistake

erudition for wisdom, barren formulas for fertile principles, the letter which killeth for the spirit which giveth life, then she was as free from this vice as James was enslaved by it. With a sounder judgment, half the reading of that crowned dominie might have helped a man of his unquestionable talent to a kingcraft somewhat more politic than that which involved himself in continual mortifications and brought his son to the block. Far different was the fruit of his predecessor's studies. Endowed by nature with a remarkable aptitude for acquiring languages, she was animated by the spirit of the Emperor Charles V., who said that as often as he learned a new language he felt as if he had got a new soul. Doubtless the pleasure of exercising her linguistic faculty was a spur to Elizabeth's diligence, but she had higher aims than that of merely adding to her verbal wealth. Her instructors observed that in reading the classics she not only divined at a glance the grammatical sense of a passage, but as readily grasped the substance of the argument, and caught the philosophical or political ideas on which it proceeded. This keen insight into the workings of human thought and passion naturally inspired her with a strong taste for history. She pursued this study eagerly both before and after she ascended the throne, giving to it a large portion of the hours which, down to the end of her life, she daily spent in reading. In this way she became so familiar with Thucydides that it is said there was no remark of his on the conduct of states or men which she did not know by heart. She was also versed in divinity, and, as Lord Bacon tells us, set a particular value on the works of St. Augustine. At all times she delighted in the society of accomplished men, and the best scholars of her kingdom were invited to read with and to her. Her intellectual curiosity, indeed, seems to have been universal. As a girl she was taught the physical theories of the day; and, while still princess, she sought the acquaintance of Dr. Dee, famed as a mathematician, astronomer, and professor of occult science. Her interest in this singular man did not cease when she became queen, and we find her at one time sending for him to lecture before her on comets, at others

listening to his speculations in natural magic. To these various pursuits she added lighter accomplishments. Poetry and music were cultivated by her, though with unequal success: the verses which she composed from time to time have little merit, but over the lute and the virginals she exercised a sway as absolute as over the sympathies of her people. Nor did she think it beneath her to aim at manual dexterity of a humbler kind. Her fingers were nimble and cunning in embroidery, and her handwriting, like that of Lady Jane Gray, was considered eminently beautiful.

Under this studious sovereign, study became fashionable at Court, even among the giddiest maids of honor. While the Queen in her closet was adding to her knowledge of the Attic orators, her attendants were similarly employed in the ante-chamber, or at least in spelling out the verses of the Greek Testament. Besides Greek and Latin, the ladies of the royal train applied themselves to French, Spanish and Italian. Yet these fair scholars were no formal and insipid bookworms, for some who highly valued their pursuits have strongly censured the freedom of their manners. A more favorable critic has left us a lively picture of the occupations with which this diligent sisterhood filled up their hours of leisure. He sets before us with some minuteness the aspect of the apartments in which the waiting women are expecting their turn of service. We are first shown the seniors of the party. One is plying her needle, a second spinning silk, a third engaged with the Scriptures or some work of history, while a fourth is composing or translating some grave treatise, probably on a theological subject. From these sober dames we turn to the younger maidens; and, if we find them practicing with the lute or other musical instrument, it is to be understood that this is only a recreation permitted in the interval of more serious employments. Not one of the company, girl or woman, we are assured, but, when she is at home, can help to supply the table with "dainty dishes of her own devising." To crown all, pains are taken at Court to prevent idleness by keeping every office provided with a Bible or the Book of the Acts and Monuments of the

Church of England, or both, besides some histories and chronicles, so that a stranger on his entrance would rather imagine himself come into some public school of the universities than into a royal palace.

The influence of this learned Court extended farther than with our modern notions we are apt to imagine. The term courtier has become almost obsolete among us, because the thing it denotes has ceased to exist. There are no persons nowadays who, unauthorized by office, possess and exercise the privilege of ready access to the royal circle and the sovereign's presence. There were many such persons of both sexes in the reign of Elizabeth, and for a long time afterwards. The consequence was that the tone of the Court was reflected in the upper regions of society to an extent which we can hardly comprehend. We may fairly believe that the pattern set by Elizabeth's household gave a considerable impulse to female education in all those families of the aristocracy which were in the habit of frequenting the metropolis. Perhaps the most perfect specimen of this culture was Mary Sidney, Countess of Pembroke, to whom her brother, Sir Philip Sidney, inscribed his *Arcadia*. Like him, she possessed both learning and political genius. As to her attainments, it is sufficient to say that she translated several of the Psalms from the Hebrew into English verse. How highly she was esteemed by her contemporaries appears from those six lines of Ben Jonson, which, so long as the English language lasts, will keep her name familiar as a household word:

"Underneath this sable hearse
Lies the subject of all verse,
Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother:
Death, when thou hast killed another,
Fair and learned and good as she,
Time shall throw a dart at thee."

But, though the example of the Court might do much, it could not move the whole mass of the nobility and gentry, much less affect women of inferior rank. At a time when liberal studies were but just making good their footing in the universities, when the majority of the clergy were still grossly ignorant, it is not conceivable that lords of remote manors, busy merchants, or money-get-

ting tradesmen, to say nothing of their wives and daughters, would have acquired much tincture of letters. At such a period; ladies whose lives were passed in the country, or in provincial towns, might have the means and the will to pay for instruction, and yet be unable to find instructors. It was by slow and imperceptible degrees that the rising light overspread the higher levels of the community. In the first half of Elizabeth's reign, education was the exceptional distinction of fortunate individuals; in the second it began to be more equally diffused among both sexes in the upper stratum of society. It may be asked what the Government did to assist this diffusion. When Elizabeth visited Cambridge in 1564, the sight of the colleges founded by her predecessors drew from her the expression of a hope that she too might do something entitling her to remembrance among the benefactors of learning. But the anxieties of her reign, and perhaps also her own parsimonious temper, prevented the fulfilment of her wish. The schools established during the forty-four years of her administration owed their origin in most cases to private munificence. No effort was made in this any more than in the previous reigns, either by the State or by individuals, to provide on a large scale for the instruction of girls. The grammar schools were, either expressly or by custom, confined to boys. Some free schools there were — Shakespeare calls them "charge-houses" — in which children of both sexes were taught; but these were frequented only by the humbler classes, and the instruction they afforded must have been of the most meagre kind. By the end of the century, the higher ranks seem to have generally recognized the necessity of some literature for their daughters; and, as the modern ladies' school had not yet taken the place of the nunnery, private tuition was the only resource.

It is noticeable, though not very surprising, that learning showed some signs of declension in the Court just when it began to be general at the universities, and less rare among the clergy. The study of Greek could hardly flourish in such an atmosphere, even when purest and most congenial, without a good deal of forcing. The Queen herself, in her

latter years, partially relinquished the more ambitious reading of her youth, though she translated one of Plutarch's shorter pieces when past sixty. Her ladies more completely deserted the ancient languages and literature for modern tongues and modern authors. Italian and the Italian poets became especially fashionable. The *Orlando* and the recently published *Jerusalem Delivered* were admired and quoted, instead of Plato's *Dialogues* and Chrysostom's *Homilies*. Two causes in particular contributed to this result — the fresh blossoming of the national literature, and a certain relaxation in the standard of the current morality. Works of imagination were produced by native authors which favored the growth of lighter tastes; nor did the tone of the new school of writers, or of their patrons, the wits and gallants of the Court, at all correct this tendency. The chivalrous spirit with which Elizabeth, and her ladies for her sake, had been approached in the former part of her reign, faded away as she advanced in years, and was succeeded by a fashion of hyperbolical compliment. Genuine respect had inspired dames and damsels with the ambition to deserve the homage paid to them by high qualities and solid acquirements. Insincere gallantry brought them down to a lower level of thought and feeling. If there was something overstrained in their passion for Greek learning, this taste was at least more rational than the subsequent rage for Euphuism. The artificial and affected style of discourse so named prevailed to such an extent, that to be skilled in it became essential to the reputation of a fine lady. The vogue obtained by this "pure and refined English"—so it was considered — is one evidence out of several that a vitiated sentiment was becoming general. Still, the writer who set the ungraceful fashion had so much of real genius and merit, that his disciples were not without some apology for their aberration. So long as Elizabeth lived, the Court of England never descended to blank folly and frivolity. The latter years of her reign produced no female intellect of attainments comparable to those of the Queen, nor could it boast any rivals in ancient learning to the daughters of Sir Anthony Cooke;

but it could furnish a more than respectable list of cultivated women. Lady Anne Clifford, daughter of the Earl of Cumberland, received her education under her aunt, the Countess of Warwick, principal lady of the bedchamber to Queen Elizabeth, and the trusted friend of her discerning mistress. The Countess seems to have aimed at giving her niece variety of information rather than exact learning. She selected for the young lady's tutor the poet-historian, Samuel Daniel, who inspired her with a love of his favorite studies, and a taste for general literature. Dr. Donne is reported to have said of her, during her youth, "that she could converse on any subject, from predestination to *slea-silk*." Two other women of rank deserve mention here, who, born and educated, the one wholly, the other partly, under Elizabeth, became famous and received the homage of Ben Jonson in the reign of James I. Lucy Harrington, Countess of Bedford, was known, not merely as a woman of elegant taste, but as a Latin scholar skilled in ancient medals. Lady Wroth, by birth a Sidney, inherited the virtues and genius of her race, and produced a poetical romance which, though now forgotten, obtained in its day a considerable reputation.*

So closes the roll of the learned ladies whom England nurtured in the sixteenth century. As we repeat the names of the better known among them, we do not think chiefly of their learning. We think of the filial love of Margaret Roper, of the winning earnestness of Catharine Parr, of Jane Grey's pure and noble faith, of Mary Tudor's gloomy and fanatical austerity. We think of Anne Bacon as the gifted mother of a supremely-gifted son. We think of Elizabeth as the greatest of female sovereigns. Amidst all their diversity these women had one point of resemblance besides their learning. They had each a strongly-marked and vigorous individuality. The same may be affirmed of nearly all the other ladies mentioned in this essay. According to Pope, "most women have no characters at all." The satirist might have added that few women of his day had any education at all that was deserving of the name. Is it unphilo-

* It was entitled *Urania*.

sophical to believe that the rich development of character in the high-bred women of the sixteenth century was due, in great measure, to the amplitude and robustness of their studies?

L. B. S.

Popular Science Review.

RAISED BEACHES AND THEIR ORIGIN.

BY EDWARD HULL, B.A., F.G.S.

THAT the coasts of our continents and islands change their level, while that of the ocean remains unaltered, is a fact in physical science first demonstrated by Sir C. Lyell in his celebrated work, *The Principles of Geology*. The former proposition is capable of demonstration, by a direct appeal to phenomena within the reach of all observers; but the latter is a deduction arrived at by a process of reasoning. The immobility of the earth, which finds its popular expression in ancient literature, whether sacred or secular, is indeed only relative; for, neglecting for a moment the local and sudden paroxysms of earthquake-waves, we now know that the only changeless level on the face of our globe is that of the ocean.

On the other hand, the earth on which we build our temples and palaces, and pierce with our deepest mines, is in some part or other undergoing a process of elevation or subsidence. The law of change has therefore been implanted in the material as well as the moral world; but it is mercifully ordained that in both cases—with occasional exceptions—the process should be slow, and frequently imperceptible, even through generations. The vertical movements of the land, though unfelt, are not the less real; for they can be proved by an appeal to marks and monuments of ancient sea action, to be found at intervals along our coasts, and at elevations far beyond the reach of the highest tides. Of the process of elevation now in progress, the shores of the Baltic offer the most interesting example; and of depression, the northern coast of Egypt;* but for evident reasons, the latter is less capable of direct proof than the former.

The action and effect of waves acting

along various parts of our coast are familiar to almost every observer or inhabitant of our isles, now that there is a periodical migration from the interior to the seaside. In most cases, the limit of the highest tides is marked by a precipitous bank or cliff (depending on the nature of the rock which forms the coast), from the base of which the shore descends with a gentle slope down to the level of low water, beyond which the inclination is often very gentle. If the coast is rocky, the warfare of the waves and the stubborn resistance offered to their advance is marked by many a breastwork or projection, sometimes by an isolated fort (or sea-stack), which has withstood the assault longer than its companions; but when the coast is formed of some softer material, such as clay or shale, the shingle beach is generally bounded by a bank presenting few irregularities of outline. How varied is the aspect of our coast at different points, it is almost unnecessary to remark; yet it is essential to the proper understanding of our subject that this be borne in mind, because similar variations are to be found in the ancient coast lines and raised beaches of which we shall come to speak presently. Along the coasts of Devon and Cornwall, the highlands of Wales and Scotland, and the north and west of Ireland, walls of massive rock descend sheer down into the surging waves. In other places, as in Lincolnshire—but on a larger scale in the Netherlands—the descent from the land to the sea is so gradual, that, except where the boundary line has been rendered distinct by art, the passage from the domain of the land to that of the sea could only be recognized by the absence of vegetation. Other parts of the coast, however, partake of an intermediate character. Here the limits of tidal action are defined by a low line of cliffs, or a steep bank and a slightly shelving strand. These different forms of coast line have an intimate relationship to the strength and arrangement of the rock or formation, and the configuration of the interior. Where the chalk of Flamborough Head, the South Downs, and the Isle of Wight rises into hills inland, it terminates in the white walls of our "Albion," while the softer clays and sands of Sussex and Essex subside into a featureless shore.

* See Lyell's *Antiquity of Man*, p. 35.

All the while that the land remains at a certain level the sea is at work, sapping and mining the shore, and, by its currents, carrying away the materials to be spread over its bed. The strand has a general tendency to assume the form of a flat plain, on account of the levelling action of the breakers, which is confined to a vertical limit of a few feet. Sometimes deep fissures are hewn in the rocks of the coast, along lines of jointage; in other cases, isolated pillars, or masses of rock of every conceivable shape are found, and, less commonly, caves are hollowed out. Fingall's Cave, hewn out of cliffs of basaltic columns, is a well-known example; and if the western coast of Scotland were suddenly elevated, perhaps thirty or forty feet, the entrance of the cave would be at the side of an inland cliff, with a terrace stretching from its base to the shore. This cliff would mark the present limit of tidal action, and the terrace would form a raised beach, in the true sense of the word.

We must be careful to note the distinction between the beach and the cliff (or bank) which forms its inshore boundary. Both are frequently found together, and in cases, some of which I shall cite, several of these cliffs with their attendant beaches, are now to be found elevated far beyond the present limits of the tides. At the same time each may be found without the other. There are instances where, in the same cliff which is now washed by the waves, the former sea level is marked by caves which are now beyond the reach even of the spray. The probabilities are, however, that, at the period of elevation, a beach of shingle descended from the entrance of most of these caves, which has since been worn down and removed by tidal action; and thus the old and the new coast lines are united. It is evident that the further action of the waves would, in process of time, obliterate all traces of the earlier coast line. On the other hand, remains of old sea beaches, in the form of gravel and sand, with shells, are sometimes found in isolated patches, in places where the former coast line is so far distant as not to be recognized. In cases where there are several cliffs, with their terraces rising in tiers, one above the other, such steps show (as Sir C. Lyell has pointed out)

so many pauses in the process of elevation of the coast. Had the rise of the land been continuous and uniform, there would have been no prominent line of cliff, supposing the rock to be of uniform texture; for every portion of the surface having been in its turn, and for an equal period of time, a sea shore, no part could be more indented or eroded than another. But if pauses occur during the upheaval, the waves and currents have time to undermine and remove masses of rock at certain stages, and thus produce ranges of cliffs with terraces at their base.

The evidence of the former action of the sea along lines of coast now far beyond the reach of the waves, is of so satisfactory a kind, from the indirect evidences we have been considering, that it is scarcely strengthened by the presence of sea shells, corals, and crinoids in the gravels of the raised beaches. These, however, are not uncommon; and what is still more interesting, works of art and human remains have also been found associated with them, attesting that in some places the elevation of the land has taken place since the time that man was an inhabitant, and navigated the shores and creeks in his canoe. Sir H. De la Beche has mentioned in his *Report on the Geology of Devon and Cornwall*, that in mining gravel for tin, at Pertuan, in Cornwall, skulls and works of art were found lying at a depth of forty feet from the surface, under gravel containing marine shells of living species. Near Peterborough there is a deposit of estuarine gravel, containing, in alternate layers, fresh water and sea shells, occupying a position about twenty-five feet above the sea. In Gloucestershire, near Cheltenham, there is an old sea-shore gravel bed stretching to the base of the Cotteswold hills, and forming a level terrace, at an elevation of about forty feet. Higher up, on the flanks of the same range, there is a gravel bed clinging to the sides of the hills, at an elevation of about six hundred feet; and which, from its distinctly bedded arrangement, would appear to have been deposited in water at a time when the sea washed the base of the oolitic cliffs of the Cotteswold range. The two most marked raised beaches of the coast of Scotland both

contain marine shells. Those which are found in the twenty-five or thirty feet beach being all of recent species, and associated with works of art; while some of those in the forty-feet beach, the more ancient of the two, are of extinct species. In this latter beach no certain traces of human remains or works of art have yet been discovered.

The shores and fiords of Scandinavia present some of the most interesting examples of raised beaches with which we are acquainted. Sir C. Lyell has shown that, near Stockholm, there occur, at slight elevations above the sea level, horizontal beds of sand, loam, and marl, containing the same peculiar assemblage of testacea which now live in the brackish waters of the Baltic. Mingled with these at different depths, various rude works of art, and vessels built before the introduction of iron, have been detected. The level of this beach is about sixty feet above the surface of the Baltic; and in the same neighborhood at higher levels, more ancient beaches, with the same shells, but without any traces of the remains of man or his workmanship have been traced.* On the western coast, portions of raised beaches, containing shells of the species inhabiting the German Ocean, may be traced, lining the shores and winding along the sides of the deep inlets and fiords up to levels of six hundred feet above the ocean. What renders these littoral phenomena of Scandinavia of unusual interest, is the fact that the land is not only actually rising, but that attempts have been made with some success to measure the rate of elevation, which, at the North Cape, is considered to be equal to five feet in a century. On the coast of Denmark, however, this rate, according to M. Puggaard, is only equal to two or three inches in a century.

The floors of caves, especially in limestone districts, are sometimes lined with shingle containing shells of species living at the present day in the neighboring seas, together with bones of animals which inhabited the country either at the time the cave was in course of formation, or subsequently. The shores of the Mediterranean sea afford many illus-

trations of these and other kinds of raised beaches. In the island of Sicily there are caves of this kind so recently elevated that *serpulae* are still found clinging to their walls. Of these, the cave of San Ciro, near Palermo, is a good example. It is about twenty feet high, ten wide, and one hundred and eighty above the sea. Within it is found an ancient beach of pebbles of various rocks, many of which must have come from places far remote. Broken pieces of coral and shell, especially of oysters and pectens, are intermingled with the pebbles; and immediately above the level of this beach, *serpulae* are still found adhering to the rock, while the walls of the cave are perforated by *lithodomi*. The number of species of shells in this beach examined by Dr. Philippi was about forty-five, all of which, with two or three exceptions, now inhabit the adjoining sea; while overlying this shell gravel is a deposit of bone-breccia, containing the remains of the mammoth, hippopotamus, and several species of deer.

The eastern shores of the same island present many striking instances of inland cliffs, and sea beaches, sometimes carved in solid white limestone. Among the most interesting are those of the Gozzo degli Martiri. Here the terraces rise above one another in a succession of semi-circular steps resembling a Roman amphitheatre. Another ancient sea wall of noble proportions runs along the coast both north and south of the town of Syracuse, varying in height from five hundred to seven hundred feet, and between its base and the sea is an inferior platform, the whole composed of solid limestone rock. Similar cliffs, with terraces at their base containing marine shells, are to be observed in the Morea, rising one above the other from the shores to elevations occasionally exceeding one thousand feet. These cliffs are sometimes penetrated by caves, the floors of which are paved with a breccia (or angular gravel) cemented into a solid stratum, and containing fragments of shells of species now living in the adjoining seas, such as *Strombus* and *Spondylus*. Caves and beaches, precisely similar, are now forming along the present shores, and if the coast were now to be still further elevated, another raised beach, in all respects similar to those

* Lyell: *Principles of Geology and Antiquity of Man*.

described, would be the result. The evidence of the shells found in these beaches goes to prove that, *geologically* speaking, this age is but as yesterday, yet it is doubtful whether the youngest of them had not been lifted beyond the reach of the waves when Agamemnon and his host sailed forth for the shores of Troy.

The "lateritic" formation of Madras and North Arcot in India, affords an example of a raised beach on a large scale, and one which has recently excited considerable interest from the discovery by Mr. Bruce Foote, of the Geological Survey, of stone implements similar to those found in the valley-gravels of Europe. Mr. Foote considers that the laterite, consisting of sand and gravel, was deposited at the bottom of a shallow sea studded with mountainous islands, between which flowed strong currents. Unfortunately no shells have as yet been discovered in this gravel; but the works of human skill show that the bed of the sea has been elevated into dry land along the shores of Southern India since the appearance of man.

I shall now request my reader to accompany me to the shores of the New World, and examine one or two remarkable cases of raised beaches there. Entering the Gulf of St. Lawrence we find the islands and coast presenting remarkable examples of these, together with sea-stacks and isolated masses of rock of the most fantastic forms, enough to employ the pencil of the artist and, we may add, the camera of the photographer for many a day to come. Captain Bayfield has published drawings of a group of sea-worn rock-pillars called "the flower-pots," in the Mingan Islands—the furthest from the shore being sixty feet above the reach of the highest tide; and Sir C. Lyell (in his *Manual of Geology*) gives a drawing of another group of limestone pillars in Niäpisca Island, belonging probably to the same level. Other examples are described in the works of the States Geological Surveys.

But the shores of South America afford perhaps the most stupendous examples of old coast terraces that are to be found in any part of the world. They occur along the sea border of Chile, Tierra del Fuego, Patagonia, and La Plata, throughout a coast line of several thousand

miles. At Coquimbo, Mr. Darwin, in his *Voyage of the Beagle*, describes five narrow, gently sloping, fringe-like terraces, formed of shingle, rising one behind the other, and sweeping up the valley for miles from both sides of the bay. At Guasco, north of Coquimbo, these phenomena are displayed on even a much grander scale. The terraces expand into plains, and line the valley for a distance of thirty-seven miles from the coast. Shells of many existing species lie on the surface of these terraces, or are imbedded in a friable calcareous stratum of which they are formed. Along the eastern coast, the same distinguished naturalist has traced a raised beach from the Rio Colorado for a distance of six hundred or seven hundred nautical miles southward. This beach spreads itself over the plains of Patagonia for an average distance of two hundred miles inland from the coast. He considers that the land, from the Rio de la Plata to Tierra del Fuego, a distance of twelve hundred nautical miles, has been raised in mass, in some parts to a height of four hundred feet, within the period of the existing sea shells, as these are found sometimes on the surface of the terraces partially retaining their colors! The uprising movement was interrupted at least eight times, during which the sea ate deeply back into the land, forming, at successive levels, lines of cliff, or escarpments, which separate the different plains as they rise like steps one above the other. The lowest plain is ninety feet above the sea level, and the highest ascended by Mr. Darwin near the coast, nine hundred and fifty feet, of which only relics are now left. The author to whom we are indebted for these details observes that the elevatory movements and the erosive action of the sea during the periods of rest have been equable over long lines of coast, for he found, to his surprise, that the step-like plains stood at nearly corresponding heights at far distant points.

These illustrations, drawn from both hemispheres of ancient sea margins and raised beaches, will probably suffice for the purpose of this paper, and there remains only one more subject of prominent interest to discuss, namely, the date of these elevations in regard to the age of man. That all the raised beaches we

have been considering are extremely recent, geologically speaking, is proved by the fact of their containing shells of living species almost exclusively; yet it by no means follows that some of them are not of more ancient date than the appearance of the human race. On the other hand, others, as we have seen in the case of the laterite of Southern India, and the thirty-feet beach of Scotland, are more recent, as they contain works of art. The most recent instance, perhaps, of coast elevation is that of the Bay of Baie, which, as shown by Sir C. Lyell in his *Principles of Geology*, has been partially submerged, and reëlevated within historic times. The Temple of Serapis was partially entombed in a beach now raised twenty-five feet above the sea, consisting of clay and volcanic matter, and containing pottery, portions of buildings, and numbers of shells of existing species in the bay. The emergence can be proved to have taken place since the beginning of the sixteenth century.

The age of the most recent of the raised beaches of Scotland, the thirty-feet beach, has occasioned a lively controversy. That it is more recent than the habitation of the country by the ancient Celtic tribes is attested by the canoes which have been found under the streets of Glasgow and further inland, imbedded in strata of sand, clay, and gravel, along with remains of whales, seals, and porpoises; but beyond all this it seems highly probable (if indeed not absolutely certain) that the elevation of this beach has taken place since the date of the Roman occupation of the country. The evidence is as follows: On the south shore of the Firth of Forth, there is a small stream near Falkirk, and several miles up this stream, and considerably beyond the reach of the tides, the foundations of old Roman docks were discovered and described by General Roy. These docks were built near the termination of the wall of Antoninus, which stretched across the island from the Firth of Forth to that of the Clyde. When these docks were built they stood of course on the banks of the sea, which never reaches the spot now. Another branch of the evidence has been ably elucidated by Mr. A. Geikie, and seems satisfactory. The wall of Antoninus,

built by the Romans to keep out the tribes on the north side from the territory they occupied, was, we may infer, carried from sea to sea at both ends, beyond which the sea itself would form a protection. Its eastern termination is recognized by most antiquarians as having been placed at Carriden, on the top of a considerable cliff overlooking the flat *carse* of Falkirk, which stretches down to the sea. Its western extremity, not having the favorable site offered by a cliff, terminates a short distance back from the sea margin of the Clyde. Now we must give the Roman Engineers credit for more sagacity than to suppose they would carry their wall across the country, and leave a level space at each end, which the Celtic warriors could easily steal round on a dark night and thus turn the flanks of these laborious lines of fortification. It is clear, therefore, that the wall was originally carried down to the water's edge, and probably some distance into both seas; and the subsequent elevation of the land appears to be a satisfactory explanation of the relation of the ends of the wall to the shores, especially when taken in connection with the position of the Roman docks near Falkirk already described. To those therefore who have witnessed the rapid waste going forward along some portions of our coast, it may be some consolation to know that, since the Roman occupation, millions of acres have been added to the land of Great Britain by the upheaval of that fringe of level land known as "the twenty-five or thirty feet" beach of Scotland.

Bentley's Miscellany.

THE PRÉCIEUSES OF THE PLACE ROYALE.*

THERE is an old quarter of Paris which we take special delight to visit, known as the "Marais." The hammer of the iconoclast has not yet invaded its precincts. The "Place Royale" remains as represented in engravings of the seventeenth century; the streets des Tournelles, de la Cerisaie, du Parc Royal, de la Perle, du Petit Muse, St. Paul,

* *Ninon de Lenclos et les Précieuses de la Place Royale.* Par M. CAPEYQUE. Paris: Amyot.

and Lesdiguières, are not transformed; the fine old hôtels, which bring to mind the magistrates D'Ormesson, De Mesme, Saint Fargeau, and Lecogneux, and which reveal the splendors of the era of the financier Lamet and of the superintendent Fouquet, are still there.

Nothing could be more charming and more sprightly than the society of the Marais in the time of Louis XIII. It numbered Marion de Lorme, Ninon de Lenclos, Deshoulières, Sévigné, Scudéry, La Fayette, Scarron, Bussy-Rabutin, Saint Evremont, La Sablière, La Rochefoucauld, amid its votaries. Penetrating into those salons, whose Florentine tapestries and old-fashioned furniture are preserved, like relics of the past, we fancy we see seated in those arm chairs fair ladies with hair all in curls, whose society was so much coveted by the gentlemen and the "Mousquetaires" of the day, and who are most familiarly known as the "*précieuses*."

Of all the fair ladies of the Marais, who, while reflecting the gallantry and the spirit of the middle ages, first established the empire of woman, none was more popular or celebrated than Ninon de Lenclos. She lived from the time of Louis XIII. until the end of the reign of Louis XIV., and none of her contemporaries could boast of so many years and so many friends.

The delicious collection of enamels of Petitot preserve to us the features of those charming persons who constituted the *précieuses* of the Place Royale. Ninon de Lenclos appears in them as a very pretty delicate personage (not as she became afterwards plump and round), with a lively eye, a high forehead, and a half open mouth breathing voluptuousness. By her side is a young girl beaming with intelligence, the protégée of Ninon de Lenclos, the lover of the Chevalier de Meré, and the beloved of the superintendent Fouquet (who placed her portrait at the Château de Beaux by the side of that of Mademoiselle de la Vallière), Mademoiselle d'Aubigné, afterwards Madame Scarron, and then the all-powerful Madame de Maintenon.

All the incidents of love and gallantry of the era of Louis XIII. attach themselves more or less to the beautiful quarter which at that time stretched from the old palace of the Tournelles, with its

trellises of grape vines and its groves of cherry trees (whence the names of Rues Beau-Treillis and de la Cerisaie still to be met with), to beyond the Bastille Saint Antoine. When the old palace of Charles VII. was pulled down, Mary of Medicis, full of reminiscences of Florence, designed streets and squares, with fountains and lofty mansions amid which the Seine flowed, just as the Arno does through Pisa and the city of the Medicis. The Arsenal, in which dwelt the morose Sully, was completed in the time of Henri IV., and behind was the hôtel of the treasurer Lamet, a marvel of Venetian and Florentine architecture. When Henry IV. designed the Place Royale, his idea was to introduce a "Place" like that of St. Mark at Venice in Paris, with shops, galleries, and baths. The gentlemen who promenaded under those Italian colonnades wore broad-brimmed felt hats, with red feathers, and boots of yellow kid, with steel spurs, and black or gray cloaks, thrown, after the fashion of the Spaniards, over their short coats and white ruffs. Their adventurous aspect was heightened by a barbiche or barbichon (a tuft on the chin called "royal" at that time, because introduced by Louis XIII. in opposition to the Huguenot beard of Henri IV.), but, above all, by the fashion of wearing the rapier, the hand resting on the hilt, so that the point should stick up from beneath the mantle, like a perpetual challenge to step aside into the meadows of the Bastille, the spot where these Gallic "Rodomonts" were at that epoch ever pricking one another in order to win favor in the eyes of the fair.

Among the fair and frail ones who paraded in the Place Royale was the ravishing Princess of Condé, with whom Henri IV. had fallen desperately in love in his old age. She and others dwelt in hôtels over the colonnade, or in the Rues des Tournelles, des Beaux-Treillis, de la Cerisaie, or in that of Saint Antoine, which, starting from the church of St. Gervais, the parish of armorers and workers in gold, just as Saint Eustache was of the drapers and butchers, stretched to St. Paul, where the "mignons" of Henri III. lay buried. Close by was the convent of the Célestins, anything but gloomy, for the monks were professional horticulturists, as also the

convent of St. Mary, where the ladies went at prayer time, for the beautiful sinners were not wanting at least in the appearance of devotion. The Rue des Tournelles led by an avenue of chestnut trees and an open meadow to the green slopes of the Bastille, the terrible dungeon of despotism, but which differed in outward aspect very slightly from the royal palaces of the fourteenth century—Vincennes, the Louvre, and the Tournelles, having vast porches, great central courts, and extensive gardens. The pride of the Rue St. Antoine was the Hôtel Lesdiguières, renowned for its sumptuous decorations. Beyond all was the Faubourg St. Antoine, colonized by Germans, skilful workmen in ebony and other valuable woods. These colonists came mainly from Nuremberg, Cologne, and Strasbourg. The island of St. Louis separated the populous quarter of Notre Dame, and the "village" of St. Marceau from the aristocracy of the Marais, and the financier Rambouillet received at his château of Reuilly the whole of the society of the Place Royale—ladies, magistrates, poets, and "gentilshommes d'épée," when the tournaments and festivals of the "Place" itself were over.

The so-called "gentilshommes d'épée" were not all Gascons, Mousquetaires, chevaux légers, or adventurers. They numbered the Condés, the Rohans, the Eperons, the Guises, and the Grammonts, as well as the D'Artagnans, among their ranks. Every gentleman was at that epoch a duellist. The salles d'escrime et d'armes themselves, conducted by old gentlemen, were, in Louis XIII.'s time, called "academies." The habit of fighting for the most trifling cause was so inveterate, that gentlemen were to be seen engaged in mortal combat at the corner of every street. Baron de Chantal, celebrated by Madame de Sévigné, had gone, for example, on Easter day to the church of St. Paul. An attendant of the Count Bouteville came to inform him that his master was waiting for him at the Porte St. Antoine, to second him in a combat. The Count started in his fête day garb and light shoes, drew his rapier as a second, inflicted a severe wound upon the Count de Pongibaud, and returned home without knowing anything about the causes

which had brought about the duel. The historian, Gregory Laity, says that this Baron de Chantal was killed at the defence of the island of Rhé by Cromwell, at that time an officer in the British army. These habits of risking life for the most trifling causes induced a peculiar moral condition. Money was disregarded. Gentlemen gambled in the tent, or even in the trenches, and cheated and fought for the stakes. They were thoughtless, brave, even foolhardy, and at the same time disorderly and drunken, albeit always chivalrous and always punctilious on the point of honor; and it was of such material that Louis XIII., himself brave and impetuous, made up his three companies of "Mousquetaires," and attached them to his personal service. They were so called, although muskets were by no means a novelty in the service. These privileged companies wore a gray or black coat, with a great cross on the breast, after the fashion of the Knights Templars, gray felt hats with feathers, kid boots, and a cloak, half for themselves and half for their horses. They were mostly Gascons, cadets of good houses, and the king knew them all by name, and treated them as his children. They, on their side, were ready to do anything the king commanded them. They would arrest a marshal of France, a minister, a cardinal, nay, the Pope himself (hat off and knee on the ground), if so bidden. If one of the company was insulted, it was to insult the whole. Although often penniless, their mothers generally sent some old servant of the house to carry their muskets and take care of them! The Black Mousquetaires had a splendid hôtel for barracks beyond the Bastille, on the road to Charenton, now the Hospice des Quinze-Vingt. They constituted the life of the Place Royale, and were the pets of the beautiful "précieuses" of the Rue des Tournelles.

The said Place Royale was completed in 1616. It was soon peopled by the most joyous and yet the most refined society of the capital. The two pearls of that society were admittedly Marion Delorme and Ninon de Lenclos, who were quite young at that epoch. Marion Delorme descended from a good family, and might have been well settled in the

world; but the romances of Madeleine Seudéry had corrupted her, as well as many others, who were led to deem marriage to be an abdication of the "rights of woman." The theme is not so new as some people deem it to be. Her first lover, the financier Porticelli, had loaded her with presents. Cinq-Mars was so enamoured that he wished to marry her, and that when La Ferté, Sennectère, Miossens, Châtillon, and Brissac were sighing at her feet. Marion, however, would neither marry the king's favorite nor any one else. Yet it is recorded of her that she was attentive to her religious duties, and assiduous in her attendance at the "Minimes," now a barrack of gendarmerie.

It was otherwise with Ninon de Lenclos; she had, it is said, been educated in the principles of Epicurean philosophy by M. de Lenclos. There was a school at that epoch, among whom were Gassendi, the master of Molière, Peiresce, and others, who openly professed a spirit of skepticism and the paramount law of pleasure; and M. de Lenclos was one of its members. Hence it was that Ninon de Lenclos knew no moral restraints. The first object of her affections is said to have been Andelot (afterwards Châtillon); but it was the mere caprice of a moment, and she soon exchanged him for another. Before she had attained her nineteenth year (she was born in 1616) she had had Saint Estienne and M. de Ronvrai for lovers; and M. de Coulon, a rich parliamentary counsellor, allowed her five hundred livres a month.

At this first epoch of her life Ninon is said to have most favored wealthy suitors, and she took with open hand from Rambouillet, Porticelli, and others of their stamp. Her salon was hung with yellow Damascus silk, and furnished with costly elegance. She received in it princes, gentlemen, financiers, counsellors, and authors, but few of her own sex; and yet her salon had not at that epoch acquired the importance which it did during the stirring epoch of the Fronde, when the Marais became one of the centres of conspiracy, and Ninon de Lenclos's salon its heart.

Ninon's bosom friends were Madame Goudran, née Bigot d'Hédonville, held in high esteem at the Place Royale, and

Mademoiselle Paulet, who, though from Languedoc, had golden hair and a brilliantly fair complexion, to which were added all the life and animation of the south. This fair lady had a M. de Guise, one of the great leaguers, as a lover upon starting in life, and could not forget him. The counsellor of the *précieuses* was a Madam Pilon, the wealthy wife of a procureur au châtelet, but her advice was not always abided by. "Do what you have a mind," she used to say, "but never commit yourselves on paper." Such advice was lost upon persons like Madame de Rohan, who, replete with wit and repartee, never let a sonnet to her charms go by unanswered. Madame de Rohan, who was an enthusiastic admirer of Madeleine de Seudéry, had abandoned the splendid hotel of the Guiches, simply for the pleasure of dwelling with the *précieuses* on "la Place," as the Place Royale was often spoken of for brevity sake, and to stroll with them in the afternoon under the shade of its old elm trees; whence came the old proverb, "Attendez-moi sous l'orme." Madeleine de Seudéry was also of meridional descent, being from Apt in Provence, and she ruled as queen by her abilities, which, adapted to the taste of the day in her *Carte du Tendre*, became the model for the writings of Bussy-Rabutin, Hamilton, D'Artagnan, and the Hudibrastic Scarron, the wits of "la Place," at a time when the court sojourned at Saint Germain.

How it happened that Louis XIII., wedded to the fair Anne of Austria, surrounded by the brilliant "dames d'honneur" whom Mary of Medicis attached from policy to her person, himself passionately addicted to field-sports, should have found his way to the Marais, we are not told; but certain it is that, between 1630 and 1635, the king became deeply enamoured of a noble lady of that quarter, Louise Motier de la Fayette, of the old Auvergnat family of that name. A clew may be discerned to the incident in Cinq-Mars superseding as favorite to the monarch Barradas, whom Louis had discarded as a creature of Richelieu's (and the cardinal took upon himself always either to supply the favorites, male or female, of the monarch, or to bribe and corrupt them to his purposes). Now, Cinq-Mars

passed much of his time in the society of the Place Royale, and he may have excited the king's curiosity by the history of its amours and its intrigues. M. le Grand, however, as he was called, was at first also a creature of the all-powerful minister. Tallemant des Réaux has treated the character of Cinq-Mars ignobly, as he has indeed that of the court of Louis XIII., his gentlemen, his Mousquetaires, and the ladies of honor of the queen. It is much to be regretted that some writers have adopted his abominable stories as historical truths. There could not, M. Capéfigue assures us, be greater or more detestable perversions of truth than are to be met with in his pages. Alfred de Vigne has, however, more than vindicated the character of Cinq-Mars in our own times. He has, indeed, made a faultless hero of the youthful favorite. Cinq-Mars, was, however, admittedly protected at the outset by the cardinal, and placed by him in antagonism to Mademoiselle de la Fayette. The intrigue succeeded. The coöperation of M. Vincent (afterwards Saint Vincent de Paul) was obtained, and at twenty-five years of age Mademoiselle de la Fayette withdrew from a king's love to take the veil in the convent of Sainte Marie Saint Antoine.

What were the people doing, it may be asked, while Mary of Medicis and Anne of Austria, with their beavies of fair ones, kept court at Saint Germain, and the *précieuses* held sway over poets and orators, Mousquetaires and chevaux légers, in the Marais? They used to meet at the clock-tower, called the Samaritaine, near the Pont Neuf, to listen to the buffoons Tabarin and Mondes, who recited ballads and epigrams à propos of the beauties of the Court and the "Place," and of the gallantry of certain personages, known as Baron Gratelard and Captain Rodomont; while, at the other side of the bridge, the Italian troop of the Ecloze displayed their arlequin and colombine, novelties, at that epoch, to a public always imitative of its leaders, and given up, like them, to dreamy fantastic notions, which could only be enlivened by the extreme of burlesque and grotesque. This was also the epoch of the bully, Cyrano de Bergerac, who was so

ugly that it was impossible not to laugh at him, yet to laugh was followed by an inevitable challenge. He was called "le diable des Mousquetaires," and was at the same time a creature of the cardinal's.

But Richelieu was growing old and infirm, and there were not wanting those who rebelled against his capricious tyranny. The literary Aspasia of the Place Royale had ever been opposed to the man who had persecuted the only one of their set who had become a maid of honor and a protégée of the king's—Mademoiselle de la Fayette. The whole body of the parliament were also opposed to the cardinal's policy. Many bore an inveterate hatred to his person from private grievances. Such especially were M. de Thou and Cinq-Mars, who negotiated a treaty with Spain, for which they suffered the last penalty of the law.

The public execution of the gallant, handsome, and brave, but misled young gentleman, was a severe blow to the Place Royale. Cinq-Mars had been chief favorite with Marion Delorme, who shared the sceptre of the Marais with Ninon de Lenclos, just as much as Louis XIII. did that of St. Germain with Richelieu. For a time, all tongues were silenced, and none dared to commit themselves to writing; but a great change supervened upon the death of the inflexible minister. The exiled of the hôtels of the Rues Saint Antoine, du Beau-Treillis, de Saint Paul, and de Lesdignière—Gaston d'Orléans, the Duke of Beaufort, the Marshals de Bassompierre and de Vitry, and Count de Cramail, all struck down by Richelieu—reappeared in their favorite haunts. The veteran Bassompierre became the hero, and Saint Evremont the literary trumpet, of the opposition under Mazarin. Still greater license in words and in manners was manifested at the death of Louis XIII., under the regency of Anne of Austria. The regency was an epoch of triumph for Marion Delorme and Ninon de Lenclos—the two Lais of the Place Royale, as the classic Saint Evremont called them. Marion had attained her thirtieth year at the time of the execution of Cinq-Mars, but she was still in the possession of all her charms; and although avaricious by nature, she lived

in great luxury. Ninon de Lenclos is said to have been even still more acquisitive. Besides the regular subsidies which she received from the counsellor Coulon and the financier Rambouillet, she is said to have drawn bills of exchange upon her lovers with the rapacity of a Jewess. Like Marion, Ninon played on the lute and danced to her own accompaniments. The lute and the théorbe were the instruments most in vogue before Lully introduced the violin. There is a portrait of Ninon de Lenclos in the collection of engravings at the Imperial Library, in which she is represented seated at an instrument in the form of a piano; it is not an organ, for it has no pipes, yet it has three rows of keys, one above the other, which permitted a certain development in the octaves and gamuts.

The importance of the Place Royale began, however, at this epoch to be affected by the rising influence of the two Hôtels Rambouillet, which must not be confounded. One was, as before observed, at Reuilly; the other (formerly the Hôtel Pisani) was in the quarter of the Tuileries, where are now the galleries of the Louvre. The first, inhabited by rich financiers, attracted those men of the world who are always ready to pay their court where double louis and golden pistoles most abound. The family of Rambouillet, which inhabited the Hôtel Pisani, was of quite a different order. The head of the house, the Marquis of Rambouillet, was of the family of Argennes, and his wife, sprung from the Pisanis of Florence, was one of the most favored and best informed of Mary de Medicis's maids of honor. She had learned Latin in order to read Virgil, and Spanish in order to recite Castilian poems to Anne of Austria. The marquise drew well, had exquisite taste in house and theatrical decorations, after the fashion of the day, which was chiefly addicted to mythological representations; and she was aided in these poetico-dramatic pursuits by Conrad, Voiture, Patru, Bois Robers, and Maugras. Her daughter Julie, afterwards Duchess of Montensier, was a person of infinite charms, both of mind and person. It was for her that was composed the famous garland of animated flowers, the *ms.* of which, by Jassy, is said to have sold for

14,510 francs.* The beautiful Mademoiselle Paulet, before alluded to, was another of the animated flowers of the Hôtel Rambouillet. All these fair ladies and gallant gentlemen passed their time in playing mythological ballets. The passion was so great for such, that, disdaining the realities of life, the name of heathen goddesses were assumed by living persons. Thus, for example, the marquise was known as "Arthémise," and the fair Paulet, of whom it was written,

" Qui fit la musique de ce ballet ?
Ce fut la petite Paulet,"

was "Arthémise" (Artemis and Artemisia are known to us, but not the latter name); and she was also called the "Lioness," on account of her hair of golden yellow. It was in the Hôtel Rambouillet that a thousand new expressions became adopted and familiarized, polishing off and refining what had taken root in the Place Royale, and the two together had much positive influence in modifying the French language. They were the school in which Madame de Sévigné, Bussy-Rabutin, and Saint Evremont were formed, and from which emanated at a later period Hamilton and Voltaire.

The former literary importance of the Place Royale was thus in its turn effaced by that of the Hôtel Rambouillet, and the wits who once peopled the groves of the Marais emigrated to the "Place," which became known, from the chivalrous festivals held there during the minority of Louis XIV., as the "Carrousel." But the Place Royale suddenly assumed a new importance under the Fronde. Almost all the parliamentary men dwelt in the Marais. They met every evening on the "Place," and it was from thence that the "Mazarinades," which constitute of themselves a collection of twenty volumes in quarto at the Imperial Library, emanated, to be afterwards chanted on the Point Neuf. The first meetings of the Frondeurs were held in this quarter. The measures dictated to the Hôtel de Ville to insure the success of popular insurrection also had their origin on the Place Royale,

* La Guirlande de Julie, pour Mademoiselle de Rambouillet, Julie d'Argennes.

and it was there that arms were first resorted to, when the President Broussel was transferred to the Bastille by order of Anne of Austria. Master Scarron gave the signal for the festival which led to the barricades of the Rue Saint Antoine and to the capture of the Arsenal and the Bastille—events which were at that epoch celebrated by illuminations, dances, and other extravagances, on the "Place."

The massing of royal troops around the Marais and the Faubourg Saint Antoine terrified the monks and nuns only. Mademoiselle de la Fayette fled to Chaillot, where she founded a convent; but the democratic "White Mantles" still held by the Place Royale and the Hôtel de Guise. When Anne of Austria fled from the cardinal's palace to Saint Germain, the Place Royale became one of the seats of popular government; the municipal action remained with the Hôtel de Ville, but the heart and soul of the movement was in the Marais. As usual, however, in all such cases, there were two parties there, one of them favored by the "grande Mademoiselle;" and Madame de Longueville would admit of no temporizing with the court, queen, or cardinal. It was they who put into the young king's mouth the words—

"Maman est Mazarine,
Et je suis Mazarin."

Others were more moderate in their views, and were open to arrangements which should not compromise the people. Marion Delorme and Ninon de Lenclos sided with this latter party; the turmoil of sedition was unfavorable to the pursuit of pleasure, and their finances suffered from the demands of an armed revolt. Nay, Capefigue insinuates that Ninon was so far reduced in circumstances that she was induced to give up her blue chamber to Meré, that he might meet there Mademoiselle d'Aubigne, afterwards Madame Scarron, and then Marchioness of Maintenon. This is a disagreeable bit of scandal to repeat, and respect for Madame de Maintenon's literary distinction would have led us to pass it over; but the memory of the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, and the contempt we feel for the courtesan turned bigot in her old days, forbid our doing so. Besides, there were many

others as brilliant and as gifted as she in these peculiar times, whose characters none have attempted to rehabilitate, as has been done with Madame de Maintenon; and it is asserted that Ninon de Lenclos was tolerated by Louis XIV., solely on account of the secrets which she held concerning his most "austere and pious" mistress.

The poet Scarron belonged to the extreme party, and he declaimed in Hudibrastic verse to the Frondeurs against all conciliation:

"C'est mauvais présage pour vous
Qu'une Fronde n'est qu'une corde,"

is an amusing play after the word "sling" and "slingers" attached to the party. So also with Mademoiselle de Scudéry, a true hero-worshipper, and whose particular hero at that epoch was the Prince of Condé, whom she compared to Cyrus and to Alexander the Great! There was actually only one publicist at the time who had the courage to defend the Cardinal. This was Renaudot, founder of a broadsheet, which afterwards became the *Gazette de France*, in which he launched forth cutting epigrams against the Place Royale and its insurgents, male and female. They were truly fair game for the satirist, and even Scarron himself, when Mazarin was exiled, was base enough to solicit subsidies from the Queen. "In times of revolution," Capefigue justly remarks, "we must not place implicit reliance on the incorruptibility of those who talk loudest; their shrieking voices often only claim a contribution, and they go with a pamphlet in hand, like the Spanish beggars who solicit charity with a pointed musket."

The Place Royale, so vindictive in its opposition to Mazarin, was struck down on his restoration to power. The Fronde was vanquished, the Mousquetaires dispersed, and the hostility of the Marais for ever stilled. The quarter became henceforward, not only no longer the fashion, but a thing of the past in the history of public insurrections. The court and all Paris were occupied with the marriage of Louis XIV. with the Infanta of Spain. The leaguers were old men; the Frondeurs were shelved. Marion Delorme was defunct (she died in 1650, thirty-nine years of age), and Ni-

non was on the other side of forty. Mademoiselle de Scudéry was laughed at; Saint Evremont was in exile; Bassompierre in disgrace; Scarron was exhausted and dying. Mazarin was creating the new Faubourg Saint Germain, and the Place Royale was superseded by the Carrousel for public entertainments and tournaments—the most brilliant of which was given in honor of Mademoiselle de la Vallière.

The literature which emanated from the Place Royale had always been democratic in its tendency. Some of the best of Courcilles's tragedies had been written, and even played, during the troubles of the Fronde. The writings of Scudéry, La Fontaine, Saint Evremont, Bussy-Rabutin, Rochefoucauld, Sévigné, all betray the same regrets for the past and for the bright times of the Place Royale. So long as Fouquet remained in power, the *précieuses* were never wanting in a friend. Ninon is, indeed, said to have favored the attentions of the luxurious superintendent towards Mademoiselle de la Vallière, as she had done those of Meré towards Madame Scarron. "Jamais surintendant n'a trouvé de cruelles," wrote Boileau at a later epoch, to irritate Louis XIV. against Fouquet, the then persecuted captive.

But to this free and sparkling literature a new school succeeded, under the ascendancy of the "Grand Monarque." Molière led the way by his satires against "Les Précieuses ridicules" of the Place Royale and the Hôtel Rambouillet. Boileau followed suit in servile adulation. *L'Art Poétique* is a satire against the literature of the Fronde and the wits of the Place Royale. It is the same with Racine; from his *Agamemnon* to his *Assuérus*, it is always Louis XIV. "Es-ther" was Madame de Maintenon.

The Place Royale had become as an unknown territory to the court of Versailles, and yet a certain prestige always attached itself to the beauty and talents of Ninon de Lenclos. She was not received at Versailles, and yet she was not in disgrace; for in her latter days she had a powerful protectress at court in the person of Madame de Maintenon, who feared her more than she loved her, and wished to see her pass away in tranquillity, absorbed in her absurd pre-

tensions to youth and the practices of an Epicurean philosophy.

Ninon de Lenclos had as a friend in her old age the poet Chapelle, the friend of Bachaumont, and he persevered in inditing sonnets and verses in praise of her undying charms and graces. Ninon herself wrote verses worthy of the society of which she was one of the leaders. Her repartees were admirable for point, and have been often quoted. But, as she grew old, epigrams did not spare her:

" Il ne faut pas qu'on s'étonne
Si Souvent elle raisonne
De la sublime vertu
Dont Platon fut revêtu ;
Car, à bien compter son âge,
Elle peut avoir vécu
Avec ce grand personnage."

She wrote to Saint Evremont to come to Paris, and that he would find her as fair as in her best days. The poet replied, "When two lovers have known one another, both being young and handsome, they must not meet again when old and worn out, if they wish to preserve pleasant illusions." The Fronde died out finally in the person of "deux vieilles filles amoureuses," Ninon de Lenclos and la grand Mademoiselle—the latter having taken for consort the rakish Duc de Lauzun. Marion Delorme died in the plenitude of her charms; but a superannuated courtesan, however rich in intellectual gifts, is always ridiculous, and often hideous, inevitably reminding one of those aged creatures that Giotto has depicted at the Campo Santo of Pisa, wrapped in the folds of serpents which bite the flesh that has sinned.

It is, however, still a pleasant thing to wander on a quiet evening from the now frequented parts of Paris, and stroll pensively through the streets and "Place" of the Marais. They are peopled to the imagination with the shades of the past — Mousquetaires and chevaux légers, white and black mantles — Frondeurs, libellists, duellists, and financiers silently parading their arcades; Scarron, Maintenon, Scudéry, and Sévigné holding séances with the wit and talent of the day; crowds of gentlemen dancing attendance at the portals of Ninon de Lenclos, and Cinq-Mars cantering to a rendezvous with Marion Delorme. Such a pilgrimage has more in it than an even-

ing spent in what was, until recently, the Palais Royal, even with its souvenirs of the "petits soupers" of the Regency.

British Quarterly.

A SPANISH REFORMER IN THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.*

ONE is almost weary of the praise lavished on the voluptuous beauty of the Bay of Naples. Artist and poet, historian and novelist, have exhausted their power of expression in depicting its loveliness. That city of enchantment, the palaces and fortresses of which, intersected with vineyards and orange groves, emulate in fantastic outline its magical background of rich foliage and hoary crag, is ever haunted by the mighty presence of the flaming mountain, and mirrored in the sea of glass, which, like a sapphire set in frosted silver, gleams with always changing radiance and redoubled beauty, as the pageant of an Italian sky passes over all.

The dreariest chronicler, as he touches this enchanted shore, pauses for a moment to dilate upon its charms. The most subjective and abstractive sage kindles with enthusiasm as he passes under the shadows of Capri and Ischia, or climbs the fort of St. Elmo. Nevertheless, we must confess that neither the Museo Borbonico, nor the boisterous life of the Chiaja, nor the grim solitudes of Pompeii, nor the fierce struggles of loyalty and liberty, have availed to confer such deep interest upon the scene, as that which the author of the above-mentioned work has excited by unveiling to our view in these modest and scholarly pages, the life, the sanctity, the Platonic love, the magnetic attractions of the mighty electric sympathies with truth and goodness, which are suggested by the name and life work of Juan de Valdés. That Naples, during the Pontificate of Adrian and Clement, should, under the very nose of the Inquisition, have been the abode and

quiet home of a spirit like his; that the Church of Rome, in those days of fierce persecution and close conflict with the powers of the world and the energies of emancipated thought, in the travail of its own vigorous reaction should have veritably failed to trample into dust the daring independent thinker, whose life is portrayed, and some of whose writings are translated in this sumptuous volume, is as great a marvel as is the continued existence under the shadow of the half-cooled lava stream of Vesuvius of those cynosures of paradisaical loveliness which nestle contentedly amid their olive groves and oranges. Yet so it was, and we feel under a heavy debt of obligation to Mr. Wiffen for the research and care which have made us familiar with the man, whose words of life were the joy of sainted Herbert and quaint Walton, and which excited unbounded admiration, not only in the breast of the gifted lady whose religious history was intertwined with his own, but in the calm and imperial intellect of the great Erasmus. Although the principal work of De Valdés has been translated into many modern languages, yet our ecclesiastical historians and biographical dictionaries are, for the most part, either silent or erroneous in their estimate of his influence. Even Ranke devotes only a hesitating page to the subject, and Bayle retails an unsustained charge against his doctrine. Mr. Wiffen, with commendable zeal, has accumulated every scrap of accessible information on the subject, and his sketch of Juan de Valdés, and of his twin brother Alfonso, becomes an interesting monograph on the times in which they lived. The curious resemblance of the two brothers in feature, intellect, and spirit, not only led their contemporaries to confound them with each other, but justifies their modern biographer in interweaving copious extracts from the letters and compositions of Alfonso to Erasmus and others, at the period when he was Latin secretary to the Emperor during the chancellorship of Mercurino de Gattinara. These letters throw interesting side lights upon great historical personages, and events of world-wide importance. Thus, the coronation of Charles the Fifth, the effect of the Diet of Worms on the Court of the Emperor,

* *Life and Writings of Juan de Valdés, Spanish Reformer in the Sixteenth Century.* By BENJAMIN B. WIFFEN: with a translation from the Italian of his "Hundred and Ten Considerations." By JOHN T. BETTS. London: Bernard Quaritch.

and the efforts made for conciliation between the Emperor and Melancthon; the battle of Pavia and the sack of Rome, the imprisonment of the Pope, Clement VIII.; and the secret machinations, licentiousness, and contentions of the Pontifical Court, all start into vivid reality in the correspondence and brochures of the young secretary. The dialogue, in which Alfonso de Valdés endeavors to justify, on religious grounds, the sack of Rome, and throws the entire blame of the transactions upon the reigning Pontiff, for vigorous handling of Roman vices, and incisive criticisms of monkish superstition, is worthy of Luther himself. It is supposed that his brother Juan was, to a large extent, responsible for the authorship of the dialogue, although Alfonso, as Latin secretary to the Emperor, hoped to sustain the brunt of ecclesiastical indignation, and shield his brother with the ægis of imperial favor. Although elevated to this important position by a group of Spanish patriots and ardent reformers, and occupying it with great distinction, yet the reputation that he acquired by this document made the Court too warm for his continued occupancy of his post, and at this point Alfonso disappears from history, while Juan, no longer able to avoid the emissaries of the Spanish Inquisition, escaped to Italy, and spent the remainder of his days in comparatively undisturbed retirement at Naples. Here, though within the pale of the Church, he gathered around him a group of admiring and sympathetic spirits, among whom we may name the celebrated Peter Martyr Vermilius, who afterwards exercised so much influence on the English Reformation, to whom his high cultivation, saintly character, biblical erudition, and insight into the mysteries of the spiritual life, formed the great attraction. We presume that it was because his instructions were, during his lifetime, in the main confined to this select company that they were suffered to be given without interruption. Destitute of the polemical spirit, and occupied chiefly with the positive results of his personal study of God's Word, they were adopted to undermine rather than to bombard the intrenchments of sacerdotalism; treating the Holy Scriptures as an adequate divine informant,

and drawing thence with reverent patience and humility the living waters of truth, they were fit to satisfy a raging spiritual thirst, rather than to provoke the jealousy of ecclesiastics. His thoughts, like the rich clusters of the Italian vines, were pressed into the consecrated chalice of quiet love, unlike the winged seeds of Luther's thought, which were borne throughout the world on the angry hurricane of national strife, and wherever they alighted created whole harvests of controversy.

There is much in the form of the *CX. Considerations*, which reminds the reader of *The Theologia Germanica*, and even in "the lovely and lofty things concerning the Divine Life," spoken by the German mystic, there are many points of resemblance to the meditations of Juan de Valdés. Still the affinity is, in our opinion, more apparent than real, and they stand mutually related to Luther rather than to each other. The one prepared the way for the Reformed doctrine, the other could hardly have been written until that doctrine had been formulated. The former stands on its personal relationship to God, facing the deep abysses of Being with the might of a self-abnegation which all but defies the soul, and so in its transcendental metaphysics is independent of priest, of sacrament, of dogma, and of Bible, and has thus become the parent of Protestant and skeptical mysticism. The latter, though interpreting with marvellous fulness the laws of the Spirit of life, never appears independent of the special revelation of God in Christ in Holy Scripture, and in the objective reality of the sufferings, righteousness, and priestly intercession of the Redeemer. These *Considerations* cannot be read as an ordinary treatise, but must be digested one by one, with intervals of prayer, and sacrifice, and holy living. They must take their place with *The Imitations of Christ*, *The Theologia Germanica* and *The Christian Year*; but they are not disfigured by either the asceticism of the first, the mysticism of the second, or the sacramentarianism of the third. The man of the world will soon discover that their author understands *his* position, and does not guess at it from the cloister, and the modern student of Scripture will find that the spiritual penetration of De

Valdés has anticipated the results of his best exegesis. It particularly interests us to observe that De Valdés did not shrink from a clear enunciation of the penal satisfaction rendered by our blessed Lord to the justice of God, and that he held, at the same time, no less firmly, the subjective, moral, and experimental aspects of the Atonement wrought in us. It is impossible, in this brief notice, to give our readers any fair idea of the topics of these *Considerations*, and of the quaint, original, spiritual force with which they are expounded. The translation by Mr. Betts appears to us most admirable and effective. He has contrived to give a delightful archaicism not only to the face of his type, but to the fashion of his English, which imparts to it much of the flavor of an original work. He has had the advantage of twelve editions in the English, French, Italian, and Spanish languages, to aid his undertaking, and he appears studiously to have followed the advice of Dr. Boehmer, to make his translation "as simple in mode of expression as it is in the original, unabbreviated and unchanged." We think we cannot better recommend this part of the volume than by quoting from a letter of George Herbert, on returning a copy of it to his friend, Nicholas Ferrar (its first translator into English), in the year 1637.

"My deare and deserving brother—Your Valdesso I now return with many thanks, and some notes, in which, perhaps, you will discover some care, which I forbore not in the midst of my griefes, first, for your sake, because I would do nothing negligently which you commit unto mee; secondly, for the author's sake, whom I conceive to have been a true servant of God, and to such and all that is theirs I owe diligence; thirdly, for the Church's sake, to whom, by printing it, I would have you consecrate it. You owe the Church a debt, and God hath put this into your hands (as he sent the fish with money to St. Peter) to discharge it; happily also with this (as his thoughts are fruitfull), intending the honor of his servant, the author, who, being obscured in his own country, he would have to flourish in this land of light and region of the Gospell among his chosen. It is true there are some things which I like not in him, as my fragments will expresse, when you read them; nevertheless, I wish you by all means to publish it, for these three eminent things observable therein; first, that God in the midst of Popery should open the eyes of

one to understand and expresse so clearly and excellently the intent of the Gospell, in the acceptation of Christ's righteousness (as he sheweth through all his "*Considerations*") a thing strangely buried, and darkened by the adversaries, and their great stumbling-block. Secondly, the great honor and reverence, which he everywhere beares towards our dear Master and Lord, concluding every "*Consideration*" almost with his Holy Name, and setting his merit forth so piously, for which I doe so love him, that were there nothing else I would print it, that with it the honor of my Lord might be published. Thirdly, the many pious rules of ordering our life, about mortification and observation of God's kingdome within us, and the working thereof, of which he was a very diligent observer. These three things are very eminent in the author, and overweigh the defects (as I conceive) towards the publishing thereof, etc.

"GEORGE HERBERT.

"BEMERTON, Sept. 20, 1637."

Temple Bar.

MODERN ECCENTRICS.

SCORES, nay, hundreds of volumes, have been gathered upon the oddities of character which mankind, in all ages, have presented to the observant writer who loves to "shoot folly as it flies." Voltaire has said: "Every country has its foolish notions. . . . Let us not laugh at any people;" but it would be difficult to find any age which has not its curiosities of character to be laughed at and turned to still better account; for, of whatever period we write something may be done in the way of ridicule towards turning the popular opinion. Diogenes owes much of his celebrity to his contempt of comfort, by living in a tub, and his oddity of manner. Orator Henley preached from his "gilt tub" in Clare market, and thus earned commemoration in the *Dunciad*:

"Still break the benches, Henley, with thy strain,
While Sherlock, Hare, and Gibson preach in vain;
Oh, worthy thou of Egypt's wise abodes,
A decent priest, where monkeys were the gods!
But Fate with butchers placed thy priestly stall,
Meek modern faith to murder, hack, and haul.

Eccentricity has its badge and char-

acteristics by which it gains distinction and notoriety, and which, in some cases, serve as a lure to real excellence. The preaching of Rowland Hill is allowed to have been excellent; but his great popularity was won by his eccentric manner, and the many piquant anecdotes and witticisms, and sallies of humor unorthodox, with which, during his long ministry, he interlarded his sermons. However, he thought the end justified the means; and certain it is that it drew very large congregations. The personal allusion to his wife, which Rowland Hill is related to have used in the pulpit, were, however, fictitious, and at which Hill expressed great indignation. "It is an abominable untruth," he would exclaim; "derogatory to my character as a Christian and a gentleman. They would make me out a bear."

The success of Edward Irving, the popular minister of the National Scotch Church in London, was of a more mixed character. His sermons were not liked at first; and it was not until he was recognized by Dr. Chalmers that Irving became popular. But he was turned out of his church, and treated as a madman, and he died an outcast heretic. "There was no harm in the man," says a contemporary; "and what errors he entertained, or extravagances he allowed, in connection with supposed miraculous gifts, were certain, in due time, to burn themselves out. It was not so much the error of his doctrine, as the peculiarity of his manner, the torrent of his eloquence, his superlative want of tact, that provoked his enemies and frightened his friends. The strength of his faith was wonderful. Once, when he was called to the bedside of a dying man late at night, he went forth, but presently returned, and beckoned one of his friends to accompany him. The reason was, that he really believed in the efficacy of prayer, and held to the promise, "If two of you shall agree on earth as touching anything that ye shall ask, it shall be done." It was necessary, therefore, that two should go to the sick man. So, also, he had a child that died in infancy, to whom he was in the habit of addressing "words of godliness to nourish the faith that was in him;" and Irving adds the "patient heed of the child was wonderful." He really believed that the

infant, by some incomprehensible process, could group what he was saying, and profit by it. His love for children verged upon eccentricity; and he, a man of mark in London at that time, might be seen day by day, stalking along the streets of Pentonville of an afternoon, his wife by his side, and his baby in his arms.

No great cause was ever inaugurated with more eccentric or more genuine fervor, than the advocacy of temperance principles by Father Mathew, the Capuchin friar. "Here goes, in the name of God!" said the Father on the 10th of April, 1838, when he pledged his name in the cause of temperance, and together with the Protestant priest, Charles Duncombe, the Unitarian philanthropist, Richard Dowden, and the stout Quaker, William Martin, publicly inaugurated a movement at Cork, destined in a few years to count its converts by millions, and to spread its influence as far as the English language is spoken. In this good work, the habitually impulsive temperament of the Irish was acted upon for the purest and most beneficial of purposes; and one element of its success lay in the unselfishness of the Father, who was himself a serious sufferer by the results of his philanthropic exertions. A distillery in the south of Ireland, belonging to his family, and from which he himself derived a large income, was shut up in consequence of the disuse of whiskey among the lower orders occasioned by his preaching. But his "Riverance" was most unscrupulously tyrannized over by his servant John, a wizened old bachelor, with a red nose, privately nourished by Bacchus; and he was only checked in his evil doings when the Father, more exasperated than usual, exclaimed, "John, if you go on in this way, I must certainly leave this house." On one occasion there was a frightful smack of whiskey pervading the pure element which graced the board, which he accounted for by saying he had placed the forbidden liquid, with which he "cleaned his tins," in the jug by mistake.

The temperance cause prospered, but Father Mathew, through his eccentric love of giving, found it impossible to keep out of debt, which ever kept him in thralldom. The hour of his deepest

bitterness was when, while publicly administering the pledge in Dublin, he was arrested for the balance of an account due to a medal manufacturer; the bailiff to whom the duty was intrusted kneeling down among the crowd, asking his blessing, and then quietly showing him the writ. This is one of the many anecdotes told by Mr. Maguire, in his admirable *Life of Father Mathew*, who, we learn from the same authority, at a large party, attempted to make a convert of Lord Brougham, who resisted, good humoredly but resolutely, the efforts of his dangerous neighbor. "I drink very little wine," said Lord Brougham; "only half a glass at luncheon, and two half glasses at dinner; and though my medical adviser told me I should increase the quantity, I refused to do so." "They are wrong, my lord, for advising you to increase the quantity, and you are wrong in taking the small quantity you do; but I have my hopes of you." And so, after a pleasant resistance on the part of the learned lord, Father Mathew invested his lordship with the silver medal and ribbon, the insignia and collar of the Order of the Bath. "Then I will keep it," said Lord Brougham, "and take it to the House, where I shall be sure to meet the old Lord —, the worse of liquor, and I will put it on him." Lord Brougham was as good as his word; for, on meeting the veteran peer, he said: "Lord —, I have a present from Father Mathew for you," and passed the ribbon quietly over his neck. "Then I'll tell you what it is, Brougham, by — I will keep sober for this day," said his lordship, who kept his word, to the great amusement of his friends.

One of the most eccentric emblems set up in our time was the wood-cut of a gridiron, which for many years headed the *Political Register* of William Cobbett, as a sign of the political martyrdom which he avowed he was prepared to undergo, upon certain conditions. He often threatened to set up an iron gridiron over his publishing office in Bolt-court and Fleet-street, but did not carry his threat into execution. The gridiron will be recollected as one of the emblems of St. Lawrence, and we see it as a large gilt vane of one of the city churches dedicated to the saint. As he

was broiled on a gridiron for refusing to give up the treasures of the church committed to his care, so Cobbett vowed that he would consent to be broiled upon a gridiron, in his *Register*, dated Long Island, on the 24th of September, 1819, wherein he wrote the well-known prophecy on Peel's Cash Payment bill of that year, as follows: "I, William Cobbett, assert that to carry their bill into effect is impossible; and I say that, if this bill be carried into full effect, I will give Castlereagh leave to lay me on a gridiron, and broil me alive, while Sidmouth may stir the coals, and Canning stand by and laugh at my groans."

On the hoisting of the gridiron in triumph, he wrote and published the fulfilment of his prophecy by the following statement: "Peel's bill, together with the law about small notes, which last were in force when Peel's bill was passed—these laws, all taken together, if they had gone into effect, would have put an end to all small notes on the first day of May, 1823; but to precede this blowing-up of the whole of the funding system, an act was passed, in the month of July, 1822, to prevent these laws, and especially that part of Peel's bill which put an end to small Bank of England notes, from going into full effect; thus the system received a respite, but thus did the Parliament fulfil the above prophecy of September, 1819."

A large sign gridiron was actually made for Mr. Cobbett. It was of dimensions sufficient for him to have lain thereon (he was six feet high); the implement was gilt, and we remember to have seen it displayed in the office window in Fleet-street; but it was never hoisted outside the office. It was long to be seen on the gable end of a building next Mr. Cobbett's house at Kensington. Cobbett possessed extraordinary native vigor of mind; but every portion of his history is marked by strange blunders. Shakespeare, the British Museum, antiquity, posterity, America, France, Germany, are, one and all, either wholly indifferent to him, or the objects of his bitter contempt. He absurdly designated the British Museum a "bundle of dead insects." When he had a subject that suited him, he is said to have handled it not as an accomplished writer,

but "with the perfect and inimitable art with which a dog picks a bone."

Eccentricity in men of science is not rare. The Hon. Henry Cavendish, who demonstrated, in 1781, the composition of water, was a remarkable instance. He was an excellent mathematician, electrician, astronomer, meteorologist, geologist, and as a chemist shot far ahead of his contemporaries. But he was a sort of methodical recluse, and an enormous fortune left him by his uncle did little to change his habits. His shyness and aversion to society bordered on disease. To be looked at or addressed by a stranger seemed to give him positive pain, when he would dart away as if hurt. At Sir Joseph Banks's *soirées* he would stand for a long time on the landing, afraid to face the company. At one of these parties the titles and qualifications of Cavendish were formally recited when he was introduced to an Austrian gentleman. The Austrian became complimentary, saying his chief reason for coming to London was to see and converse with Cavendish, one of the greatest ornaments of the age, and one of the most illustrious philosophers that ever existed. Cavendish answered not a word, but stood with his eyes cast down, abashed, and in misery. At last, seeing an opening in the crowd, he flew to the door, nor did he stop till he reached his carriage and drove directly home. Any attempt to draw him into conversation was almost certain to fail, and Dr. Wollaston's recipe for treating with him usually answered the best: "The way to talk to Cavendish is, never to look at him, but to talk as if it were into a vacancy, and then it is not unlikely you may set him going."

Among the anecdotes which floated about it is related that Cavendish, the club *Cæsus*, attended the meetings of the Royal Society Club with only money enough in his pocket to pay for his dinner; that he declined taking tavern soup, picked his teeth with his fork, invariably hung his hat upon the same peg, and always stuck his cane in his right boot. More apocryphal is the anecdote that one evening Cavendish observed a pretty girl looking out from an upper window on the opposite side of the street, watching the philosophers at dinner. She attracted notice, and one

by one they got up, and mustered round the window to admire the fair one. Cavendish, who thought they were looking at the moon, bustled up to them in his odd way, and when he saw the real object of attraction, turned away with intense disgust, and grunted out "Pshaw!" the more amorous conduct of his brother philosophers having horrified the woman-hating Cavendish.

If men were a trouble to him, women were his abhorrence. With his house-keeper he generally communicated with notes deposited on the hall table. He would never see a female servant; and if an unlucky maid showed herself, she was instantly dismissed. To prevent inevitable encounters he had a second staircase erected in his villa at Clapham. In all his habits he was punctiliously regular, even to his hanging his hat upon the same peg. From an unvarying walk he was, however, driven by being gazed at. Two ladies led a gentleman on his track, in order that he might obtain a sight of the philosopher. As he was getting over a stile he saw, to his horror, that he was being watched, and he never appeared in that path again. That he was not quite merciless to the sex was proved by his saving a lady from the pursuit of a mad cow.

Cavendish's town-house was near the British Museum, at the corner of Gower-street and Montague-place. Few visitors were admitted, and those who crossed the threshold reported that books and apparatus were his chief furniture. He collected a large library of scientific books, hired a house for its reception in Dean-street, Soho, and kept a librarian. When he wanted one of his own books, he went there as to a circulating library, and left a formal receipt for whatever he took away. Nearly the whole of his villa at Clapham was occupied as workshops; the upper rooms were an observatory, the drawing room was a laboratory. On the lawn was a wooden stage, from which access could be had to a large tree, to the top of which Cavendish, in the course of his astronomical and meteorological observations, and electrical experiments, occasionally ascended. His apparatus was roughly constructed, but was always exact and accurate.

His household was strangely managed. He received but little company, and the

few guests were treated on all occasions to the same fare—a leg of mutton. One day, four scientific friends were to dine with him; when his housekeeper asked him what was to be got for dinner, Cavendish replied, “A leg of mutton.”

“Sir,” said she, “that will not be enough for five.”

“Well, then, get two,” was the reply.

Cavendish extended his eccentric reception to his own family. His heir, Lord George Cavendish, visited him once a year, and was allowed an audience of but half an hour. His great income was allowed to accumulate without attention. The bankers where he kept his account, finding they had in hand a balance of £80,000, apprised him of the same. The messenger was announced, and Cavendish, in great agitation, desired him to be sent up; and, as he entered the room, the ruffled philosopher cried, “What do you come here for? what do you want with me?”

“Sir, I thought it proper to wait upon you, as we have a very large balance in hand of yours, and we wish your orders respecting it.”

“If it is any trouble to you, I will take it out of your hands. Do not come here to plague me!”

“Not the least trouble to us, sir, not the least; but we thought you might like some of it to be invested.”

“Well, well, what do you want to do?”

“Perhaps you would like £40,000 invested.”

“Do so, do so! and don’t come here to trouble me, or I’ll remove it,” was the churlish finale of the interview.

Cavendish died in 1810, at the age of 78. He was then the largest holder of bank stock in England. He owned £1,157,000 in different public funds; he had besides, freehold property of £8000 a year, and a balance of £50,000 at his bankers’. He was long a member of the Royal Society Club, and it was reported at his death that he had left a thumping legacy to Lord Bessborough, in gratitude for his lordship’s piquant conversation at the club meetings; but no such reason can be found in the will lodged at Doctors’ Commons. Therein, Cavendish names three of his club-mates, namely: Alexander Dalrymple to receive £5000, Dr. Hunter £5000, and Sir

Charles Blagden (coadjutor in the water question) £15,000. After certain other bequests, the will proceeds: “The remainder of the funds (nearly £100,000) to be divided: one sixth the Earl of Beesborough,” while Lord George Henry Cavendish had two sixths, instead of one: “it is, therefore,” says Admiral Smyth, in his *History of the Royal Society Club*, “patent that the money thus passed over from uncle to nephew was a mere consequence of relationship, and not at all owing to any flowers or powers of conversation at the Royal Society Club.”

Cavendish never changed the fashion or cut of his dress, so that his appearance in 1810, in a costume of sixty years previously, was odd, and drew upon him the attention which he so much disliked. His complexion was fair, his temperament nervous, and his voice squeaking; the only portrait that exists of him was sketched without his knowledge. Dr. George Wilson, who has left a clever memoir of Cavendish, says, “an intellectual head, thinking, a pair of wonderful acute eyes, observing, a pair of very skilful hands, experimenting or recording, are all that I realize in reading his memorials.”

It may take some readers by surprise to learn that there have been true believers in alchemy in our days. Dr. Price is commonly set down in popular journals as “the last of the alchemists;” he died in 1783, in his twenty-fifth year, by taking a draught of laurel-water rather than repeat his experiments before a committee of the Royal Society, on pain of expulsion.

At the beginning of the present century, some persons of eminence in science thought favorably of alchemy. Professor Robison, writing to James Watt, February 11th, 1800, says: “The analysis of alkalies and alkaline earth will presently lead, I think, to the doctrine of a *reciprocal convertibility of all things into all and I expect to see alchemy revive*, and be as universally studied as ever.”

Sir Walter Scott tells us that “about 1801, an adept lived, or rather starved, in the metropolis, in the person of the editor of an evening newspaper, who expected to compound the alkahest, if he could only keep his materials digested

in his lamp-furnace for the space of seven years." Scott adds, in pleasant banter, "the lamp burnt brightly during six years, eleven months, and some odd days besides, and then unluckily it went out. Why it went out, the adept could never guess; but he was certain that if the flame could only have burnt to the end of the septenary cycle, his experiment must have succeeded."

The last true believer in alchemy was not Dr. Price, but Peter Woulfe, the eminent chemist, and a fellow of the Royal Society, and who made experiments to show the nature of Mosaic gold. Little is known of Woulfe's private life. Sir Humphry Davy states that Woulfe used to affix written passages and inscriptions of recommendations of his processes to Providence. Woulfe lived many years in chambers in the oldest portion of Barnard's Inn, Holborn, where his rooms were so filled with furnaces and apparatus, that it was difficult to reach his fireside. Dr. Babington told Mr. Brande (the venerable chemist who died recently), that he once put down his hat, and never could find it again, such was the confusion of boxes, packages and parcels, that lay about the room. Woulfe's breakfast-hour was four in the morning; a few of his select friends were occasionally invited, and gained entrance by a secret signal, knocking a certain number of times at the inner door of the chamber. He had long vainly searched for the Elixir, and attributed his repeated failures to want of due preparation by pious and charitable acts. Whenever he wished to break an acquaintance, or felt himself offended, he resented the supposed injuries by sending a present to the offender, and never seeing him afterwards. These presents sometimes consisted of an expensive chemical product or preparation. He had a heroic remedy for illness, which was a journey to Edinburgh and back by the mail coach; and a cold, taken on one of these expeditions, terminated in inflammation of the lungs, of which he died in the year 1805. Of his last moments we received the following account from his executor, then treasurer of Barnard's Inn. By Woulfe's desire, his laundress shut up his chambers and left him, but returned at midnight, when Woulfe was still alive; next morning,

however, she found him dead! His countenance was calm and serene, and apparently he had not moved from the position in his chair in which she had last left him.

Twenty years after Woulfe's death, in 1825, there was living at the village of Lilly, between Luton and Hitchin, one Kellerman an "alchemist," who was believed by some of his neighbors to have discovered the Philosopher's Stone and the Universal Solvent. Here he had lived for twenty-three years, during fourteen of which he had pursued his alchemical researches with unremitting ardor, keeping eight assistants for superintending his crucibles, two at a time relieving each other every six hours; and he assured a visitor that he had exposed some preparations to intense heat for many months at a time, but that all except one crucible had burnt, and that, Kellerman said, contained the true "blacker than black," or "the powder of projection for producing gold." One of his assistants, however, protested that no gold had ever been found, and that no mercury had ever been fixed; adding that Kellerman could not have concealed it from his assistants, who frequently witnessed his severe disappointment at the result of his most elaborate experiments.

Kellerman's room was a realization of Teniers's alchemist; the floor was strewn with retorts, crucibles, alembics, jars, and bottles of various forms, intermingled with old books. He had been assured by some persons of kindred pursuits in London that they had made gold. He had studied the works of the ancient alchemists, and believed that he had discovered the key which they had kept secret, adding that he had pursued their system under the influence of new lights; and, after suffering numerous disappointments, owing to the ambiguity with which they describe their processes, he had at length happily succeeded; had made gold, and could make as much more as he pleased, even to the extent of *paying off the National Debt in the coin of the realm*. Kellerman grew eloquent upon the merits of the old alchemists, but ridiculed the blunders and impertinent assumptions of modern chemists. He quoted Roger and Francis Bacon; Paracelsus, Boyle, and Børhawe, and Woulfe (of Barnard's Inn) to

rectify his pursuits. He alleged the Philosopher's Stone to be a mere phrase to deceive the vulgar; but he fully credited the silly story of Dee's finding the Elixir of Glastonbury, by which means Kelly for a long time lived in princely splendor. Here we must leave our village alchemist.

Of late years there have been many revivals of alchemical pursuits. In 1850 there was printed in London a volume of considerable extent, entitled, *A Suggestive Inquiry into the Hermetic Mystery*—the work of a lady, by whom it has been suppressed; we have seen it described as "a learned and valuable book."

By this circumstance we are reminded that some five and thirty years since it came to our knowledge that a man of wealth and position in the City of London, an adept in alchemy, was held in *terrorem* by an unprincipled person, who extorted from him considerable sums of money under threats of exposure, which would have affected his mercantile interests.

Nevertheless, alchemy has, in the present day, its prophetic advocates, who predict what may be considered a return to its strangest belief. A Gottingen professor says, in the *Annales de Chimie*, No. 100, that in the nineteenth century the transmutation of metals will be generally known and practiced. Every chemist and every artist will make gold; kitchen utensils will be of silver and even gold, which will contribute more than anything else to prolong life, poisoned at present by the oxide of copper, lead and iron, which we daily swallow with our food. Before all this takes place we shall, doubtless, have many additions to our Modern Eccentrics.

All the Year Round.

THE GHOST AT THE RATH.

MANY may disbelieve this story, yet there are some still living who can remember hearing, when children, of the events which it details, and of the strange sensation which their publicity excited. The tale, in its present form, is copied, by permission, from a memoir written by the chief actor in the romance, and

preserved as a sort of heirloom in the family whom it concerns.

In the year —, I, John Thunder, captain in the — Regiment, having passed many years abroad following my profession, received most unexpected notice that I had become owner of certain properties which I had never thought to inherit. I set off for my native land, arrived in Dublin, found that my good fortune was real, and at once began to look about me for old friends. The first I met with, quite by accident, was curly-headed Frank O'Brien, who had been at school with me, though I was ten years his senior. He was curly-headed still, and handsome, as he had promised to be, but careworn and poor. During an evening spent at his chambers I drew all his history from him. He was a briefless barrister. As a man, he was not more talented than he had been as a boy. Hard work and anxiety had not brought him success, only broken his health and soured his mind. He was in love, and he could not marry. I soon knew all about Mary Leonard, his fiancée, whom he had met at a house in the country somewhere, in which she was governess. They had now been engaged for two years; she active and hopeful, he sick and despondent. From the letters of hers which she showed me, I thought she was a treasure, worth all the devotion he felt for her. I thought a good deal about what could be done for Frank, but I could not easily hit upon a plan to assist him. For ten chances you have of helping a smart man, you have not two for a dull one.

In the mean time my friend must regain his health, and a change of air and scene was necessary. I urged him to make a voyage of discovery to The Rath, an old house and park which had come into my possession as portion of my recently-acquired estates. I had never been to the place myself; but it had once been the residence of Sir Luke Thunder, of generous memory, and I knew that it was furnished, and provided with a caretaker. I pressed him to leave Dublin at once, and promised to follow him as soon as I found it possible to do so.

So Frank went down to The Rath. The place was two hundred miles away;

he was a stranger there, and far from well. When the first week came to an end, and I had heard nothing from him, I did not like the silence; when a fortnight had passed, and still not a word to say he was alive, I felt decidedly uncomfortable; and when the third week of his absence arrived at Saturday without bringing me news, I found myself whizzing through a part of the country I had never travelled before, in the same train in which I had seen Frank seated at our parting.

I reached D—, and, shouldering my knapsack, walked right into the heart of a lovely woody country. Following the directions I had received, I made my way to a lonely road, on which I met not a soul, and which seemed cut out of the heart of a forest, so closely were the trees ranked on either side, and so dense was the twilight made by the meeting and intertwining of the thick branches overhead. In these shades I came upon a gate, like a gate run to seed, with tall, thin, brick pillars, brandishing long grasses from their heads, and spotted with a melancholy crust of creeping moss. I jangled a cracked bell, and an old man appeared from the thickets within, stared at me, then admitted me with a rusty key. I breathed freely on hearing that my friend was well and to be seen. I presented a letter to the old man, having a fancy not to avow myself.

I found my friend walking up and down the alleys of a neglected orchard, with the lichened branches tangled above his head, and ripe apples rotting about his feet. His hands were locked behind his back, and his head was set on one side, listening to the singing of a bird. I never had seen him look so well; yet there was a vacancy about his whole air which I did not like. He did not seem at all surprised to see me, asked had he really not written to me, thought he had; was so comfortable that he had forgotten everything else. He thought he had only been there about three days; could not imagine how the time had passed. He seemed to talk wildly, and this, coupled with the unusual happy placidity of his manner, confounded me. The place knew him, he told me confidentially; the place belonged to him, or should; the birds sang him this, the

very trees bent before him as he passed, the air whispered him that he had been long expected, and should be poor no more. Wrestling with my judgment ere it should pronounce him mad, I followed him in-doors. The Rath was no ordinary old country-house. The acres around it were so wildly overgrown that it was hard to decide which had been pleasure-ground and where the thickets had begun. The plan of the house was grand, with mullioned windows, and here and there a fleck of stained glass flinging back the challenge of an angry sunset. The vast rooms were full of a dusky glare from the sky as I strolled through them in the twilight. The antique furniture had many a blood-red splotch on the abrupt notches of its dark carvings; the dusty mirrors flared back at the windows, while the faded curtains produced streaks of uncertain color from the depths of their sullen foldings.

Dinner was laid for us in the library, a long wainscoted room, with an enormous fire roaring up the chimney, sending a dancing light over the dingy titles of long unopened books. The old man who had unlocked the gate for me served us at table, and, after drawing the dusty curtains, and furnishing us with a plentiful supply of fuel and wine, left us. His clanking hobnailed shoes went echoing away in the distance over the unmatted tiles of the vacant hall till a door closed with a resounding clang very far away, letting us know that we were shut up together for the night in this vast, mouldy, oppressive old house.

I felt as if I could scarcely breathe in it. I could not eat with my usual appetite. The air of the place seemed heavy and tainted. I grew sick and restless. The very wine tasted badly, as if it had been drugged. I had a strange sort of feeling that I had been in the house before, and that something evil had happened to me in it. Yet such could not be the case. What puzzled me most was, that I should feel dissatisfied at seeing Frank looking so well, and eating so heartily. A little time before I should have been glad to suffer something to see him as he looked now; and yet not quite as he looked now. There was a drowsy contentment about him which I could not understand. He

did not talk of his work, or of any wish to return to it. He seemed to have no thought of anything but the delight of hanging about that old house, which had certainly cast a spell over him.

About midnight he seized a light, and proposed retiring to our rooms. "I have such delightful dreams in this place," he said. He volunteered, as we issued into the hall, to take me up-stairs and show me the upper regions of his paradise. I said, "Not to-night." I felt a strange creeping sensation as I looked up the vast black staircase, wide enough for a coach to drive down, and at the heavy darkness bending over it like a curse, while our lamps made drips of light down the first two or three gloomy steps. Our bedrooms were on the ground floor, and stood opposite one another off a passage which led to a garden. Into mine Frank conducted me, and left me for his own.

The uneasy feeling which I have described did not go from me with him, and I felt a restlessness amounting to pain when left alone in my chamber. Efforts had evidently been made to render the room habitable, but there was a something antagonistic to sleep in every angle of its many crooked corners. I kicked chairs out of their prim order along the wall, and banged things about here and there; finally, thinking that a good night's rest was the best cure for an inexplicably disturbed frame of mind, I undressed as quickly as possible, and laid my head on my pillow under a canopy, like the wings of a gigantic bird of prey wheeling above me ready to pounce.

But I could not sleep. The wind grumbled in the chimney, and the boughs swished in the garden outside; and between these noises I thought I heard sounds coming from the interior of the old house, where all should have been still as the dead down in their vaults. I could not make out what these sounds were. Sometimes I thought I heard feet running about, sometimes I could have sworn there were double knocks, tremendous tantarararas at the great hall door. Sometimes I heard the clashing of dishes, the echo of voices calling, and the dragging about of furniture. While I sat up in bed trying to account for these noises, my door sud-

denly flew open, a bright light streamed in from the passage without, and a powdered servant in an elaborate livery of antique pattern stood holding the handle of the door in his hand, and bowing low to me in the bed.

"Her ladyship, my mistress, desires your presence in the drawing room, sir."

This was announced in the measured tone of a well-trained domestic. Then with another bow he retired, the door closed, and I was left in the dark to determine whether I had not suddenly awakened from a tantalizing dream. In spite of my very wakeful sensations, I believe I should have endeavored to convince myself that I had been sleeping, but that I perceived light shining under my door, and through the keyhole, from the passage. I got up, lit my lamp, and dressed myself as hastily as I was able.

I opened my door, and the passage down which a short time before I had almost groped my way, with my lamp blinking in the dense foggy darkness, was now illuminated with a light as bright as gas. I walked along it quickly, looking right and left to see whence the glare proceeded. Arriving at the hall, I found it also blazing with light, and filled with perfume. Groups of choice plants, heavy with blossoms, made it look like a garden. The mosaic floor was strewn with costly mats. Soft colors and gilding shone from the walls, and canvases that had been black gave forth faces of men and women looking brightly from their burnished frames. Servants were running about, the dining-room and drawing-room doors were opening and shutting, and as I looked through each I saw vistas of light and color, the moving of brilliant crowds, the waving of feathers, and glancing of brilliant dresses and uniforms. A festive hum reached me with a drowsy subdued sound as if I were listening with stuffed ears. Standing aside by an orange tree, I gave up speculating on what this might be, and concentrated all my powers on observation.

Wheels were heard suddenly, and a resounding knock banged at the door till it seemed that the very rooks in the chimneys must be startled screaming out of their nests. The door flew open, a flaming of lanterns was seen outside, and a dazzling lady came up the steps

and swept into the hall. When she held up her cloth of silver train I could see the diamonds that twinkled on her feet. Her bosom was covered with moss roses, and there was a red light in her eyes like the reflection from a hundred glowing fires. Her black hair went coiling about her head, and couched among the braids lay a jewel not unlike the head of a snake. She was flashing and glowing with gems and flowers. Her beauty and her brilliance made me dizzy. There came a faintness in the air as if her breath had poisoned it. A whirl of storm came in with her, and rushed up the staircase like a moan. The plants shuddered and shed their blossoms, and all the lights grew dim a moment, then flared up again.

Now the drawing-room door opened, and a gentleman came out with a young girl leaning on his arm. He was a fine looking, middle-aged gentleman, with a mild countenance.

The girl was a slender creature, with golden hair and a pale face. She was dressed in pure white, with a large ruby like a drop of blood at her throat. They advanced together to receive the lady who had arrived. The gentleman offered his arm to the stranger, and the girl who was displaced for her fell back, and walked behind them with a down-cast air. I felt irresistibly impelled to follow them, and passed with them into the drawing room. Never had I mixed in a finer, gayer crowd. The costumes were rich and of an old-fashioned pattern. Dancing was going forward with spirit—minuets and country dances. The stately gentleman was evidently the host, and moved among the company, introducing the magnificent lady right and left. He led her to the head of the room presently, and they mixed in the dance. The arrogance of her manner and the fascination of her beauty were wonderful.

I cannot attempt to describe the strange manner in which I was in this company, and yet not of it. I seemed to view all I beheld through some fine and subtle medium. I saw clearly, yet I felt that it was not with my ordinary naked eyesight. I can compare it to nothing but looking at a scene through a piece of smoked or colored glass. And just in the same way (as I have said before) all sounds seemed to reach

me as if I were listening with ears imperfectly stuffed. No one present took any notice of me. I spoke to several, and they made no reply—did not even turn their eyes upon me, nor show in any way that they heard me. I planted myself straight in the way of a fine fellow in a general's uniform, but he, averring neither to right nor left by an inch, kept on his way, as though I were a streak of mist, and left me behind him. Every one I touched eluded me somehow. Substantial as they all looked, I could not contrive to lay my hand on anything that felt like solid flesh. Two or three times I felt a momentary relief from the oppressive sensations which distracted me, when I firmly believed I saw Frank's head at some distance among the crowd, now in one room and now in another, and again in the conservatory, which was hung with lamps, and filled with people walking about among the flowers. But whenever I approached he had vanished. At last I came upon him, sitting by himself on a couch behind a curtain watching the dancers. I laid my hand on his shoulder. Here was something substantial at last. He did not look up; he seemed aware neither of my touch nor my speech. I looked in his staring eyes, and found that he was sound asleep. I could not wake him.

Curiosity would not let me remain by his side. I again mixed with the crowd and found the stately host still leading about the magnificent lady. No one seemed to notice that the golden-haired girl was sitting weeping in a corner; no one but the beauty in the silver train, who sometimes glanced at her contemptuously. While I watched her distress a group came between me and her, and I wandered into another room, where, as though I had turned from one picture of her to look at another, I beheld her dancing gayly in the full glee of Sir Roger de Coverley, with a fine-looking youth, who was more plainly dressed than any other person in the room. Never was a better-matched pair to look at. Down the middle they danced, hand in hand, his face full of tenderness, hers beaming with joy, right and left, bowing and courtesying, parted and meeting again, smiling and whispering; but over the heads of smaller women

there were the fierce eyes of the magnificent beauty scowling at them. Then again the crowd shifted around me, and this scene was lost.

For some time I could see no trace of the golden-haired girl in any of the rooms. I looked for her in vain, till at last I caught a glimpse of her standing smiling in a doorway with her fingers lifted, beckoning. At whom? Could it be at me? Her eyes were fixed on mine. I hastened into the hall, and caught sight of her white dress passing up the wide black staircase from which I had shrunk some hours earlier. I followed her, she keeping some steps in advance. It was intensely dark, but by the gleaming of her gown I was able to trace her flying figure. Where we went, I knew not, up how many stairs, down how many passages, till we arrived at a low-roofed large room with sloping roof and queer windows, where there was a dim light, like the sanctuary light in a deserted church. Here, when I entered, the golden head was glimmering over something which I presently discerned to be a cradle wrapped round with white curtains, and with a few fresh flowers fastened up on the hood of it, as if to catch a baby's eye. The fair sweet face looked up at me with a glow of pride on it, smiling with happy dimples. The white hands unfolded the curtains, and stripped back the coverlet. Then, suddenly there went a rushing moan all round the weird room, that seemed like a gust of wind forcing in through the crannies, and shaking the jingling old windows in their sockets. The cradle was an empty one. The girl fell back with a look of horror on her pale face that I shall never forget, then flinging her arms above her head, she dashed from the room.

I followed her as fast as I was able, but the wild white figure was too swift for me. I had lost her before I reached the bottom of the staircase. I searched for her, first in one room, then in another; neither could I see her foe (as I already believed her to be), the lady of the silver train. At length I found myself in a small ante-room, where a lamp was expiring on the table. A window was open, close by it the golden-haired girl was lying sobbing in a chair, while the magnificent lady was bending over her as if soothingly, and offering her some-

thing to drink in a goblet. The moon was rising behind the two figures. The shuddering light of the lamp was flickering over the girl's bright head, the rich embossing of the golden cup, the lady's silver robes, and, I thought, the jewelled eyes of the serpent looked out from her bending head. As I watched, the girl raised her face and drank, then suddenly dashed the goblet away; while a cry such as I never heard but once, and shiver to remember, rose to the very roof of the old house, and the clear sharp word "*Poisoned!*" rang and reverberated from hall and chamber in a thousand echoes, like the clash of a peal of bells. The girl dashed herself from the open window, leaving the cry clamoring behind her. I heard the violent opening of doors and running of feet, but I waited for nothing more. Maddened by what I had witnessed, I would have felled the murderer, but she glided unhurt from under my vain blow. I sprang from the window after the wretched white figure. I saw it flying on before me with a speed I could not overtake. I ran till I was dizzy. I called like a madman, and heard the owls croaking back to me. The moon grew huge and bright, the trees grew out before it like the bushy heads of giants, the river lay keen and shining like a long unsheathed sword, couching for deadly work among the rushes. The white figure shimmered and vanished, glittered brightly on before me, shimmered and vanished again, shimmered, staggered, fell, and disappeared in the river. Of what she was, phantom or reality, I thought not at the moment: she had the semblance of a human being going to destruction, and I had the frenzied impulse to save her. I rushed forward with one last effort, struck my foot against the root of a tree, and was dashed to the ground. I remember a crash, momentary pain and confusion; then nothing more.

When my senses returned, the red clouds of the dawn were shining in the river beside me. I rose to my feet, and found that, though much bruised, I was otherwise unhurt. I busied my mind in recalling the strange circumstances which had brought me to that place in the dead of the night. The recollection of all I had witnessed was vividly pres-

ent to my mind. I took my way slowly to the house, almost expecting to see marks of wheels and other indications of last night's revel, but the rank grass that covered the gravel was uncrushed, not a blade disturbed, not a stone displaced. I shook one of the drawing-room windows till I shook off the old rusty hasp inside, flung up the creaking sash, and entered. Where were the brilliant draperies and carpets, the soft gilding, the vases teeming with flowers, the thousand sweet odors of the night before? Not a trace of them; no, nor even a ragged cobweb swept away, nor a stiff chair moved an inch from its melancholy place, nor the face of a mirror relieved from one speck of its obscuring dust!

Coming back into the open air, I met the old man from the gate walking up one of the weedy paths. He eyed me meaningly from head to foot, but I gave him good-morrow cheerfully.

"You see, I am poking about early," I said.

"I' faith, sir," said he, "an' ye look like a man that had been pokin' about *all night*."

"How so?" said I.

"Why, ye see, sir," said he, "I'm used to 't, an' I can read it in your face like prent. Some sees one thing, an' some another, an' some only feels an' hears. The poor jintleman inside, *he* says nothin', but he has beautiful dhramas. An' for the Lord's sake, sir, take him out of this, for I've seen him wandherin' about like a ghost himself in the heart of the night, an' him that sound sleepin' that I could not wake him!"

At breakfast I said nothing to Frank of my strange adventures. He had rested well, he said, and boasted of his enchanting dreams. I asked him to describe them, when he grew perplexed and annoyed. He remembered nothing, but that his spirit had been delightfully entertained while his body reposed. I now felt a curiosity to go through the old house, and was not surprised, on pushing open a door at the end of a remote mouldy passage, to enter the identical chamber into which I had followed the pale-faced girl when she beckoned me out of the drawing room. There were the low brooding roof and

slanting walls, the short wide-latticed windows to which the noonday sun was trying to pierce through a forest of leaves. The hangings, rotting with age, shook like dreary banners at the opening of the door, and there in the middle of the room was the cradle; only the curtains that had been white were blackened with dirt, and laced and overlaced with cobwebs. I parted the curtains, bringing down a shower of dust upon the floor, and saw lying upon the pillow, within, a child's tiny shoe, and a toy. I need not describe the rest of the house. It was vast and rambling, and, as far as furniture and decorations were concerned, the wreck of grandeur.

Having strange subject for meditation, I walked alone in the orchard that evening. This orchard sloped towards the river I have mentioned before. The trees were old and stunted, and the branches tangled overhead. The ripe apples were rolling in the long bleached grass. A row of taller trees, sycamores and chestnuts, straggled along by the river's edge, ferns and tall weeds grew round and among them, and between their trunks, and behind the rifts in the foliage, the water was seen to flow. Walking up and down one of the paths I alternately faced these trees and turned my back upon them. Once when coming towards them I chanced to lift my eyes, started, drew my hands across my eyes, looked again, and finally stood still gazing in much astonishment. I saw distinctly the figure of a lady standing by one of the trees, bending low towards the grass. Her face was a little turned away, her dress a bluish white, her mantle a dun brown color. She held a spade in her hands, and her foot was upon it, as if she were in the act of digging. I gazed at her for some time, vainly trying to guess at whom she might be, then I advanced towards her. As I approached, the outlines of her figure broke up and disappeared, and I found that she was only an illusion presented to me by the curious accidental grouping of the lines of two trees which had shaped the space between them into the semblance of the form I have described. A patch of the flowing water had been her robe, a piece of russet moorland her cloak.

The spade was an awkward young shoot slanting up from the root of one of the trees. I stepped back and tried to piece her out again bit by bit, but could not succeed.

That night I did not feel at all inclined to return to my dismal chamber, and lie awaiting such another summons as I had once received. When Frank bade me good-night, I heaped fresh coals on the fire, took down from the shelves a book, from which I lifted the dust in layers with my penknife, and, dragging an arm-chair close to the hearth, tried to make myself as comfortable as might be. I am a strong, robust man, very unimaginative, and little troubled with affections of the nerves, but I confess that my feelings were not enviable, sitting thus alone in that queer old house, with last night's strange pantomime still vividly present to my memory. In spite of my efforts at coolness, I was excited by the prospect of what yet might be in store for me before morning. But these feelings passed away as the night wore on, and I nodded asleep over my book.

I was startled by the sound of a brisk light step walking overhead. Wide awake at once, I sat up and listened. The ceiling was low, but I could not call to mind what room it was that lay above the library in which I sat. Presently I heard the same step upon the stairs, and the loud sharp rustling of a silk dress sweeping against the banisters. The step paused at the library door, and then there was silence. I got up, and with all the courage I could summon seized a light, and opened the door; but there was nothing in the hall but the usual heavy darkness and damp mouldy air. I confess I felt more uncomfortable at that moment than I had done at any time during the preceding night. All the visions that had then appeared to me had produced nothing like the horror of thus feeling a supernatural presence which my eyes were not permitted to behold.

I returned to the library, and passed the night there. Next day I sought for the room above it in which I had heard the footsteps, but could discover no entrance to any such room. Its windows, indeed, I counted from the outside, though they were so overgrown

with ivy I could hardly discern them, but in the interior of the house I could find no door to the chamber. I asked Frank about it, but he knew and cared nothing on the subject; I asked the old man at the lodge, and he shook his head.

"Och!" he said, "don't ask about that room. The door's built up, and flesh and blood have no consarn wid it. It was *her own room*."

"Whose own?" I asked.

"Ould Lady Thunder's. An' whisht, sir! *that's her grave*!"

"What do you mean?" I said. "Are you out of your mind?"

He laughed queerly, drew nearer, and lowered his voice. "Nobody has asked about the room these years but yourself," he said. "Nobody misses it goin' over the house. My grandfather was an ould retainer o' the Thunder family, my father was in the service too, an' I was born myself before the ould lady died. Yon was her room, and she left her eternal curse on her family if so be they didn't lave her coffin there. *She wasn't goin' undher the ground to the worms*. So there it was left, an' they built up the door. God love ye, sir, and don't go near it. I wouldn't have tould you, only I know ye've seen plenty about already, an' ye have the look o' one that'd be ferretin' things out, savin' yer presence."

He looked at me knowingly, but I gave him no information, only thanked him for putting me on my guard. I could scarcely credit what he told me about the room; but my curiosity was excited regarding it. I made up my mind that day to try and induce Frank to quit the place on the morrow. I felt more and more convinced that the atmosphere was not healthful for his mind whatever it might be for his body. The sooner we left the spot, I thought, the better for us both; but the remaining night which I had to pass there I resolved on devoting to the exploring of the walled-up chamber. What impelled me to this resolve I do not know. The undertaking was not a pleasant one, and I should hardly have ventured on it had I been forced to remain much longer at The Rath. But I knew there was little chance of sleep for me in that house, and I thought I might as well go and

seek for my adventures as sit waiting for them to come for me as I had done the night before. I felt a relish for my enterprise, and expected the night with satisfaction. I did not say anything of my intention either to Frank or the old man at the lodge. I did not want to make a fuss, and have my doings talked of all over the country. I may as well mention here that again, on this evening, when walking in the orchard, I saw the figure of the lady digging between the trees. And again I saw that this figure was an illusive appearance; that the water was her gown, and the moorland her cloak, and a willow in the distance her tresses.

As soon as the night was pretty far advanced, I placed a ladder against the window which was least covered over with the ivy, and mounted it, having provided myself with a dark lantern. The moon rose full behind some trees that stood like a black bank against the horizon, and glimmered on the panes as I ripped away branches and leaves with a knife, and shook the old crazy casement open. The sashes were rotten, and the fastenings easily gave way. I placed my lantern on a bench within, and was soon standing beside it in the chamber. The air was insufferably close and mouldy, and I flung the window open to the widest, and beat the bowering ivy still further back from about it, so as to let the fresh air of heaven blow into the place. I then took my lantern in hand, and began to look about me.

The room was vast and double; a velvet curtain hung between me and an inner chamber. The darkness was thick and irksome, and the scanty light of my lantern only tantalized me. My eyes fell on some grand spectral-looking candelabra furnished with wax candles, which, though black with age, still bore the marks of having been guttered by a draught that had blown on them fifty years ago. I lighted these; they burned up with a ghastly flickering, and the apartment with its fittings was revealed to me. These latter had been splendid in the days of their freshness: the appointments of the rest of the house were mean in comparison. The ceiling was painted with exquisite allegorical figures, also spaces of the walls between the dim mirrors and the sumptuous

hangings of crimson velvet, with their tarnished golden tassels and fringes. The carpet still felt luxurious to the tread, and the dust could not altogether obliterate the elaborate fancy of its flowery design. There were gorgeous cabinets laden with curiosities, wonderfully carved chairs, rare vases, and antique glasses of every description, under some of which lay little heaps of dust which had once no doubt been blooming flowers. There was a table laden with books of poetry and science, drawings and drawing materials, which showed that the occupant of the room had been a person of mind. There was also a writing-table scattered over with yellow papers, and a work-table at a window, on which lay reels, a thimble, and a piece of what had once been white muslin, but was now saffron color, sewn with gold thread, a rusty needle sticking in it. This and the pen lying on the inkstand, the paper-knife between the leaves of a book, the loose sketches shaken out by the side of a portfolio, and the ashes of a fire in the grand mildewed hearthplace, all suggested that the owner of this retreat had been snatched from it without warning, and that whoever had thought proper to build up the doors, had also thought proper to touch nothing that had belonged to her.

Having surveyed all these things, I entered the inner room, which was a bedroom. The furniture of this was in keeping with that of the other chamber. I saw dimly a bed enveloped in lace, and a dressing-table fancifully garnished and draped. Here I espied more candelabra, and going forward to set the lights burning, I stumbled against something. I turned the blaze of my lantern on this something, and started with a thrill of horror. It was a large stone coffin.

I own that I felt very strangely for the next few minutes. When I had recovered the shock, I set the wax candles burning, and took a better survey of this odd burial place. A wardrobe stood open, and I saw dresses hanging within. A gown lay upon a chair as if just thrown off, and a pair of dainty slippers were beside it. The toilet-table looked as if only used yesterday, judging by the litter that covered it; hair-brushes lying this way and that way, essence-

bottles with the stoppers out, paint-pots uncovered, a ring here, a wreath of artificial flowers there, and in front of all that coffin, the tarnished cupids that bore the mirror between their hands smirking down at it with grim complacency.

On the corner of this table was a small golden salver, holding a plate of some black mouldered food, an antique decanter filled with wine, a glass, and a phial with some thick black liquid, uncorked. I felt weak and sick with the atmosphere of the place, and I seized the decanter, wiped the dust from it with my handkerchief, tasted, found that the wine was good, and drank a moderate draught. Immediately it was swallowed I felt a horrid giddiness, and sank upon the coffin. A raging pain was in my head, and a sense of suffocation in my chest. After a few intolerable moments I felt better, but the heavy air pressed on me stiflingly, and I rushed from this inner room into the larger and outer chamber. Here a blast of cool air revived me, and I saw that the place was changed.

A dozen other candelabra besides those I had lighted were flaming round the walls, the hearth was all ruddy with a blazing fire, everything that had been dim was bright, the lustre had returned to the gilding, the flowers bloomed in the vases. A lady was sitting before the hearth in a low arm-chair. Her light loose gown swept about her on the carpet, her black hair fell round her to her knees, and into it her hands were thrust as she leaned her forehead upon them and stared between them into the fire. I had scarcely time to observe her attitude when she turned her head quickly towards me, and I recognized the handsome face of the magnificent lady who had played such a sinister part in the strange scenes that had been enacted before me two nights ago. I saw something dark looming behind her chair, but I thought it was only her shadow thrown backward by the firelight.

She arose and came to meet me, and I recoiled from her. There was something horribly fixed and hollow in her gaze, and filmy in the stirring of her garments. The shadow, as she moved, grew more firm and distinct in outline, and followed her like a servant where she went.

She crossed half of the room, then beckoned me, and sat down at the writing-table. The shadow waited beside her, adjusted her paper, placed the ink-bottle near her and the pen between her fingers. I felt impelled to approach near her, and to take my place at her left shoulder, so as to see what she might write. The shadow stood at her other hand. As I became more accustomed to the shadow's presence he grew more loathsome and hideous. He was quite distinct from the lady, and moved independently of her with long, ugly limbs. She hesitated about beginning to write, and he made a wild gesture with his arm, which brought her hand down quickly on the paper, and her pen began to move at once. I needed not to bend and scrutinize in order to read what was written. Every word as it was formed flashed before me like a meteor:

"I am the spirit of Madeleine, Lady Thunder, who lived and died in this house, and whose coffin stands in yonder room among the vanities in which I delighted. I am constrained to make my confession to you, John Thunder, who are the present owner of the estates of your family."

Here the pale hand trembled and stopped writing. But the shadow made a threatening gesture, and the hand fluttered on:

"I was beautiful, poor, and ambitious, and when I entered this house first on the night of a ball given by Sir Luke Thunder, I determined to become its mistress. His daughter, Mary Thunder, was the only obstacle in my way. She divined my intention, and stood between me and her father. She was a gentle, delicate girl, and no match for me. I pushed her aside, and became Lady Thunder. After that I hated her, and made her dread me. I had gained the object of my ambition, but I was jealous of the influence possessed by her over her father, and I revenged myself by crushing the joy out of her young life. In this I defeated my own purpose. She eloped with a young man who was devoted to her, though poor, and beneath her in station. Her father was indignant at first and my malice was satisfied; but as time passed on I had no children, and she had a son, soon after whose birth her husband died. Then her father took her

back to his heart, and the boy was his idol and heir."

Again the hand stopped writing, the ghostly head drooped, and the whole figure was convulsed. But the shadow gesticulated fiercely, and cowering under its menace, the wretched spirit went on:

"I caused the child to be stolen away. I thought I had done it cunningly, but she tracked the crime home to me. She came and accused me of it, and in the desperation of my terror at discovery, I gave her poison to drink. She rushed from me and from the house in frenzy, and in her mortal anguish fell in the river. People thought she had gone mad from grief for her child, and committed suicide. I only knew the horrible truth. Sorrow brought an illness upon her father, of which he died. Up to the day of his death, he had search made for the child. Believing that it was alive, and must be found, he willed all his property to it, his rightful heir, and to its heirs forever. I buried the deeds under a tree in the orchard, and forged a will, in which all was bequeathed to me during my lifetime. I enjoyed my state and grandeur till the day of my death, which came upon me miserably, and, after that, my husband's possessions went to a distant relative of his family. Nothing more was heard of the fate of the child who was stolen; but he lived and married, and his daughter now toils for her bread—his daughter, who is the rightful owner of all that is said to belong to you, John Thunder. I tell you this that you may devote yourself to the task of discovering this wronged girl, and giving up to her that which you are unlawfully possessed of. Under the thirteenth tree standing on the brink of the river at the foot of the orchard you will find buried the genuine will of Sir Luke Thunder. When you have found and read it, do justice, as you value your soul. In order that you may know the grandchild of Mary Thunder when you find her, you shall behold her in a vision"—

The last words grew dim before me; the lights faded away, and all the place was in darkness, except one spot on the opposite wall. On this spot the light glimmered softly, and against the brightness the outlines of a figure appeared,

faintly at first, but, growing firm and distinct, became filled in and rounded at last to the perfect semblance of life. The figure was that of a young girl in a plain black dress, with a bright, happy face, and pale gold hair softly banded on her fair forehead. She might have been the twin-sister of the pale-faced girl whom I had seen bending over the cradle two nights ago; but her healthier, gladder, and prettier sister. When I had gazed on her some moments, the vision faded away as it had come; the last vestige of the brightness died out upon the wall, and I found myself once more in total darkness. Stunned for a time by the sudden changes, I stood watching for the return of the lights and figures; but in vain. By and by my eyes grew accustomed to the obscurity, and I saw the sky glimmering behind the little window which I had left open. I could soon discern the writing-table beside me, and possessed myself of the slips of loose paper which lay upon it. I then made my way to the window. The first streaks of dawn were in the sky as I descended my ladder, and I thanked God that I breathed the fresh morning air once more, and heard the cheering sound of the cocks crowing.

All thought of acting immediately upon last night's strange revelations, almost all memory of them, was for the time banished from my mind by the unexpected trouble of the next few days. That morning I found an alarming change in Frank. Feeling sure that he was going to be ill, I engaged a lodging in a cottage in the neighborhood, whither we removed before nightfall, leaving the accursed Rath behind us. Before midnight he was in the delirium of a raging fever.

I thought it right to let his poor little fiancée know his state, and wrote to her, trying to alarm her no more than was necessary. On the evening of the third day after my letter went I was sitting by Frank's bedside, when an unusual bustle outside aroused my curiosity, and going into the cottage kitchen I saw a figure standing in the firelight which seemed a third appearance of that vision of the pale-faced, golden-haired girl which was now thoroughly imprinted on my memory—a third, with all the woe of the first, and all the beauty of the second. But

this was a living, breathing apparition. She was throwing off her bonnet and shawl, and stood there at home in a moment in her plain black dress. I drew my hand across my eyes to make sure that they did not deceive me. I had beheld so many supernatural visions lately that it seemed as though I could scarcely believe in the reality of anything till I had touched it.

"Oh, sir," said the visitor, "I am Mary Leonard, and are you poor Frank's friend? Oh, sir, we are all the world to one another, and I could not let him die without coming to see him!"

And here the poor little traveller burst into tears. I cheered her as well as I could, telling her that Frank would soon, I trusted, be out of all danger. She told me that she had thrown up her situation in order to come and nurse him. I said we had got a more experienced nurse than she could be, and then I gave her to the care of our landlady, a motherly country-woman. After that I went back to Frank's bedside, nor left it for long till he was convalescent. The fever had swept away all that strangeness in his manner which had afflicted me, and he was quite himself again.

There was a joyful meeting of the lovers. The more I saw of Mary Leonard's bright face the more thoroughly was I convinced that she was the living counterpart of the vision I had seen in the burial chamber. I made inquiries as to her birth, and her father's history, and found that she was indeed the grandchild of that Mary Thunder whose history had been so strangely related to me, and the rightful heiress of all those properties which for a few months only had been mine. Under the tree in the orchard, the thirteenth, and that by which I had seen the lady digging, were found the buried deeds which had been described to me. I made an immediate transfer of property, whereupon some others who thought they had a chance of being my heirs disputed the matter with me, and went to law. Thus the affair has gained publicity, and become a nine-days' wonder. Many things have been in my favor, however: the proving of Mary's birth and of Sir Luke's will, the identification of Lady Thunder's handwriting on the slips of paper which I had brought from the burial chamber; also other

matters which a search in that chamber brought to light. I triumphed, and I now go abroad leaving Frank and his Mary made happy by the possession of what could only have been a burden to me.

So the ms. ends. Major Thunder fell in battle a few years after the adventure it relates. Frank O'Brien's grandchildren hear of him with gratitude and awe. The Rath has been long since totally dismantled and left to go to ruin.

JOHN STUART MILL, M.P.

THE name of John Stuart Mill has long been known to the intellectual world on both sides of the Atlantic. He stands deservedly high on the pinnacle of mental fame. His writings, his opinions, his works, on the great questions which stir the intellects of men in this age, have acquired for him an imperishable renown among all modern thinkers, as a giant in the intellectual world. The portrait of such a man, so well and widely known, can hardly fail of meeting a cordial welcome as an illustration and embellishment of our present number of *THE ECLECTIC*. The portrait has been finely engraved by our artist, Mr. Perine, and imparts a just impression of his massive intellect. A brief notice of this eminent man will suffice for our present purpose. We quote from a London paper of a recent date:

"The learned late Master of Trinity, a few days before his death, congratulated the electors of Westminster on having realized a suggestion of Plato's, that it would be well for a country to give its philosophers a place among its political rulers. It is yet too soon for us to anticipate the part which Mr. John Stuart Mill is likely to take in the practical debates of Parliament, though his bill for the reorganization of local government in the metropolis seems a valuable contribution to the legislative stock. But his theoretical opinions on nearly all the questions of essential principle that underlie the controversies of the present day are very clearly defined. They have been published in those consummate expositions of sound thought and generous sentiment which have helped to guide

the councils of the most intellectual section of Reformers in England during more than thirty years. Liberal and progressive in the truest sense; full of a frank confidence in the disposition of the great body of the people; full of the purest zeal for the elevation of mankind, the strongest faith in the good results of individual and national freedom, his writings could never be quoted by any orator who strove to stir up the hatred of one class against another, or who professed to urge the claim of mere numbers to control the government of the State. With what important reservations, or what hopes of giving an equitable and useful direction to the advanced radical party, Mr. Mill has now condescended to leave the tranquil atmosphere of his lofty studies and mingle in the actual fray, might partly be gathered from his declarations last year, when he was elected, and from comparing these with his books. It is not our purpose here to estimate the significance of his presence in the new House of Commons. He is welcomed there by the wisest and most thoughtful men of all parties—Conservatives as well as Reformers—who cherish the intellectual reputation of that House, and trust that the standard of argument in its discussions may be improved by the example of one of the greatest masters of the art of thinking.

"His eminence in that capacity is recognized by all the educated classes of his countrymen. Some years ago, when a meeting of the British Social Science Association had brought many strangers to Oxford, a Frenchman, happening to talk with a resident member of the University, inquired about the state of philosophical pursuits among us. 'I see here,' he said, 'in your ancient colleges a richly-endowed provision for that kind of scholarship which consists of the study of the classical languages and literature; I see, too, in the movements of your scientific societies and congresses a great deal of activity employed in the investigation of physical phenomena, or in the collection and comparison of statistics relating to the practical interests of mankind. But have you any philosopher of first-rate powers who studies to verify and to account for the original sources of human knowledge—who strives to understand the process of

belief, or who seeks to analyze the constitution of the mind, to define its capacities and operations, and the conditions and the limits of its acquaintance with the universe?' The Englishman answered: 'Yes, we have John Stuart Mill. He is not only a political thinker, who has defined the functions of government, and whose *Essay on Liberty* is as good as your Rousseau's *Contrat Social* is bad: for Mill concludes in favor of the perfect freedom of the individual, while Rousseau ends by establishing the absolute power of the community over each of its members. Mill is not only an economist who has treated—with the most refined scientific analysis, and in a most comprehensive discussion—of the laws of the production and diffusion of wealth, yet regarding them as subordinate to the improvement of humanity. He is not only a moralist, who has enlarged, elevated, and purified the meagre Utilitarianism of Bentham; and, while vindicating the ethical principle of the greatest happiness, shown how it may be reconciled with the aspirations of heroic virtue and devotion. He is also a mental philosopher, allied most nearly to Locke, but one who has arrived at the best results that are attainable within the limits of that theory which makes experience the source of all our knowledge; and on this ground he has taken a position rivalling at least the chief of the Scottish metaphysicians. He is, above all, the author of a complete system of logic, exhibiting all the methods or processes, both the syllogistic and the inductive, which can be employed by the intellect in the pursuit of truth; he has laid down rules for the investigation of facts, and for drawing correct inferences from their evidence, with a view to positive science, as the lawyers have their own rules of evidence to direct the trial of cases in our courts; and so far as the moral sciences are concerned, he has, with as much success as M. Comte in your country, described their place and order in a general system of philosophy, and the respective conditions of their study.'

"This being the intellectual reputation of Mr. Mill, whose works are used as authorized text-books in the great English Universities, and who is held by his numerous disciples to have superseded

the famous philosophical teaching of the University of Edinburgh, there is one thing about his personal history which seems to deserve special remark. His mind, one of the most highly cultivated, as well as one of the most original which the age can boast, was never subjected to academical instruction in school or college. In his youth he was taught at home by his eminent father, and no education could have done so much for him as to be the child and pupil of such a man as James Mill, whose merits and achievements are rather enhanced than eclipsed by the more illustrious career of his son. In the year 1773, at the time when two other great thinkers of Scotland, David Hume and Adam Smith, were shedding clear light upon the most important themes of mental and social philosophy, James Mill was born, of humble parents, in a village in Forfarshire. By the assistance of a gentleman in the neighborhood, Sir John Stuart, whose liberality has since been nobly recompensed through the glory acquired

by his namesake in our days, James Mill received the benefits of learning. He commenced a literary career, first in Edinburgh, afterwards in London. He turned his attention first to psychology, as a follower of Hartley, founding all the conceptions of the mind on mere combinations of sensations; secondly, to political economy, in which he followed Ricardo. He produced books on each of those subjects, the best that could then be written from their own point of view. He then composed a *History of British India*, a work not only of accurate research, but of great narrative interest and philosophical insight. An official appointment in the India House relieved him from the toils and cares of one who has to earn his bread by his pen, and thus gave him leisure to form the mind of his son, born at Pentonville, in the year 1806, whose career has been in harmony with that of the father."

In 1851, Mr. Mill married Mrs. Harriet Taylor, the widow of one of his oldest friends. He has no children.

POETRY.

UNREQUITED.

I.

Few and low were the words I spoke,
Doubly brief was the cold reply;
Yet in that one moment a man's heart broke,
And the light went out from his eye!

II.

In a little moment of time,
The bright hopes of a life all paled;
A brave man knew he had dared the leap,
And a proud man knew he had—*failed!*

III.

Failed! 'tis often a fatal word,
Fraught with the spirit's pain;
For to fail in *some* of the ventures of life
Is never to try them again.

IV.

If the fowler hang o'er the cliff,
Upheld by a treacherous rope,
Should the frail thing break or the strong
man blanch,
He is lost—and beyond all hope.

V.

So I set my hopes on a word,
Launched a shell on a boisterous sea;

And the waves up-rose, and my shell down-
sank—

It can never come back to me!

—*London Society.*

UNREQUITED.

A REPLY.

He passes by, with cold and heartless gaze,
And I must brave it — ay, and smile beneath
The casual look or words on me that fall,
As snowflakes from a May-day wreath.

And yet no word of mine shall ever break
The silence that between our hearts must lie.
I love him—yet he knows not—never shall;
No look shall tell him, till I die!

I see him yonder, basking in the smiles
Of one whose radiant brow and artful ways
Have all enthralled him. Doth she love as I?
No! with his heart she merely plays.

Oh! I could bear it all, did I but know
That love, true, faithful, lay within *her* heart,
So he might never feel, as I have felt,
Hope slowly, hour by hour, depart.

Oh! masters of our hearts, ye little know
What faith and love ye pass unheeded by;

Or leave for lighter words, or brighter smiles,
Without a thought—without a sigh!

—*London Societ.y*

MY HERITAGE.

In close communion with the mighty dead
I pass the pleasant years;
Giving to all for laughter laughter, dread
For dread, and tears for tears.

With Homer's warriors on the plains of Troy
Fighting I seem to be;
I hear the conquering Greeks, all flushed with joy,
Shout for the victory.

With Lear into the pitiless storm I go,
No friend below—above;
I weep for Juliet and her Romeo,
But ever love their love.

I pity the pure Desdemona's fate,
Mourn with the noble Moor;
But give Iago all my changeless hate,
And still it is too poor.

I see the shaggy brows of Shylock lower
At Portia's silvery voice;
I smile to see him shorn of all his power,
And furious at his choice.

With Bunyan's pilgrim, clogged by doubt and
sin—
Rent by soul-agonies—
I travel, till I see him pass within
The gates of Paradise.

The great Italian takes me by the hand,
Binds me with fearful spell,
Shows me the mysteries of the spirit-land,
The things of Heaven and Hell.

I shake with laughter at the immortal knight
Quixote, of high renown;
And at his esquire, Sancho, luckless wight!—
Of chivalry the crown.

Goethe, the life and sun of German thought,
Gives of his wondrous store;
Flame-tipped, his passionate words are all in-
wrought,
With the heart's deepest core.

With our sublime and most seraphic bard,
I sorrow for our woes;
Behold the world prisoner in devil-ward
Till he, the Saviour, rose.

I see the Roman Empire rapid rise,
I ponder its decline;
The illustrious Caesars pass before mine eyes,
And many a famous line.

Into the broad domains of sweet romance
With high-souled Scott I peer.
I linger o'er fair Enid's countenance—
Arthur and Guinevere.

And many others wile with me their lays,
Or build with argument—
As Burns and Bacon; worthy of high praise—
With lips all-eloquent.

Then, when the restless soul from these will turn,
I take The Book—the best;
And read with joy, "Come ye by sins down-
borne,
And I will give you rest."

—*Macmillan.*

GEORGE SMITH.

SONNET.

COLD looks, hard words: these wear away the
stone,

Yet, to its veriest fragment will it be
Of diamond particles, in love for thee.
'Tis for thy sake, dear love, and thine alone,
I would thou wert less bitter in thy thought
Of one whose heart lies underneath thy feet.
That thou shouldst trample on it, is but meet
Reward for all the evil it has wrought;
But when 'tis cold and still, and can no more
For thee its floods of tenderness outpour,
I dread lest unrelenting memory bring
With late regret, remorse's bitter sting.
Oh, let it not be so—recall alone
The loving life I built, into thy throne.

When I am lying in the cold, dark grave,
Shut out from light and love, from hope and fear,
Perchance thou'lt pause to drop a silent tear
O'er one whom once thou wouldst have died to
save.

Nor do I deem that thou now lov'st me less;
Yet, had I served my God as I have thee,
He had not in my need forsaken me.
Then, by the memory of my tenderness,
Be gentle with the little one I leave
To face life's miseries alone—believe
That woman's heart can break, but never roam
When once she's raised her idol to his throne.
Then guard my darling, lest her future be
Blasted, like mine, and end as bitterly.
—*Temple Bar.*

L. W. F.

THE WOOD-CUTTER'S NIGHT SONG.

WELCOME, red and roundy sun,
Dropping lowly in the west,
Now my hard day's work is done,
I'm as happy as the best.

Joyful are the thoughts of home,
Now I'm ready for my chair;
So, till to-morrow morning's come,
Bill and mittens, lie ye there!

Though to leave your pretty song,
Little birds, it gives me pain,
Yet to-morrow is not long,
Then I'm with you all again.

If I stop and stand about,
Well I know how things will be:
Judy will be looking out
Every now and then for me.

So fare ye well, and hold your tongues;
Sing no more until I come:
They're not worthy of your songs
That never care to drop a crumb.

All day long I love the oaks,
But at nights yon little cot,

Where I see the chimney smokes,
Is by far the prettiest spot.

Wife and children all are there,
To revive with pleasant looks;
Table ready set, and chair;
Supper hanging on the hooks.

Soon as ever I get in,
When my faggot down I fling,
Little prattlers they begin
Teasing me to talk and sing.

JOHN CLARE.

THE JUNE DREAM.

A GARDEN in the burning noon,
Green with the tender green of June,
Save where the trees their leaves unfold
Against the sky, less green than gold—
A garden full of flowers, as bright
As if their blooms were blooms of light!

There, while the restless shadows play
Upon the grass, one comes to-day
Musing and slow, but fair of face,
Gentle and winning as a Grace,
Rosy and Beautiful to see,
In the June of life is she.

Among the flowers and by the trees
She comes, yet tree nor flower sees—
In vain the golden pansy blows,
Vainly the passion-hearted rose,
And—trembling in the gusty swells—
The campanula's purple bells.

These in her fancies have no part:
She wanders dreaming in her heart,
And ever, while around her flows
A silken ripple as she goes,
The sound of winds and waves it takes
And helps the pictures that she makes.

Wide underneath the June-blue sky
She sees the breadths of ocean lie,
And with the opal's changeful range
From blue to green alternate change,
While still the sunshine on its breast
Trembles and glows in its unrest.

And on the far horizon—white
A sail is shining in the light,
And what she hears is not the breeze
That trembles in the shimmering trees,
It is the wind that fierce and strong
Hurries that yielding ship along.

It cuts its way with creak and strain,
The sail is wet with spraying rain;
But o'er the side one scans the foam,
And dreams and ever dreams of home,
And of the heart that, madly press'd,
Still seems to throb against his breast.

Oh, brave young sailor! eyes of blue
Like thine were never aught but true;
And truth dwells on those lips that yet
Scarce with the salt sea-brine are wet,
And in that peach-like cheek the flame
That burns can never burn with shame!

In all the fears that wring her heart
Doubt of thy truth can have no part—
She fears the flush of angry skies,
The winds that roar, the waves that rise,
Wreck, death, whatever ill may be,
But, no, she has no fear of thee.

A tender melancholy lies,
A shadow in her downcast eyes,
While by the trees and through the flow'rs
She thinks, of the departed hours—
Regret her loving heart must bear
But anguish has no portion there,

—London Society.

BRIEF LITERARY NOTICES.

Summer Rest, by GAIL HAMILTON. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1866. Gail Hamilton has many admirers. Her thoughts are generally vigorous, her style direct and forcible, her aim practical. An earnest purpose pervades all her writings. And yet she needs to be read with discrimination. There is evil mixed with the good. Her intense convictions often betray her into extravagances of expression; while zealous to conserve and vindicate the spirit of religion and of its institutions, she would abrogate and destroy all the forms and enactments which are essential to its very existence. We have a specimen of this in the volume before us. Why, we know not, but she sees fit to assail the settled faith of the Christian church on the fundamental point of the Sabbath. She takes occasion to review and severely condemn Gilfillan's work on the Sabbath, published by the American Tract Society (New-York) and the New-York Sabbath Committee, and extensively distributed. In the course of this most unjust and arrogant tirade we find such sentiments as these: "The Old Testament is a sacred book, but it is not ours. It is a divine revelation, but not to us. Moses belonged to the Jews, but we have Christ. . . . But who made this distinction?" [that is between the "ceremonial law" and the "moral law."] "Where in the Bible do we find the Mosaic laws thus classified and disposed of? We affirm that it is done solely on human authority; that the Bible countenances no such arrangements; that, on the contrary, the whole Mosaic law, decalogue and all, was, by the coming of Christ, disannulled. We are no more under the law of the ten commandments than we are under the law of ablutions and fringes. Christ and his apostles taught, as clearly as it is possible to teach, that the Mosaic law was superseded. They drew no dividing line between moral and ceremonial law, but dismissed the whole law as a thing of the past." And much more of the same sort.

For our part, we are quite disappointed in this book. The title—*Summer Rest*—is a misnomer. We expected something appropriate to the season—something easy of digestion; not knotty points in theology—sentiments freely and confidently expressed which deny the faith and shock the moral sensibilities of nine tenths of her readers.

The Maiden and Married Life of Mary Powell, afterwards Mrs. Milton. New-York: M. W. Dodd. The previous works by this author have been received with marked favor. The quaint style

of expression and of typography in the present volume help to make the impression that it is the veritable history of Mary Powell's maidenhood, courtship, and married life as the young wife of the great Milton.

Poems, by the Author of "John Halifax, Gentleman," etc. Boston: Ticknor & Fields, 1866. This chaste little volume belongs to the "Blue and Gold" series. It contains some genuine poetry. Miss Muloch's prose works deservedly rank very high. She is less known as a poet, but this collection of her poems—many of which have appeared in past years in *Chambers's Journal* and elsewhere, and others are now collected for the first time—will not detract from her well-earned reputation.

Miss Forrester: A Novel. By MRS. EDWARDS. New-York: American News Company, 1866. Mrs. Edwards is a highly popular novelist. Her *Ordeal for Wives*, *Archie Lovell*, *The Morals of May Fair*, and other works, have had a large circulation in this country as well as in England, where they originally appeared. While the present work is hardly equal in interest to some of her other productions, it will nevertheless find numerous readers.

SCIENCE.

Ordnance Survey of Jerusalem.—Some of the Friday-evening lectures at the Royal Institution have presented subjects which can hardly fail to be interesting beyond the audience to whom they were delivered. In one of these lectures Sir Henry James, of the Royal Engineers, gave an account of the Ordnance Survey of Jerusalem. We are familiar enough with this kind of topographical work in our own country; but to hear of an Ordnance Survey of the Holy Land—to find modern science mixing itself up with traditions of the earliest times, with our Scriptural associations, and with the Crusaders and Saracens—inspires a notion of incongruity. It is true, nevertheless, that a party of red-coated English sappers have taken an accurate plan of the City of David, and carried a line of levelling all across the country from the Mediterranean at Jaffa to the Dead Sea, the object being to settle a long debated question—the difference of level between the two seas; and we now learn from Sir H. James that it is settled. The difference is great; for the level of the Dead Sea is 1292 feet below that of the Mediterranean; and the highest ground passed over in the line of the survey (Mount Scopus) is 2724 feet above the level of the Mediterranean. The Mount of Olives is 2665 feet, Mount Zion 2550 feet, and Mount Moriah 2440 feet above the same level. Due precautions were taken, by cutting marks on the solid rock on the route, to preserve a means of testing the survey at some future time, and of rendering it meanwhile useful to travellers, or to the party now engaged in the exploration of Palestine.

In describing Jerusalem, Sir H. James states that the city "occupies a space exactly equal to the area included between Oxford-street and Piccadilly, and between Bond-street and Park-lane;" about three-quarters of a mile in length, and half a mile in width; from which description ordi-

nary readers may form a familiar notion of the size of a city which figures so largely in the world's history. One other particular will interest those who are taking pains to improve the water supply in London and elsewhere, and who regard civil engineering as a modern art. Jerusalem was supplied even in ancient days from two sources, high-level and low-level: the water flowed through tunnels, and crossed a deep valley by means of a syphon made of stone in lengths of about five feet, connected by collar and socket joints.—*Chambers's Journal*.

Mammoth in Siberia.—News of the discovery of a mammoth in the frozen soil of arctic Siberia has just been received from the Imperial Academy of Sciences at St. Petersburg, to the satisfaction of paleontologists, who are hopeful that it will afford an opportunity for a complete and trustworthy description of the ancient creature. It was discovered in 1864 by a Samoyed, near the bay of Tas, the eastern arm of the Gulf of Obi, imbedded in the earth, covered with hair, and the skin apparently entire. This state of preservation is due to the almost perennial frost which prevails on the northernmost coast of Asia, and it is to be hoped that partial exposure to the air will not, as in a former instance, have occasioned a sudden decomposition. In February of the present year, the academy above referred to commissioned a well-known paleontologist, one of their body, to visit the spot, and note its geology, together with every possible particular concerning the mammoth. We may therefore hope to have, in due time, a detailed report of the discovery, as well as of the appearance of the animal, and, should circumstances prove favorable, of the contents of its stomach. The subject is the more interesting, inasmuch as it involves the question of a change of climate since the age when the mammoth roamed along the shores of what is now a frozen sea.

The Geographical Society's Proceedings contains a paper on the Rovuma, a river of Eastern Africa, which has some interest for general readers, as it is by the Rovuma that Dr. Livingstone hopes to enter the country and renew his explorations. Its mouth lies north of Cape Dalgado, within the jurisdiction of the Sultan of Zanzibar, and opens to the sea without bar or surf, in a spacious bay. Being thus easy of access, the river offers unusual facilities for access to the interior. In his last expedition, Dr. Livingstone, accompanied by Dr. Kirk, ascended it a hundred miles, until stopped by a barrier of rocks, from which, on the next attempt, he will probably pursue his journey by land. He will then be not far from the region of the great lakes, and the head waters of the Zambesi, Congo, and Nile, which he is likely to regard as a promising scene of exploration. The lower part of the river is lined by mangroves; but, as Dr. Kirk writes, "when this unhealthy region is passed, we enter a plain covered with heavy timber, thick bush, and gigantic grass, bound together and festooned by brilliant flowered tropical plants, teeming with animal life. In the water, there are herds of hippopotami, easy of approach, not having been hunted with firearms, but sufficiently bold to attack a boat with their formidable tusks." Should Dr. Livingstone succeed in solving the problem of the water-shed of Central Africa, and the ultimate source of the

Nile, he will achieve the crowning exploit of his travels. We may add to this that Dr. Kirk has sailed to undertake fresh explorations in Eastern Africa, of which we may hope to hear in the course of a few months.

Supposed Ruins of Chorazin.—A little more than two miles southeast of Kedes, on an isolated hill called Tel Harah, were found the remains of a large city of very ancient date; the walls of the citadel, and a portion of the city wall could be traced. This Captain Wilson regards as the long-sought for Hazor, in preference to Tel Khur-eibeh. At Tel Hum the White Synagogue had been so far excavated, and its plan and ornaments carefully recorded, but nothing else had been found. The ruins of Chorazin at Kerazeh turn out to be far more important than was previously suspected; they cover a much larger extent of ground than Tel Hum, and many of the private houses are almost perfect, with the exception of the roofs—the openings for doors and windows remaining in some cases. All the buildings, including a synagogue or church, are of basalt. —*Palestine Exploration Report.*

Cavour Canal.—The Cavour canal owes its existence entirely to the formation of the Italian kingdom. Its necessity has been long apparent, but the requisite capital could not be raised until a guarantee satisfactory to capitalists had been obtained. This was conceded by the Italian Government in 1862. The works are on a very grand scale, and are interesting to hydraulic engineers. The canal passes over the Dora Baltea river by an aqueduct of twenty-five hundred yards in length, and under the rivers Elvo, Sesia Agogna, and Terdoppio, by syphon tunnels formed of masonry. The Po, which has been aptly denominated the Nile of Upper Italy, descending from Monte Viso in the Cottain Alps, runs through the plain of Upper Piedmont, or Monterrat, which consists of a deep alluvium of a most fertile character. The river irrigates the district of Turin, where it receives the drainage waters from the meadows which surround the city, as well as much of its sewage. It then pursues its course, and is swollen before it reaches Chivasso by the junction of the rivers Dora Riparia, Orco, and Malone. The Cavour canal will tap the Po about ten miles from Turin between the mouths of the Orco and the Dora Baltea, and will enter the Ticino after a course of fifty-three miles with an average descent of one foot two inches per mile, discharging a volume of water equal to thirty-nine hundred cubic feet per second. From ten to twelve thousand men have been employed daily upon this great work until its completion. The opening of the canal has been the inauguration of one of the grandest hydraulic works undertaken during the present century on the continent of Europe, and cannot fail to be the commencement of a new era in the prosperity of Piedmont. The canal is at its commencement forty-three yards wide, decreasing gradually to eight at its termination. The capital expended on its construction will exceed four millions of pounds sterling, and, according to the computation of the promoters, three hundred thousand acres of land, now estimated to be worth £6,000,000, and yielding a rental of £200,000, will, when irrigated by the Cavour

canal, attain the value of £15,000,000, and produce an annual rental of £750,000. —*Leisure Hour.*

ART.

The Nature of Color-Blindness.—In the *Philosophical Magazine* for February an important paper has been translated from *Poggendorff's Annalen* upon the nature of color-blindness. The author of the essay referred to, Herr Dr. E. Rose, of Berlin, describes an instrument which he has constructed for the detection of color-blindness, and for estimating its extent. Numerous researches have enabled him to conclude—1. That with the color-blind it is always light of the greatest or of the least refrangibility that first becomes imperceptible. 2. That invariably, as the disease increases, the patient ceases to perceive only that light which had previously the greatest or smallest refrangibility among the rays visible to him. 3. That color-blindness is always characterized by a shortening of the spectrum and never by an interruption. A complete and accurately defined spectrum thus forms by its extent a measure of the degree of color-blindness. Herr Rose's instrument consists of a mirror, condensing lens, and prism, by which a well-marked solar spectrum is produced, and therefore accurately determines the extent of the affection.

How to Reproduce Old Lithographs.—Although this subject hardly comes within the range of Physics properly so called, it is closely related to it, and as the process is both simple and interesting, we lay it before our readers. The method, which is a new one, has been described by M. Rigaut. The lithograph to be transferred to stone is first laid face uppermost on a surface of pure water, and thus all those portions not covered with ink are allowed to absorb the liquid. It is then put between two sheets of blotting-paper, which carry off the excess of water; after which it is laid face downwards on the stone, to which it adheres perfectly. Another sheet is laid on this, and moistened with dilute nitric acid; the acid penetrates both sheets, and eats away the stone in accordance with the lights and shades of the original picture.

Kabyle Jewellery.—In that gallery, near the Assyrian Court in the Crystal Palace, which has been set apart for the reception of Indian, Chinese, and other Oriental curiosities and works of Art, there is a small group of objects that possibly may attract but little of special attention, and yet they are really interesting in no ordinary degree. These objects are specimens of the jewellery of Kabylia, and they consist of personal ornaments of silver, enriched with coral, turquoise, and various colored resinous pastes that form a species of very effective though rude enamel. The actual specimens are accompanied by several drawings carefully executed in color, and the whole are contributed by a lady resident in Algiers. Many of our readers will probably remember in an early number of last year's *Art Journal* there appeared a notice of Kabyle Pottery, with some engraved illustrations, communicated by Madame Bodichon.

The Kabyles of Algeria are a race altogether distinct from the Arabs of the same region. Having their homes in the range of the Atlas Mountains, they are supposed to be the remnant of various early European colonies, driven by successive conquests to seek for safety in those mountains. To this day they retain the industrious habits of Europeans; and the lineaments of both Roman and Grecian features, together with the fair hair of their remote progenitors, still linger among them. Not nomad, but dwelling in settled habitations, these Kabyles are famous for their manufactures of arms and personal ornaments. They possess productive mines of silver, iron, copper, and lead; and they continue to work these metals according to some simple processes, that they have derived from the usages and traditions of ancient times.

The designs of their ornaments display a singular admixture of early European and decidedly Oriental feeling; the European element being, however, distinctly visible, and partaking in a larger degree of the characteristics of Scandinavian than those of classic or Byzantine art. The workmanship, also, is elaborate, and evinces no ordinary skill in manipulation, coupled with a truly surprising amount of scientific knowledge. Coral is freely used in these jewels; and great originality and taste are displayed in the arrangement of the coral in combination with turquoise, and with enamel-like substances (said to be prepared from resinous gums brought by the negroes from the far interior of Africa), in golden yellow, and dark blue. In this collection from Kabylia, examples from another hereditary race of artist workmen are brought before us, with a curious and interesting historical tale which they tell with graphic effect, and with certain suggestive lessons that will not be despised by those more advanced masters in art who delight to continue students to the end of their lives.—*Art Journal*.

Flowers from India.—There has been exhibited at the *soirée* of the Royal Society, and elsewhere, a collection of drawings of surpassing merit, made from the flowers and flowering shrubs of Western India, the large and almost inaccessible mountains and the pathless prairies through which passage is seldom possible. They are of singular beauty; many of them are utterly unknown in England, and indeed in India, except in the immediate localities where they grow; for death has in most cases followed attempts to introduce them to other habitats. The collection—which includes one hundred drawings—consists of copies from nature by Mrs. Read Brown, the lady of General Read Brown, who long resided in that part of India where alone these flowers are found. Only a powerful enthusiasm could have brought so many treasures together; she has, it is understood, frequently ridden fifty miles to procure a single specimen. Regarded as mere works of art they are of great merit; admirably drawn and colored, so minutely, indeed, are they finished that a vast amount of time must have been expended in transferring them to paper. Their variety is not the least of their attractions; many of them hang in graceful festoons; others are of gigantic blossoms; and all are of the size of nature. We trust they may be published, and so reward the accomplished lady for her indefatiga-

ble energy in making the collection.—*Art Journal*.

VARIETIES.

Trübner's American and Oriental Literary Record.—This valuable periodical has reached its twelfth number, completing its first year. The publishers thereupon take occasion to express their thanks for the support given them, and to say, "the interest excited by our monthly issues has been exceedingly gratifying, showing, as it does, that we have not been mistaken in our estimate of the wants of a large number of literary men. From all parts of Europe and the East, as well as from North and South America, we have received substantial proofs that this, our index of new facts, new opinions, and new thoughts in the hitherto unrecorded current literature of the world, has been of some service in promoting that catholicity in the acquaintance with literature, the spread of which is a far surer guide to permanent peace than all the diplomacy and commercial treaties in the world." Indeed there is not in the whole body of bibliographical literature another periodical of so much value to scholars, linguists, historians, and students generally, as this publication by the Messrs. Trübner. It is literally cosmopolitan in its scope, for it includes the literature of the United States, of Canada, Mexico, Cuba, Brazil, Peru, the Argentine Republic, China, India, Australia, Turkey, etc. Then it makes special collections of titles; for instance, Dante's birthday was celebrated last year, and, in connection with that important event, the *Record* furnishes us with an enumeration of 184 works in Italian, French, German, and English, published for the most part in 1865, relating to the illustrious poet—a list invaluable to the student of Dante. So also the literature relating to the Zendavesta and the ancient Zoroastrian faith, is represented by a list of 120 different works, containing the fullest account of the literature of this subject that has yet been produced. In like manner a bibliography of the literature of Hindu law, as found in the original and reprinted text-books, is furnished in one of the numbers. In twelve numbers, the publishers have recorded no less than 4360 works in different languages, and, in the special department of American literature, to which ample justice is done, in addition to a synopsis of the contents of our periodical publications, there have been given particulars of 1775 volumes, nine tenths of which have been published during the past year. Of these, it may interest curious statisticians to add, that 222 are Theological, 165 Historical, 129 Poetical, 113 Novels, 117 Works for the Young, 99 Biographical, 77 Medical, 67 Legal, 66 Geographical (including Books of Travel), 59 Commercial, 45 Political, 38 Philological, 35 treat on Natural History, 48 on General and Practical Science, 33 on Military Matters (in addition to 186 named in a list of American Military Books), 22 on Agriculture, 20 on Navigation and Naval Science, 20 on the Theory and Practice of Education, 19 on Conchology, 13 on Philosophy and Metaphysics, 13 on Mathematics, 12 on Geology, 11 on Photog-

raphy, 12 on Freemasonry, 5 on Architecture, 4 on Bibliography, 3 on Astronomy, and the remainder on criticism, belles-lettres, etc. We give these facts and figures in order that the reader may gather from them rather than from our commendation, some adequate idea of the scope and utility of such a complete *Record*. It is rapidly attracting attention and winning favor on this side of the Atlantic, and is universally regarded as a most important medium for diffusing among the reading public of England, the continent, and the East, a knowledge of the issues from the American press. Publishers and students are alike indebted to the Messrs. Trübner for conceiving the idea of such a publication, and for conducting the publication itself in a manner so fair, thorough, catholic, and scholarly. We may add, as a matter of information, that the subscription price is five shillings per annum, and that the books named can be supplied by the publishers, the descriptions given being from actual examination.

Origin of "Pickwick."—In the London *Athenaeum* is a letter from R. Seymour, son of the artist who supplied the sketches for the first number of *Pickwick*. It is apropos of the issue, by Mr. Bohn, of a new edition of *Seymour's Sketches*, which, the younger Seymour says, imperfectly show the varied ability of the father. In this letter it is claimed that the idea and title of "The Pickwick Club" were the elder Seymour's, whose plan was to give the adventures of a club of cockney sportsmen; that he showed it to two London publishers, first to Mr. McLean and then to Mr. Spooner; that the latter had some idea of publishing it, and wished Theodore Hook to write the letter-press; that the first four plates were etched before the work was mentioned by Seymour, and that they were afterwards retouched and modified in some degree to meet Mr. Dickens' views, and that, for the benefit of his mother and family, the younger Seymour will immediately issue a complete edition of his father's works, consisting of one hundred and eighty engravings, and a full account of the origin of the "Pickwick Papers."

Chinese Journalism.—It is believed that there was a *Peking Gazette* long before the *London Gazette*. Both are edited officially, and contain only official announcements. Of the Peking paper, five different editions are printed, by five different publishers, who send copies round to the houses of their subscribers by messengers of their own. These publishers also supply copies on hire, precisely as in London, which are fetched away by their messengers, and are to be had next day at a lower price. There is, moreover, a manuscript edition, which is circulated every evening at six o'clock, and contains the same, or nearly the same news as will appear in print the next morning. There has just been commenced in London, a broad sheet in Chinese, entitled *The Flying Dragon Reporter for China, Japan, and the East*, with a distribution guaranteed to the extent of 60,000 copies yearly in Peking, Nanking, Shanghai, Hong Kong, Yokohama, Nangasaki, Saigon, Melbourne, San Francisco, etc. It is edited by Professor Sumner, and will appear monthly.—*American Literary Gazette*.

Tennyson's First Publication.—It is stated by

a writer in *Notes and Queries* that Alfred Tennyson's earliest effort in the way of poetry was a volume entitled *Poems by Two Brothers*, published by Simpkin & Marshall in 1827. The work he produced jointly with his brother Charles, and the authors were at the time both boys at Louth Grammar School. Not until 1829 did Alfred Tennyson gain the prize for English verse at Cambridge, on the subject *Timbuctoo*, of which the *Athenaeum* of July 29d in that year declared, with evident foresight, that it "indicated first-rate poetical genius, and would have done honor to any man that ever wrote." "A Fragment," by A. Tennyson, Esq., is the title of some lines which appear in the *Gem* for 1831 (edited by Thomas Hood), and which, so far as we know, have never since been reprinted. A new poem by Tennyson is announced; the subject is classical.

Belfast; its Rise and Progress.—In 1586 the town had made little progress, for Hollinshed does not mention it in his history. In 1613 the town was entitled to return two members to Parliament. From this time its prosperity must be dated. In 1704 the first Bible printed in Ireland was printed in Belfast. In 1779 the first factory for cotton spinning and weaving is first noticed. In 1791 Mr. Richey and his brothers established the first ship-building business in Ireland; in 1783 the foundry in Donegal-street was established; and in a few years after the Lagan foundry was established. In the year 1800 the first Sabbath-school in Belfast was established; and it is right to say that in the parish of Killyleagh a Sabbath-school had been established before that time. The number of Sabbath-schools at present he did not know; they were increasing every week; and he recollected attending in the Victoria Hall at a *soirée*, where he had gathered all his Sabbath-schools together to entertain them, and they told him that those fourteen hundred children belonged to one congregation. Formerly Belfast was the seat of slaughtering a great number of black cattle, and he himself remembered to have bought meat in Belfast at 24d. per pound. The sewed muslin trade was introduced by a family named Cochrane. He recollected when the Exchange buildings were neither more nor less than a thatched cabin. The Custom-House was also a credit to the town. He remembered in the old one, that, if ever he came in contact with the walls, he was sure to bring some of the plaster with him. The old Poorhouse was the only charitable institution, and its infirmary the only hospital. Now we have one of the best hospitals in this or any other kingdom. We have also a splendid gaol and court-house. The first thing the people of Belfast want is a People's Park.—*The Rev. Dr. Cooke*.

The Back Bones of Men and Apes.—A most important and noteworthy memoir has been published by Mr. St. George Mivart, in which the writer shows the relation which exists between the vertebral columns of the primates. The latter group he regards as divisible into four separate sections, which are represented respectively by (1) *Simia*, (2) *Cercopitheca*, (3) *Nycticebus*, and (4) *Lemur*. The affinities of these sub-types he has ingeniously represented in a sort of arborescent scheme, in which the several branches correspond to separate genera.—*Ibid*.



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